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THE LIFE  
OF THE  
RIGHT REV. DANIEL WILSON, D.D.,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA AND METROPOLITAN IN INDIA.

BY REV. JOSIAH BATEMAN, M.A.,

Rector of North Cray, Kent.

HIS SON-IN-LAW AND FIRST CHAPLAIN.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND CONDENSED.

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## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE reception given to this Biography, and the rapid sale of the first edition, renders it unnecessary to repeat the original preface. When written, the result was uncertain, and anxiety was felt to deprecate any possible charge of presumption in undertaking a work of so much delicacy and difficulty.

But the result is no longer uncertain : public opinion has been pronounced : the verdict is favourable:—and the Author, freed from anxiety, has felt encouraged to attempt the improvement of his work by revision and condensation.

Many minute details have accordingly been omitted, and many topics, important as matters of record in the first instance, but less interesting to the public at large, have been intentionally abridged.

The result is, that whilst the work in substance is the same, it is presented in a more portable and convenient form. A stronger light is thrown upon the Subject of the memoir, and attention is more concentrated on his character.

May that character, in its early promise, its vigorous maturity, and its tranquil close, convey to every reader's mind a conviction of the reality, necessity, and power of true religion: may it encourage all to be followers of one who through faith and patience has inherited the promises: and may it serve as an illustration of the words of Holy Scripture, that the path of the just is like the shining light, shining "more and more unto the perfect day."

RECTORY, NORTH CRAY, KENT.

*January 1st, 1861.*

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# THE LIFE OF DANIEL WILSON, D.D.

## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY LIFE.

1778—1796.

The Wilson family—Parentage of Daniel Wilson—School days—Apprenticeship—William Wilson—Employments—Leisure hours—Important conversation—Religious convictions—Letter to Mr. Eyre—Breakfast with Rev. John Newton—State of his mind—Second interview with Mr. Newton—Testimony of Joseph Wilson—Sympathy of Mr. Eyre—Letters—First Communion.

THE name of DANIEL WILSON has been more or less prominently before the Church for fifty years. He was the eldest son of Stephen Wilson and Ann Collett West, and was born in Church Street, Spitalfields, on July 2nd, 1778.

For many generations the WILSON family has been settled at Stenson, a hamlet of Barrow-cum-Twyford, near Derby.<sup>1</sup> In the register books of the parish it may be traced up to the year 1657, when, those records ceasing, the clue is lost: and as a somewhat curious coincidence, in connection with this biography, it may be noted that in the year 1682-3, there is the entry of a marriage solemnised “per dominum Daniele[m] Wilson.” Prosperous in their affairs, they gradually rose from tenant farmers to be landowners in their own right, and freeholders of the county. The custom seems to have been, always to keep the eldest son at home to succeed in due time to the farm; and then, giving the

<sup>1</sup> One of the last acts of the Bishop of Calcutta was to send 50*l.* as a donation towards the erection of a vicarage house in the parish above referred to, on the application of Ambrose Moore, Esq., a near relative.

younger sons the best education possible, to send them into the wide world of commerce. Participating in the growing spirit of enterprise which has pervaded the country during the last century, and upholding the family character for integrity and ability, many of these younger sons have attained high rank in the commercial world, realised large fortunes, and become possessors of considerable landed estates.

Amongst them, STEPHEN WILSON held an honoured place. He lived for some years in Spitalfields, carrying on the business of a silk manufacturer. From thence he removed in the year 1798, to No. 12, Goldsmith Street, Cheapside. For some time he had a country house, called Marsh Gate, at Homerton; and finally resided till his death in New Ormond Street, Russell Square. He was a gentleman, a true Christian, a kind father, and a good master; methodical in his habits, and somewhat quick in his temper. In middle life he was grievously afflicted with asthma, and died of that complaint on the 7th of December, 1813, aged 60 years.

His wife, Ann Collett West, survived him many years. She belonged to a highly respectable family, who had been intimate with the Rev. George Whitfield; and her father, Daniel West, was appointed one of his trustees. In early life she had chosen "the better part," and subsequently became an exemplary wife, an affectionate mother, and a careful mistress. She died in the faith of Christ, on the 3rd of June, 1829.

Their son DANIEL was at first a weakly child, and was placed out to nurse in the country. But after a few years this early delicacy entirely passed away, and he grew up a healthy vigorous boy, with a firm step, buoyant spirits, and a handsome, intellectual countenance.

A few traditionary stories of his early days still linger in the memory of friends, but they are not worthy of preservation. He himself records the fact that when at school, and sensible of some transitory impressions of religion, he used to get upon a chair, select a text, and preach sermons to his schoolfellows.

At the age of seven years he was sent to a preparatory school at Eltham in Kent, kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Searle; and from thence, in his tenth year, he was removed to Hackney, and placed under the care of the Rev. John Eyre.

Mr. Eyre had been curate to the Rev. Richard Cecil at Lewes, for a short time, about the year 1778; and was now the pious and highly respected minister of an episcopal

chapel at Homerton, erected in 1729, and commonly called "Ram's Chapel," from Mr. Ram, who had built and endowed it for the service of the Church of England.

There were but six or eight pupils in the school when Daniel Wilson joined it. His master soon appreciated his character, and said, "There is no milk-and-water in that boy; he will be something either very bad or very good." A fit of idleness and perversity one day seized him, and he would neither do his accustomed work, nor an imposition which had been set him as a punishment. His master, passing through the room, saw him idling at his desk, and said, "Daniel, you are not worth flogging, or I would flog you." Not worth flogging! It stirred the boy's pride, and he was never in similar disgrace again during all the years he stayed. He became persevering and indefatigable. Finding himself unable to do his appointed work one morning, he steadfastly refused to join the family at dinner, saying, "No; if my head will not work, my body shall not eat." Before long he became the delight and pride of his master, who always spoke of him as possessing an intellect of the highest order, and used to tell how, when his own theme was written, he would sit down and write themes for the duller boys, varying the matter, but keeping to the point, in all. Under Mr. Eyre, Greek, Latin, and French were grappled with, and the usual elements of a sound and useful education acquired. The affection manifested on the one side was thoroughly reciprocated on the other; and his "dear master" was often consulted by Daniel Wilson in the emergencies of after-life. He remained at school till June, 1792, when he had nearly attained the age of fourteen; and on the 4th December, in the same year, was taken into the warehouse of Mr. William Wilson, and bound to him in the way then usual, for seven years. A new world thus opened before him; he had but to follow in the track already marked out, and stores of wealth lay at his feet.

Mr. William Wilson was his near relative by blood, and his maternal uncle by marriage. He was an extensive silk manufacturer and merchant. A strict and just man, he claimed "unlimited obedience" from all who served him, and expected the same industry and perseverance from them which he manifested himself. In his establishment preferment followed merit, and every one was honourably dealt with; but very little allowance was made for boyish



levity or impulse. He was a widower, with seven children, and resided at his place of business in Milk Street, Cheap-side, ordering his household in the fear of God, keeping holy the Lord's Day, and conscientiously availing himself of the ordinances of the Church of England.

Daniel Wilson's parents had been "a kind of loose Church people," sometimes attending at their Parish Church in Spitalfields, or at Mr. Romaine's Church in Blackfriars; and sometimes at a dissenting chapel in White Row, or at the Tabernacle in Moorfields. While at school, however, with Mr. Eyre, he was accustomed to the Church service, and as an inmate of his uncle's family he now, of course, fell into its usages in this respect. Looking back in later life to these days, he says himself:—"My prejudices at that time (for I had no religion) were all in favour of the Church of England, and though the predilection was slight before I went to College, it became from the moment I entered the University, so deeply conscientious, that I have never done any one act inconsistent with the bonds of that communion from that period."

The records of his first three years of service are somewhat scanty. His daily duties are described in the following letter to a school companion, named Vardy, with whom for a short time he carried on an active correspondence:—

‘Feb. 16, 1797.

‘My individual employment is not laborious, but it is constant. Our usual hours of work are from six o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening in the summer; and from seven o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening in the winter. So that you see I have but little time to myself. After eight o'clock, in general, I am at liberty to read or write alone, till supper time, which is at half-past eight o'clock, or a quarter to nine, and after this I sit reading with the family till ten o'clock, when my uncle calls them to prayers, and all go to bed. But as my leisure moments were by these regulations exceedingly circumscribed, I have always been accustomed to spend a couple of hours in my room before I retired to rest. Then I used constantly to study my Latin and French, so that I was making considerable progress in both.’

During the hours thus stolen from sleep, not only were Latin and French kept up, but English composition was

diligently practised. An old manuscript book affords the proof. It is filled with essays of various kinds, after the manner of the *Spectator*, with appropriate mottoes. There are also many translations from old devotional Latin works. All are written in the clearest hand, as if prepared for the press; and they manifest a love of literature, and a skill in composition, very unusual under similar circumstances. The ore would crop out.

In another point of view, however, his character during these three years appears to have developed itself unfavourably. The following is the account he gives of himself in the year 1796:—

‘As far back as I can remember, my whole heart was given to sin. Even when a boy at school, when particular circumstances recur to my mind, I am shocked at the dreadful depravity of my nature as it then discovered itself. I have indeed proceeded in a regular progression from the lesser sins of bad books, bad words, and bad desires, to the grosser atrocities of those emphatically known by “the lusts of the flesh.” I was constantly acting against a better knowledge. I had received a religious education, and had been accustomed to a regular attendance on public ordinances. I could criticise a sermon, and talk and dispute about particular notions; but I loved my sins, and could not bear to part with them. I never had gone so far as to deny any one doctrine of the Gospel. I acknowledged them to be true, but for want of that necessary attendant, self-application, I could hear whole sermons—but not a word belonged to me! I took a false idea of the Gospel, and from this distorted view, dogmatically pronounced it to be out of my power to do anything; and so, hushing my conscience, with “having done all I could,” I remained very quietly the willing slave of sin and Satan.’

This witness against himself may no doubt be true; and it is to a certain extent confirmed by the testimony of cotemporaries. One of these was himself in early life an attendant at the Sunday evening lecture in Spitalfields Church, founded by the Weavers’ Company, and preached alternately for three years at a time, by the Rev. R. Cecil and the Rev. J. Foster. This lecture, Mr. William Wilson and his family used to attend, sitting in the rector’s pew. Our informant sat with them, and his attention was drawn

to Daniel Wilson by the marked irreverence he showed during divine service. Whilst others were standing or kneeling, he would be sitting in a careless, lounging manner, and often laughing and talking. It was understood also at the time that he was sceptical in his views. He himself acknowledges that he lived entirely without prayer; others testify that he scoffed at it, saying that "it rose no higher than the ceiling."

In truth, the age in which he lived was characterised by coarse infidelity. He was surrounded by the temptations of a great metropolis. His temper was impetuous, his passions were strong, and his companions, more or less, like-minded. And there can be little doubt that, for a time, in early life, "he walked in the counsel of the ungodly, and stood in the way of sinners, and sat in the seat of the scornful." But a great change is at hand!

The full tide of business is flowing through the warehouse in Milk Street; five hundred weavers in succession, of all ages and both sexes, are depositing their finished work or seeking more, customers are hurrying in and out, books are being posted, bills negotiated, and a colossal fortune reared. The master's eye is everywhere, and in his presence all is order and decorum. But when the day draws to a close and he retires, restraint is thrown off and discipline relaxed. The young men gather together; conversation is let loose, and disputation aroused. The topic of religion is familiar to them, and is commonly discussed without reserve. One finds his amusement in it, a second quiets conscience by it, and a third excuses sin. Amongst them is Daniel Wilson, with high intellect, high powers, high aspirations; all checked and held down by SELF—in some of its linked forms of self-esteem, self-will, or self-indulgence. Such was his natural character. The *Grace of God* began to work upon this character; and a conflict immediately ensued between the old nature and the new; between "the flesh" and "the spirit;" which never ceased till death.

It is this work of Grace, leading to true conversion, which has now to be considered; and Daniel Wilson shall himself describe the process.

He is writing to his friend Mr. Vardy on November 29th, 1796, and he says:—

'One evening (March 9th, 1796) I was as usual engaged

in wicked discourse with the other servants in the warehouse, and religion happening (humanly speaking, I mean) to be started, I was engaged very warmly in denying the responsibility of mankind, on the supposition of absolute election, and the folly of all human exertions, where grace was held to be irresistible. We have a young man in the warehouse whose amusement for many years has been entirely in conversing on the subject of religion. He was saying that God had appointed the end—he had also appointed the means. I then happened to say, that I had none of those feelings towards God which he required and approved. “Well, then,” said he, “pray for the feelings.” I carried it off with a joke, but the words at the first made some impression on my mind, and thinking that I would still say, that “I had done all I could,” when I retired at night I began to pray for the feelings. It was not long before my prayers were in some measure answered, and I grew very uneasy about my state.’

This uneasiness led him to immediate action. There was none of that concealment or delay so common and so hurtful to the growth of conviction in the soul. On the 9th March it might be said of him, as it was said of St. Paul, “Behold he prayeth;” and on the third day after, that is, on the 11th March, he was conferring with Mr. Eyre, as with another Ananias, on the “things that accompany salvation.” The effect of prayer was most strikingly manifested in his case. God heard in heaven his dwelling-place, and every religious feeling prayed for, was roused at once to life and action. But all was confusion. His eyes were opened, but he saw nothing clearly. And those very arguments which served to exclude truth before, now stood as stumbling-blocks in his search after it.

His first letter to Mr. Eyre under these circumstances, deserves an attentive perusal; for few young persons, when thus brought suddenly under conviction of sin, are able to describe the tumult of their minds so clearly.

*‘ March 11, 1796.*

‘I hope you will excuse my freedom while I lay before you in a simple manner the state of my mind. In consequence of the religious education I have received, I am theoretically acquainted with the leading features of the Gospel, and though I acknowledge with shame how little

practical influence they produce on my conduct, I have never rejected one doctrine of the Gospel, neither have I imbibed any of the pernicious principles of Socinians or any other heretical sect.

‘But what is to me a great stumbling-block is the idea which I have entertained, on the supposition of its general reception among the Calvinists, concerning election. This doctrine I have conceived to mean that all the true children of God are elected by God before the foundation of the world. Now, my wicked heart argues thus:—If this be true, how can the endeavours of a weak man assist or impede the accomplishment of the divine decrees? If God hath fore-ordained that I shall be brought to a knowledge of Himself, how can anything I do or say prevent the designs of His omnipotent will? Thus do I sometimes think to myself.

‘Another thing which my mind works upon, is the idea, that good works are inefficacious to salvation, which depends on the conversion of the heart to God; and therefore, before my external reformation can be of any use, a change must be produced in my mind. In consequence of this idea impressing me, I venture to kneel before the Lord, and entreat Him, as sincerely as I can, to send those feelings into my heart, that it may be changed from its present pursuits to those of a heavenly nature. But alas! I find it extremely difficult to collect my thoughts, and when I utter words with my mouth, my heart seems but little engaged. When I rise from my knees and open the sacred Word of God, I endeavour to ejaculate a petition that God would open my eyes to understand His truth, and open my heart to receive it; but alas! I find it a dead letter. I scarcely know what part to refer to, and when I have read one or two chapters, I discover no sensible difference in my feelings. I then perhaps think of throwing off my concern about religion, and determine to mix in the world, and be as cheerful as I used to be; but my mind revolts at the idea. I ask myself, will such conduct last? When fifty or sixty years have passed over my head, what shall I think then?

‘In a word, I know not what to do. I feel no love to God or Christ. I do not see the wickedness of my sins in such a hideous light as my conscience says I ought. My heart is hard. I find more pleasure in the enjoyments and levities of this world than in thoughts of futurity. What

I have done, I am afraid is insincere. For though I refrain from any outward acts of sin, my mind is for ever mingling in the worst scenes of wickedness. I know not what to do. But I have resolved to write to you as a person who I have the greatest reason to think has a sincere regard for my present and future welfare, and I beg your consideration of my case, and hope you will pity and advise me.

‘What I think that I most want to know is :—Whether a conscientious reformation of my outward life is in the least accessory to my future safety? Whether the endeavouring to lift up my heart to God in prayer when it is cold towards Him, is not daring presumption? And what part of the Scriptures you would particularly recommend to my perusal?’

‘P.S. I scarcely know whether it be not too great a boldness in me to send you this ; but trusting in your indulgent love towards me, I venture to send it, as I consider you the only friend I can unbosom myself to with freedom. I feel a backwardness in acquainting my dear parents with my feelings, and soliciting their advice. I can only add that if you think it would be better for me to speak to them, I certainly shall think myself bound to do it, for they have ever been to me most kind and indulgent.’

His parents were soon made acquainted with the state of his mind ; many interesting letters on the subject were interchanged with his pious mother, and it was no doubt in accordance with her advice, that on the 20th April, he had an interview with the Rev. John Newton, rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, to whom his uncle’s family and his own were affectionately attached, and whose ministry they often attended. It was the custom of that excellent clergyman to open his house on every Tuesday and Saturday evening. On these occasions some religious subject was freely discussed and conversed upon, and the meeting closed with prayer.

Mr. Newton had also his breakfast-parties, open to friends by invitation. They were perhaps the most edifying ; for the good old man, in his velvet cap and damask dressing-gown, was then fresh and communicative, always instructive, always benevolent. His expositions of Scripture with his family, which consisted of a niece, some aged servants, and some poor blind inmates of his house, were peculiarly simple and devout. It was at one of these, no

doubt, that Daniel Wilson was present. He was greatly interested with what passed, and sent an account to Mr. Eyre, from which the following is extracted :—

‘I this morning breakfasted with Mr. Newton. I hope the conversation I had with him will not soon be effaced from my mind. He inculcated that salutary lesson you mentioned in your letter, of “waiting patiently upon the Lord.” He told me, God could, no doubt, if He pleased, produce a full-grown oak in an instant on the most barren spot; but that such was not the ordinary working of His Providence. The acorn was first sown in the ground, and there was a secret operation going on for some time; and even when the sprout appeared above ground, if you were continually to be watching it, you would not perceive its growth. And so, he said, it was in spiritual things.

‘“When a building is to be erected for eternity, the foundation must be laid deep. If I were going to build a horse-shed, I could put together a few poles, and finish it presently. But if I were to raise a pile like St. Paul’s, I should lay a strong foundation, and an immense deal of labour must be spent underground, before the walls would begin to peep above its surface.

‘“Unbelief is a great sin. If the Devil were to tempt you to some open notorious crime, you would be startled at it; but when he tempts you to disbelieve the promises of God, you hug it as your infirmity, whereas you should consider it as a great sin and must pray against it.”’

In a letter written to his mother a few days after this interview, he says :—

‘The words of Mr. Newton, that unbelief is a great sin and should be prayed against as such, continually recur to my mind. Alas! my heart is unbelieving and hard, but I hope I endeavour to pray to the great Redeemer to give me a believing heart.

‘I dread that I am yet a hypocrite, and deceiving myself and others. For I feel that all my terrors and prayers arise from a fear of condemnation, and not from a love of God and concern for His glory. I feel that I dread God instead of loving Him; and that if I have at all a hatred of sin, it is unaccompanied by a love of holiness. The fear of presumption on the one hand, and of unbelief on the other—

of hypocrisy here, and eternal wrath hereafter, have well nigh sunk me into utter despondency.'

For a long time he continued in this state, bitterly mourning over what he calls his "levity, moroseness, overbearing temper, forgetfulness of God, vile thoughts, and intemperate language." Again and again his strongest resolutions gave way to sudden temptation; again and again prayer seemed to return unto him void. Rising from his knees he would enter the warehouse in the early morning, and begin the duties of the day with a steadfast purpose that his lips should not offend. But before long something would occur to irritate his temper and stir his pride. For a time the impulse was resisted. But soon every barrier gave way, and a torrent of hasty words and angry tempers would find vent.

The outburst over, deep sorrow and remorse speedily followed. He was then wont to retire to the dark, cold cellar underneath the warehouse, and falling on his knees would bewail himself before God, feeling such abhorrence of himself and of the sin so easily besetting him, that, to use his own words, "he often earnestly besought the Lord, that if He would not have mercy on his soul hereafter, and deliver him from the guilt and condemnation of his sins, He would at least deliver him from their power, and not let sin make him wretched and miserable in this world as well as in the next."

Months thus passed away, and though occasional gleams of hope would cross his mind, they were followed by greater darkness and deeper despondency. Towards the close of the year he had a second interview with Mr. Newton, which at the request of his mother, he thus narrates:—

*'November, 1796.*

'As I spoke but little, Mr. Newton said, "I cannot tell what to say to you, if you don't speak. A pump, when it is dry, may be restored by pouring in a little water at the top; so if you begin, I can chatter for an hour; but otherwise, I can sit a whole morning without speaking a word. Once set me a-going, and you may get as much out of me as you please."

'I said, I was afraid I was deceiving myself—or words to that effect.



“That depends,” he replied, “upon your response to two questions—If an angel were sent from heaven expressly to tell you you were to die this very night, what would you trust to—to any merits or performances of your own, or to the Lord Jesus Christ alone? And the second question is this—Which way does your life tend: are you the willing slave of sin, or do you hate and oppose it?”

“I asked Mr. Newton his opinion concerning reading other books than the Bible.

“I would not have you read many books,” he said, “though some may help you forward. The Bible is the spring from whence they are all derived: and you have as much right to draw from the fountain as any one else. The Winchester bushel, you know, is kept in the Exchequer, and, on any dispute about measure, is always referred to as the true standard. Such is the Bible. It is a living Word, and as though God were speaking to you face to face.”

“I complained of my want of humility.

“We shall never think ourselves humble enough,” he replied; “for as we go on, and see more of our own hearts, we shall find increasing cause for it.

“If you are in company with Christians of thirty or more years’ standing, you wonder that your feelings are not more like theirs. But there is a regular gradation of progress, ‘Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord.’

“I don’t like folks who jump into ‘comfort’ all at once. It is better to go on gradually. God lays the foundation in the heart; and the walls no sooner peep above ground, than we want the roof clapped on. But that won’t do.”

It must not, however, be supposed that the change in Daniel Wilson’s mind was unaccompanied by a change in his conduct. He wrote bitter things against himself, and was very slow to recognize any signs of improvement, but they were perceptible to others. His cousin Joseph, the eldest son of Mr. William Wilson, well known in after life, and respected wherever known, as the founder and active promoter of the Lord’s Day Observance Society, was an early associate and friend. They lived in the same house at this time, and shared the same room, and Joseph Wilson was wont to express the unfeigned astonishment he felt at the change which had taken place. Night after night he

observed Daniel Wilson sitting up for hours ; and engaged, not now in common study, but in the reading of God's word, and other religious books. Oftentimes, after having fallen asleep and awoke again, he found him still thus occupied, or on his knees in long-continued and earnest prayer.

His state of mind seems to have excited great interest wherever it was known ; and it is told of Mr. Eyre that on one occasion when he had returned home to Hackney, weary with a long day's work in London and desiring repose, one of Daniel Wilson's letters was put into his hand. After reading it attentively, he roused himself, called for his boots, and prepared for a further effort. When asked, whether a written answer would not do for that one night, he replied, " No, writing alone will not do ; I must see and talk to him. I cannot leave the young man to pass the night in despair." And he instantly set off, and walked to the city and back again, to afford him counsel and relief.

But as man " of his own will " cannot produce conviction of sin, so neither can he give " peace with God through Jesus Christ." He may speak comfortable words to the " prisoner of hope," but he cannot draw him out of the pit where there is no water. God's time of deliverance had not yet come ; and the year 1796 passed away, leaving its dark shadows upon Daniel Wilson's soul.

On January 18th, 1797, he writes, complaining of the difficulty he found in understanding Holy Scripture, and reading it to profit :—

' I think my greatest trial at this time is ignorance of God's word. I know not how to read, where to read, nor in what manner to apply it to my own heart and conscience. Though I daily read it, and pray over it, and try to understand it, yet I fear it is all in vain. It is to me a sealed book. When I read any other book, with a little attention I readily discover the meaning. But when reading the blessed Word of God, which is Light, Life, and Truth itself, I know not what I read. When I endeavour to meditate on any particular portion, I cannot, as it were, make anything of it. I hear of other Christians who see Christ in every page, who find in it food and medicine, and to whom the promises are sweet and refreshing ; but to all these things I am an utter stranger. Pray for me, that God the Holy Spirit may shine on His Word and into my heart.'

Three months elapse, and again he writes :—

*‘April 12, 1797.*

‘You know me not, my dearest mother, or else I am sure you must hate me. I have great reason to fear that I am one of that awful number whom God hath given up to final obduracy and impenitence, and who are constantly increasing their condemnation by the opportunities of grace they daily abuse, and concerning whom the Almighty has declared, that he has “no pleasure in them.”

‘The hearing of the Gospel, and the reading of God’s word produce no effect on my obdurate heart. All the invitations of the Gospel are useless, all its threats produce no terror. The old serpent has been trying long to have my soul, and now he has it fast. He rules in it. He reigns over it. And I, his wretched slave, obey it in the lusts thereof. I verily am persuaded that my evil tempers have a more absolute sway now, than when I never knew I had a soul to be saved—or what amounts to the same thing, when I never thought seriously about it. My dear mother, it is not willingly that I distress your mind with the account of my dreadful state. To you heaven is safe, and I rejoice in it; though I believe you will never meet there your poor son.’

From this thick cloud the following letter darts like a flash of lightning. It was written to Mr. Vardy, who was purposing at this time (though the purpose was eventually frustrated) to give himself to the missionary work, and was entering on the necessary preparation with much fear and trembling. His services were offered to the London Missionary Society, and before leaving England, he went about attending religious and devotional meetings, and preaching when the opportunity presented itself. As his friend, Daniel Wilson took much interest in all this; he occasionally accompanied him and heard him preach, encouraging and cheering him, and offering such suggestions as to the choice of texts and manner of treating them as occurred to his own mind.

*‘June 8, 1797.*

‘Pardon my ignorance and presumption, but I think your choice of a subject was not the most easy and simple, which is what you should aim at. I should think if you were to take texts such as these :

‘ “The love of Christ constraineth us.”

‘ “Christ is all and in all.”

‘ “Who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.”

‘ “With him is plenteous redemption.”

Or any other, where you would be unavoidably led to speak principally on the person and work of Christ, your heart would be more likely (humanly speaking) to be affected with your subject than on any other topics, which, though connected with, do not so immediately lead you to dwell on the glories of Jesus.

‘ I should think you might with little difficulty preach a good sermon on that one word CHRIST. Begin with Christ, go on with Christ, and end with Christ; and I am sure your hearers will never be tired, for His name is like “ointment poured forth.”

‘ On such a subject you need only look within to find matter enough to explain what Christ came to redeem you from: you need only go to Calvary to see what redemption cost, and to have your soul so moved by the sight of a bleeding Saviour, that you could no longer hesitate what to say; and you need only reflect on what you are, to explain the necessity of Christ’s intercession at the right hand of God. Look more, my dear friend, to Jesus. There is nothing like looking *only*, looking *simply*, and looking *perseveringly* to Him.’

Words so bright from a soul so dark are very remarkable: to be accounted for partly by the peculiarities of a character itself full of striking contrasts, and partly by the fact that the communication of spiritual gifts is to a great extent independent of the enjoyment of them.

The attempt to benefit his friend seems to have had a good effect on Daniel Wilson’s own mind, by withdrawing his attention somewhat from himself. Nor was it an isolated act. In letters written about this time, he is found rejoicing over two of his fellow-servants, who last year were “children of wrath,” but are now “plants of grace.” He writes to one of his sisters, pressing religion on her attention; and mentions his purpose of writing to another on the same subject. He endeavours in a similar way to comfort his mother under some domestic affliction. And thus, watering others, he appears to have been watered himself; and at length to have found “rest to his soul.” It came like “the morning

spread upon the mountains," and in the use of God's appointed ordinances.

The account is as follows :—In a letter written to his mother on August 23rd, 1797, he uses this expression : "Remember me to Mr. Eyre. I intend writing to him soon on a subject which has lain on my mind these three months." What this subject was, he tells us himself in a letter to Mr. Eyre, written September 7th, from which the following are extracts :—

'It almost makes me tremble when I think on the important and solemn subject I am introducing; for I fear it savours very much of that spiritual pride which I feel entwining itself with my every duty. That one who knows so little of the Lord Jesus Christ, so little of his own evil heart, and who lives so little to the glory of his Redeemer, should think of partaking of that sacred ordinance which the oldest Christians rejoice in the enjoyment of, is, I fear, a prominent token of self-ignorance and presumption.

'I hope I am enabled to believe that it is a table spread for the refreshment of every penitent sinner, and that all are welcome who have been brought from a state of nature to a state of grace, and from slaves of Satan have been made willing servants of the Lord Jesus.

'If you continue to think it my duty to approach the sacred table, I should feel myself very much obliged if you would find time to talk it over with my dear mother, who, I am sure, would be very willing to spare you the trouble of writing, by sending me, herself, a letter on the subject.'

This letter produced its due effect, and on the first Sunday in October, Daniel Wilson received the holy sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, for the first time, from the hands of Mr. Eyre in his chapel; and found, indeed, that "drawing near with faith," he took "that holy sacrament to his comfort." Three days afterwards he writes to Mr. Vardy as follows :—

'Oct. 4, 1797.

'My heart is so full I know not where to begin, nor how to describe the unspeakable mercies which the Lord is showering on me. Oh! for a tongue to sing the praises of my dear Redeemer. Pray for me that I may be kept humble and thankful.

‘I wrote you word that I had opened my mind to dear Mr. Eyre respecting my approaching the sacred table, and, blessed be God for undeserved mercy, I can now tell you that on last Sunday morning, I took that solemn and important step, and the Lord was with me. Never have I enjoyed so much the presence of my dear Redeemer, as since that time; and this, not so much in great sensations of pleasure, as in brokenness of heart, and I trust in sincere desires to be devoted to His glory. *Yesterday and to-day have been, I think, the happiest days I ever remember.* The Lord shines so upon my soul that I cannot but love Him, and desire no longer to live to myself, but to Him. And to you, I confess it (though it ought perhaps to be a cause for shame), that I have felt great desires to go or do anything to spread the name of Jesus; and that I have even wished, if it were the Lord’s will, to go as a missionary to heathen lands.’

Thus he obtained “joy and peace in believing,” and with it there sprung up a desire, which received its accomplishment after a lapse of thirty-five years. In October, 1797, Daniel Wilson felt his spirit stirred to go as a missionary to heathen lands; and in October, 1832, he stood on the banks of the Hooghly as Bishop of Calcutta!

## CHAPTER II.

### CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

1796—1798.

Peculiarity of the case—Desire to enter the ministry—His father's refusal—His own reasons—Consults Rev. Rowland Hill—Journal—Interview with Rev. R. Cecil—Father consents—Enters at Oxford—Pupil of Rev. J. Pratt.

MANY eminent Christians may have felt surprise whilst perusing the narrative of Daniel Wilson's conversion in the last chapter. They may have known nothing like it themselves. The growth of religion in their own minds may have been gradual and imperceptible. They may have heard God's voice in early life, awakening, but not alarming them. They may have been built up in their holy faith, like the temple of old, without the sound of axes, or hammers, or any tool of iron being heard. And hence they will scarcely be able to realise the "strong crying and tears" of a deeply earnest mind when grace suddenly grapples with it. But it is nevertheless divine "workmanship" they have been looking on.

No doubt there is something peculiar in the case of Daniel Wilson: something peculiar in the depth of his penitential sorrow and self-abhorrence; and something peculiar in the long period of eighteen months before deliverance came. Even those who have known him best in after-life will read with surprise the conflicts of his youth.

But there was a purpose in this, as there is in all the divine dealings. Here was a young man of vigorous health, strong passions, quick temper, decided character, great energy, and sure to be a leader either for good or for evil. God had purposes of mercy concerning him, and important work for him to do. He was to

an "ambassador for Christ," and a "steward of the mysteries of God." All the various phases in the ministry of the Church were in turn to be exhibited by him. As years rolled on, he was to be the university prizeman, the college tutor, the popular preacher, the parish priest, the successful author, the Eastern bishop and metropolitan. And he was to meet and surmount all the temptations attendant upon these offices:—the "knowledge which feth up," the "settling upon the lees," the "praise of the "ease in Zion," the "seeking after great things," "lording it over God's heritage." Hence, probably, the duration and severity of the ordeal through which he was to pass. The foundations of such a superstructure needed to be well and deeply laid; and in his profound sense of the evil of sin, his open confession, his dread of hypocrisy, his conviction of weakness, his prostration of soul, his insight into the heart's corruption, we see laid those deep foundations of truth, which are the best preservatives against error, and the sure preparatives for future and extensive usefulness.—"I have never seen in any person," said Mr. Eyre to Daniel Wilson's mother, "such deep conviction of sin, and such a view of the heart's corruption, where God has not had some great and special work for that person to do. I should not wonder if God makes your son an eminent minister in His Church." Such a result seemed little likely at the time the words were spoken; but it was God's purpose, and he brought it to pass.

It was in October, 1797, that the desire to enter the sacred ministry, which had fixed itself in Daniel Wilson's mind, found expression. When it first arose, it had been determinately repressed by himself, as only another form of that pride which, he said, so easily beset him. But whilst he kept silence, his soul had no peace; and at length, after much earnest prayer, he went to Mr. Eyre, and made known the matter. Mr. Eyre advised him not to be in a hurry, and promised to open the subject to his father. On doing so, he found that it met with his decided disapproval. It thwarted all the plans which he had formed for his son's advancement in life, and he would not hear of it. This check was at once communicated to Daniel Wilson, and Mr. Eyre told him that, under such circumstances, delay became a duty; that another year in Milk Street would do him no harm; and that measures which, were he of full age, might be lawful, would at the present time be sinful. As for



himself personally, Mr. Eyre said he had made up his mind what to do : he should be silent for a twelvemonth, and not venture even to give an opinion. It was now November 4th, 1797. On November 4th, 1798, he should be prepared, if his advice was asked, to give it ; and to give it in a decided manner. Meanwhile, he recommended that all irritating discussion should be carefully avoided.

Daniel Wilson submitted.

‘Here then,’ he says, ‘humanly speaking, the affair rests for the following twelvemonth, and if the Lord should spare me so long, I trust He will be preparing me for this great work. Nothing is desirable, nothing valuable in my eyes, but the glorifying my dear Redeemer.’

The matter, however, was not allowed to rest without discussion. His mother wrote to him to ask his special reasons for wishing to change his course of life, and why he thought himself called to enter the ministry.

He deemed it a cause of “joy and gratitude that God had inclined her heart to ask these questions,” and proceeded at once to answer them. In his answer he refers to Newton’s Cardiphonia, where the reality of a call to the sacred ministry is discussed under three heads : first, in the soul being moved to a warm and earnest desire to be employed in this service ; secondly, in there being, in due time, a competent sufficiency of gifts, knowledge, and utterance ; and thirdly, in the hand of God’s providence pointing out the time, the place, and the means.

‘With regard to the first point,’ he says, ‘the Lord has made it as clear as though it was written with a sunbeam. I feel all the desires of my soul continually and increasingly drawn out towards this work, and my soul yearns over the vast numbers of my poor fellow-sinners who never heard of Jesus, nor of the life which is in Him. The prevailing desire of my heart is that He alone may be exalted, and His throne set up in the hearts of guilty rebels, that Satan’s kingdom may be destroyed, and the love of Christ made known. Though I feel the pride of my heart rising in me, yet I trust it is not my wish to exalt the monster SELF, but to be the instrument in the Lord’s hands of spreading the savour of His name and the riches of His salvation all around.’

On the second point, he felt himself "inclined to say a great deal;" but fearing "the detestable pride" of his heart, and knowing that all abilities and qualifications for the work were "gifts of God," he would not say "a single word."

On the third topic he enters fully, considering both God's work within him, and the outward openings of His providence.

Touching the last of these, he states that his retirement from his present situation would cause no sort of inconvenience to his uncle; and as to himself, he is sure that he should "never make a good tradesman;" that he "never loved business;" that "his dislike to it was now increased;" and as a subordinate argument under this head, he mentions that he had lost but little of his school learning, for that even when "dead in sin" he had always a love for it, and "used to spend many hours in study, which would otherwise have been employed worse."

'And now I have endeavoured,' he concludes, 'to open all my mind to my dearest mother, on this important subject. What can I say to these things? If this work proceed from the deceitfulness of my carnal heart, it will come to nought; but if it be of God it cannot be overturned. From whence can the strong, the fervent desires of my soul proceed, save from the Lord the Spirit? For, of this I am sure, that such things could never come from myself, or from Satan. Yes, my dear mother, I feel sure it is of the Lord, and I humbly believe that He in His good time will work, and then none can let it. When He is pleased to "lay to His hand," mountains will sink into plains, rough places become smooth, crooked things be made straight, and an open door set before me.'

This letter was written on November 13th, and on the 22nd he tells Mr. Eyre that he is ignorant what effect it may have produced.

'I took it to my closet,' he says, 'when finished, and spread it before a throne of grace, and was enabled solemnly to give it up to the Lord, acknowledging that in itself it was totally incapable of convincing my parents in the smallest degree, and imploring that He would be pleased to accom-

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pany it with His almighty power, and make it the instrument of opening their hearts.'

Though he had received his father's refusal and Mr. Eyre's suggestion with exemplary submission, yet when a month elapsed without anything further being said or done, his mind became harassed and uneasy; and one Saturday night, as he lay tossing on his bed, the idea suddenly occurred to him that he would consult the Rev. Rowland Hill upon his case, and endeavour to learn through him the path of duty. Immediate action followed; and after he had sought help from God, the evening of December 31st found him in the vestry-room of Surrey Chapel, introducing himself to Mr. Hill. He was received, as might be anticipated, with the courtesy of a Christian gentleman, and invited to breakfast the next morning.

Accustomed as the Rev. Rowland Hill must have been to every variety of application, he could not but be struck with the address of this young stranger, who, immediately on being seated (the account is from his own notes), opened his business by saying that he thought he had "a call to go into the ministry."

"Well," said Mr. Hill, "that is a very serious thing indeed;" and he proceeded to inquire into his reasons—to probe the depth of his religious knowledge—to ask whether his parents were cognisant of the matter, and whose ministry he had attended.

These points being ascertained, Mr. Hill said that it was very difficult to advise in such a case, and suggested that his own minister should be applied to. He thought Daniel Wilson very young both in years and grace; and reminded him of the text in the Epistle to Timothy, "Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride, he fall into the condemnation of the devil." He inquired minutely into his connexions, expectations, motives, and wishes: and finally expressed a hope, in his fervent manner, that if the thing was really of the Lord, it might prosper.

So far all was satisfactory: but now came the main question: which was at once proposed by Daniel Wilson, as follows:—

'Do you think it my duty to wait till I am out of my time, before I give up myself to the work?'

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Hill; "your time is not

your own. By a mutual agreement you have bound yourself for a certain number of years, and that obligation is superior to any other. I hope," he added, "that during this time you will manifest by your walk and conversation, that the grace of God is in your heart; and that may be instrumental in altering your father's mind more than anything else. Humility is a sweet and guardian grace. If I saw you pert and proud, and wanting to go 'without the Lord,' I would not give a farthing for you or your preaching either. But if you are humble and child-like, afraid of taking a single step unless the Lord point out the way, then you will be owned and blessed."

Some little disappointment may have crossed Daniel Wilson's mind at this result of the interview; for it is natural to suppose that in the selection of Mr. Hill, there had been a secret lurking expectation that one so zealous would not hesitate a moment in sending a fresh labourer into the vineyard. But if this disappointment was felt, it was not manifested: and nothing can more clearly show the wonderful influence exerted by grace upon the natural temper, than the way in which he receives these repeated checks. There is no resistance; no kicking "against the pricks:" the submission is prompt, unrepining, and even cheerful.

"I need not say," is his comment on Mr. Hill's decision, "that the conversation was both sound and sweet: and through the Lord's blessing, I hope never to forget it." He resolved now to tarry the Lord's leisure, and to do each day what good he could in the ordinary duties of his calling, and to put in "a word for Christ" whenever the opportunity offered.

About this time he began to keep a Journal, in which he recorded the workings of his mind in the most unreserved manner, and occasionally alluded to passing events in which he was personally interested. From this journal frequent extracts will be given.<sup>1</sup>

We have now entered upon the year 1798, and Daniel Wilson's position remains unchanged. He has been taught that his strength is to sit still: and having learnt that lesson, God now begins to work on his behalf, and at

<sup>1</sup> The first entry in this journal is made on Dec. 26, 1797. From that date to June 13, 1801, it is written in minute shorthand. From August, 1801, to Sept. 1807, it is less continuous, and written in Latin. There is then a blank till the year 1830, when it is resumed and written in French. Whilst he was in India, it is all written in English.

once all wills change, all difficulties vanish, and all events yield.

It appears that he had hitherto held no direct communication with his father on this anxious subject, but that Mr. Eyre had been the medium of communication between them. Acting now upon the advice of his mother, he writes a very earnest, respectful, and affectionate letter to his father, taking blame to himself for his backwardness in not having done so before. The circumstances under which he wrote, and the result produced by his letter, are thus recorded in his journal :—

*'Monday, March 12, 1798.*

*'Through the Lord's mercy I am brought to the present moment. Two years have now elapsed since His work of grace began in my soul. It is His love and faithfulness which have kept me hitherto, and upon His unchangeableness do I rely to be carried through all the hosts of inward and outward foes, to the haven of eternal rest. On Wednesday, the 28th ult., by my dear mother's advice, I wrote to my honoured father on my going into the ministry, and I desire to be thankful for the very kind letter I received in reply, in which he promised at the end of the year seriously to enter upon the subject, and to follow, as far as he could, the Lord's will. Oh! what a God is my God! How clearly is His hand to be seen! On my first application, my father would not hear anything about it. In the course of a month or two, his mind was so far altered as to promise that, after having faithfully served my time, he would then enter upon the subject. And now he has kindly engaged at the expiration of the twelvemonth (three months of which have nearly elapsed) to take it into serious consideration. Oh! to grace how great a debtor. Oh! for a heart seriously affected with the Lord's goodness, and humbly dependent on His powerful arm under the darkest dispensations.'*

But this was not all. Events moved on rapidly. On the 22nd of March he writes to his friend Vardy, as follows :—

*'I just drop you a line to say that, since we parted on Monday evening, it has been settled that I am to go to Mr. Cecil's on Monday morning next. My father yesterday informed me of this, and seemed to view things in a much more favourable light than he had yet done. He said he only wished to know what the Lord's will was: and as soon*

he felt satisfied, should no longer continue to oppose my desires. He said nothing as though the result of this interview should be absolutely binding, but hoped it would have its full weight with me as coming from a man of such wisdom and experience. To this I readily assented. After this interview I am to have another of a similar nature with Mr. Goode of White Row. Pray for me without ceasing, that the Lord may stand by me and be a mouth unto me and wisdom : and that both Mr. Cecil and your poor friend may be under the immediate influences of the Holy Spirit.'

Accordingly on the 26th March he waited on the Rev. Mr. Cecil, and announces the result to the same friend, on the same day :—

'I seize the first moment to acquaint you with the blessed event of my interview with Mr. Cecil. I have not time to enter into particulars. To sum up all in one word—He is fully persuaded that I am called of God to the work of the ministry, and advises me by all means to go on in it.

'Slacken not your prayers on my behalf, that the Lord may keep me humble and grateful for His mercies.'

No further difficulties of any kind seem to have arisen. It had pleased God to make a plain path for his feet to walk in, and the result is entered in his journal as follows :—

'Oh ! the wonders of the Lord's goodness. My dear father let me go to Mr. Cecil's and Mr. Goode's, and they, after due examination, gave their opinion that I was called of God to the ministry. *My father consented to my leaving business.* In a few days I am to go and enter myself at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and be at Mr. Pratt's as a private pupil till I am ready to reside in college. My dear uncle has conducted himself with the greatest kindness during the whole matter, and has readily consented to the arrangement made by my father. The Lord has led me by a way that I knew not. To His great name be all the glory !'

In accordance with the plan thus proposed, Daniel Wilson went up to Oxford and entered himself at St. Edmund Hall, on May 1st, 1798 : and on the 10th of the same month, he writes to his mother from Doughty Street, Russell Square, where the Rev. Josiah Pratt then resided.

‘The desire you expressed to hear from me as soon as I was comfortably settled here has not been forgotten. I am encircled with mercies. In every point of view, I find myself as to outward circumstances in the best possible situation. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt are extremely good-tempered and agreeable, and very pious. My fellow students (two) though not serious, have been educated in a Moravian College, and are very civil, moral youths. I have a most beautiful prospect from my room over the fields, unobstructed by any houses. So much as to outward blessings: but these are nothing compared with spiritual—though all should excite gratitude from him who is unworthy of any.’

“Then are they glad because they are at rest: and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.”—Ps. cvii. 30.

## CHAPTER III.

### COLLEGE LIFE.

1798—1801.

St. Edmund Hall—Rev. Isaac Crouch—Circle of Friends—Vacation—Preservation of his Letters—Expenses—Confirmation—Long Vacation—Journal—Cousin Ann—Plan of Study at Home—Prospect of a Curacy—Examination for his Degree—University Prize—Heber and Wilson—Common Sense.

IN November, 1798, Daniel Wilson, after six months' residence at Mr. Pratt's, and a course of study pursued with diligence and success, arrived at Oxford, and took possession of his rooms at Number four, up two pair of stairs, in St. Edmund Hall. The society was but small, and, perhaps, at the time better known for its piety than its learning. Still, he says, that he found the men reading what required from him five hours' study daily.

The Hall was happy in its vice-principal, the Rev. Isaac Crouch. His influence over his pupils was very great, and the good effects of his wise and paternal counsels seem never to have been obliterated from their minds. By Daniel Wilson they were ever gratefully acknowledged.

He was soon introduced into a pleasant circle of young men, like-minded with himself; amongst whom he specially names in his journal, Marsh,<sup>1</sup> Petch, Hyson, Knight, Randolph, Wheeler, Pigott, Greig, Hood, Fry,<sup>2</sup> Morris, and Lardner; and soon after, Pearson,<sup>3</sup> Spooner,<sup>4</sup> Cawood,<sup>5</sup> Natt,<sup>6</sup> and Gleed.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Venerable Dr. Marsh.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Thomas Fry, Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln, and Rector of Emsberton.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards Rev. Hugh Pearson, D.D., Dean of Salisbury.

<sup>4</sup> Afterwards the Ven. W. Spooner, Archdeacon of Coventry.

<sup>5</sup> Afterwards Rev. John Cawood, Vicar of Bewdley.

<sup>6</sup> Afterwards Rev. John Natt, Fellow of St. John's, and Vicar of St. Sepulchre, London.

<sup>7</sup> Rev. J. Gleed, B.D., Fellow of St. John's, and Vicar of Chalfont, St. Peter's, Bucks.



One of these friends thus describes Daniel Wilson at this time:—"Wilson," he says, "was very good-looking, but reserved and somewhat deficient in manner. It was obvious, however, that he was no common person: and though he entered the university under great disadvantages as to classical learning, his extraordinary and determined diligence, aided by robust health, afforded a sufficient pledge of future eminence and success."

His first term being ended, he went to London for the Christmas vacation, and after a pleasant sojourn there, he returned to Oxford on the 5th Jan. 1799.

On Jan. 14th, having heard of the serious illness of one of his sisters, and of an accident which had happened to his brother, he writes to his mother; and after many expressions of most tender and affectionate sympathy, makes the following suggestions:—

'Mr. Newton was accustomed to say that whenever the Lord wanted to pull him down, the trial was sure to come through his wife. She was afflicted for his good. Now, perhaps, my dear mother, God sees fit to lay his hand on those who are most dear to you, in order to stir you up from the world, and make you see that every earthly comfort is unstable, and that no peace is solid, no joy lasting, but what is derived immediately from himself.'

Most of the letters in the earlier part of his life enter very little into the detail of passing events. After a kindly introduction, he generally discusses some religious topic which has occurred to himself, or been suggested by his correspondent. Letters to his father, however, form partial exceptions to this rule; and when some of those college friends with whom he corresponded in Latin, ask "*Quid novi apud vos?*" he responds, and tells the university news. But what is most noticeable is the careful preservation of his letters. They may be numbered by hundreds; and not merely single letters, but whole series—twenty by one correspondent, fifty by another, seventy by a third, a hundred or a hundred and fifty by a fourth. His mother preserves them, his sister preserves them, his schoolmaster preserves them, his schoolfellows, college friends, fellow-tutors, brother ministers, all preserve them; and that, long before there was any halo round his name. Surely this proves that

there must always have been some powerful influence attaching to his character, and some shadowing out of future distinction. Eminent men seem to exercise this influence and cast this shadow as they walk through life; and others, seeing or feeling it, are unwilling to let their words fall to the ground. The number of such letters introduced into this biography bears no proportion to those which have been necessarily excluded; and, it will be readily admitted, that the difficulties of the biographer have been greatly increased from the necessity of producing a true likeness with so few touches.

He writes to his father during the short vacation in March, 1799, consulting him about the income tax; and mentions that being comparatively free from lectures, he was giving more time to Hebrew and Greek. He makes also a successful application for permission to have a private tutor, in order to work at Thucydides. "I am perfectly well," he says, "in health, not as yet experiencing any inconvenience from my studies. Very few days pass when I do not walk for about an hour."

His father allowed him, it appears, one hundred guineas a year; and he contrived to make it suffice. Not once does the word "debt" appear, either directly or indirectly, in letters or journal. In money matters he was always very careful; and though open-handed at all times, the details of his expenditure were accurately noted. His expenses enlarged with his income, but were rarely allowed to exceed it. The college records show that his "battels" averaged about eight shillings a week. His only apparently painful act of self-denial was in the matter of books; and he turns away with regret from a fine copy of "Calvin's Works," because it was "too dear." He made ample amends for this special self-denial in after-life!

In his journal on the 28th April, he writes:—

'I have just come from the blessed sacrament. I have found it good for my soul. I have had some views of the grace and glory of Christ. Before the sacrament we had a most choice sermon from dear Mr. Crouch (Romans viii. 9). My friend Marsh has been with me. I have found his conversation very profitable. We generally meet every night, spending a little time in conversation, reading, and prayer.'

The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Smallwell, was ill at this time, and his duties were partially discharged by Dr. Cleaver, Bishop of Chester and Principal of Brazenose. All undergraduates were admitted to his confirmations on presenting a certificate from their college tutors. Daniel Wilson availed himself of this privilege, as the following entries in his journal prove.

*'June 6, 1799.*

*'To-morrow, if I live, I am to be confirmed. Oh! may I find it, by the Lord's presence, good for my soul.'*

*'June 8, 1799.*

*'Yesterday I was confirmed by the Bishop of Chester; and I trust, found the Lord's presence with me. There were about twenty-five others.'*

On the 1st July he left Oxford for the long vacation, which was spent partly at home, and partly with his uncle in Milk Street. He thus describes his employments:—

*'My time, which I can depend upon, is from nine o'clock till two: and of this I spend the first hour in Hebrew, the second in Greek, and the third in Latin. After dinner, if I have time, I read French and then English.'*

On the 17th October he returned to Oxford, and set himself seriously to work at Herodotus and Livy, the Hebrew Bible, Hutton's Mathematics, and Rollin's Ancient History. He now also began to talk Latin familiarly with his friends Bull and Cawood.

Two extracts may be given from his journal at the beginning of the year 1800:—

*'January 5, 1800.*

*'I would now desire to raise my Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." I have been kept from sin. Oh! what do I owe to the Lord for His grace. I would desire to lay the whole glory at His feet, and say, "Not unto me, not unto me!" The means of my preservation has been, the Lord keeping up in my heart a consciousness of my own weakness, and so preserving me from trusting in my own power and might. Thus have I been kept from day to day. But I feel a dread of committing sin. "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe."'*

' *March 16.*

'Oh! my soul, thou art this day going to approach the Lord's table. Examine thyself whether thou art in the faith. Lord, be pleased to shine in me, then I shall examine myself aright.

'I have long been a professor of religion; long called Christ, "Lord, Lord!" But the question is, whether I have true grace in my heart, or am only a hypocrite: whether I am really united unto Christ by a saving faith, or whether still unacquainted with him: whether I have been "born again" by the Holy Ghost, or whether I am still a child of darkness: whether my general conduct, my tempers, my words, my actions prove that I have a portion of divine life in my soul, or not.

'Oh Lord! I find in thy word, that thou art such a Saviour as I need, that thy atoning blood cleanses from all sin, and that thy Holy Spirit renews the most depraved heart and the most confirmed habits of iniquity. Thou art able and willing to receive the poor, trembling, returning sinner. I would come, O Lord, in this character—a sinner, whose only hope is in thy salvation. I would desire to renounce the service of every sin, and pray for grace to overcome every corruption.

'Be pleased to prepare me for the sacred ministry of thy Gospel. Lord, if I should be ever called to preach, may I preach nothing but Christ! Lord! make me a faithful, diligent, and (if it be thy will) successful minister.'

As he was thus pressing onwards, a pleasant vista opened before him, at the end of which he caught a glimpse of one of life's resting-places—a happy home! The glimpse was momentary, and the prospect distant; yet it was really of the Lord.

His uncle was now the owner of large estates at Worton in Oxfordshire; and the distance from Oxford not being great, access was easy and frequent. Mr. William Wilson's eldest daughter was a deserved favourite with Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, and an occasional inmate of their house; and thus intercourse with his "Cousin Ann" had sunshine to ripen it into affection.

It was after one of these occasional visits that the following letter was written. Its careful penmanship, its gentle imagery, the words it speaks, and the words it leaves un-

spoken, all give evidence of a more than common interest on the part of the writer; whilst the store set by the letter, and its preservation even to this hour, conveys the impression that the note struck at Oxford, found a responsive chord at Worton.

‘OXFORD, *May 9, 1800.*

‘I thought of you when I was walking round Magdalen walk the other evening, and could not help imagining how pleasant and agreeable everything around you must be. I do not know when we have had so pleasant and delightful a spring. The bounties of Providence, though not our best blessings, are not, I think, to be overlooked. I hope we know, my dear cousin, how to be grateful for every mercy. Are we not also encouraged to see in the beauties of nature representations of the mysteries of grace? We cannot help remembering who is said to be the *sun* of righteousness; what is intended by the *dew* which descends upon Israel, and by the *river* whose streams make glad the city of God. We may call to mind likewise those *plants* which are planted in the house of the Lord, and flourish in the courts of our God; that *tree* under whose shadow we sit with great delight; and those *fruits* of the Spirit which are joy and peace.

‘Well might the Apostle say, Religion has the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come: for, surely, no one so perfectly enjoys this world as they who use without abusing it, who see God in everything, and make every object of nature and every favour of Providence a cause of gratitude and praise.

‘I thought when I began I should have nothing to write, but I have got to the end of my sheet before I suspected it, and have a thousand things more to say.’

There are corresponding entries in his private journal, but the topic must be deferred for the present.

The long vacation had again commenced, and he makes the following remarks on the return of his birthday: —

‘*July 2, 1800.*

‘I have this day entered the 23rd year of my age. Oh! that I might begin this year with feelings of gratitude for present mercies, and desires for more grace. Lord! be pleased to visit my soul. I would reflect on the past year with deep humility. Lord, I confess my vileness, my

unthankfulness. I desire to lie down this night in deep repentance, and to accept with my whole soul, the free offer of salvation which thou hast made in Christ.

‘I came home yesterday, and found my family and friends all well. I have this night been reading for the first time in Calvin’s works, and have settled my plan for the vacation. I hope, by getting up at five o’clock, to have seven hours for study before dinner; and in the after part of the day, I hope to have time for French and Divinity, and writing Latin.’

The manner in which he “settled his plan” is recorded by one of his sisters. As soon as he arrived at home, and the first greetings were passed, he appealed to his mother. “Now, my dear mother, I am come to read. I can let nothing interrupt me till two o’clock. Then I shall be ready to enjoy your company and that of my sisters till tea-time, when I must have two or three hours more study before I go to bed.”

All this was acquiesced in by his family, and rigidly adhered to by himself. He was never interrupted. A friend might occasionally be introduced into his little study, but he himself was never called down. And surely the secret of his success in after life is involved in this resolute purpose, resolutely carried out.

He returned to Oxford in November, thus entering upon his third and last year. College Essays engaged him a good deal. He refers to one sent in at Christmas last, and to another now in preparation on the subject of the “Penitent Thief.” He was also busily employed every Sunday in writing sermons, thus showing that the great work of the ministry was kept prominently before him.

We have now also an opportunity of observing the change which four years had made in the state of his mind and his mode of expression. It will be remembered that in the year 1797 he wrote “out of the depths,” to encourage his friend Mr. Vardy in “preaching Christ.” In January of this year a somewhat similar concurrence of circumstances happened; and we find a penitential letter respecting himself, and a hortatory letter to a college friend (Mr. Cawood) who had just taken holy orders, and entered on his work. The change is interesting.

‘Oxford, *Jds.* 1801.

‘Evils and dangers of all kinds surround me, so that life sometimes becomes a burden. Grievous temptations make me sigh and groan. Satan presses me down, and would fain prevent my rising up again. He meets me in the “way,” and would turn me from it. No peace is granted, no truce made. Nor, indeed, do I wish it, if only my strength holds out.

‘Nevertheless, God stands by me; and I would fain acknowledge his wondrous love. But for his succour, I had been lost. Whilst mentioning my own miseries, I would never forget his mercies.’

The stirring exhortation follows:—

‘To you, my friend, who have now entered into the vineyard, what shall I say? May every happiness, and every blessing, and every good be yours. Be faithful, be fruitful. Time is short. The Lord is at hand. Eternity approaches. Watch and pray. Let not your heart fail, for Christ is your helper. Be not puffed up, for you are ignorant and powerless. Do all things as if the Judge was standing at the door.

‘But why do I call these things to your mind: rather let me engrave them on my own heart.’

The following letter may be introduced here as manifesting a similar contrast. In anticipation of his leaving college, the curacy of Mr. Cecil at Chobham had been offered to him, and respecting it he writes as follows:—

‘June 7, 1801.

‘I hope and believe that in the measures which have been taken as to Mr. Cecil’s curacy, the Lord’s will has been principally sought after, and not man’s! And this it is which gives me most consolation under the weight which lies upon my mind. If God has pointed out in His providence, my post, He will supply grace and strength proportioned to it. In my case, indeed, I am persuaded nothing will do but a simple reliance upon the grace and power of Christ. I feel my weakness and ignorance, and I pray to be strengthened and taught by Him. The prospect of having to stand, as it were, between the living and the dead, cannot fail of filling me with apprehension. So far as this

feeling drives me to a throne of grace, and forces me to cast all my care upon the Lord, it is salutary; and I hope to have grace to repress and overcome any distrust of the promises of the Redeemer, or that fear which is harassing and unbelieving.'

If the subdued tone of this letter be contrasted with his eagerness and impetuosity when the first idea of the ministry entered his mind, the benefit of sound learning and religious education will be abundantly manifest. His natural abilities were the same, his acquired information much greater, his religious principles more mature:—he was thus in every respect better qualified for the Master's service, and yet when bidden to enter in, he goes and takes the lowest place, showing evidently that if something of warmth and fervour had subsided, much self-knowledge and humility had been gained. In him was strikingly confirmed the wisdom of Mr. Cecil's remarks touching the qualifications for the sacred ministry:—

'Whoever would succeed in his general interpretations of Scripture, and have his ministry that of a workman who needeth not to be ashamed, must be a laborious man. What can be produced by men that refuse this labour? A few raw notions, harmless, perhaps, in themselves, but false as stated by them. What then should a young minister or candidate for the ministry do? His office says, Go to your books: Go to retirement: Go to prayer. "No," says the enthusiast, "Go to preach. Go and be a witness." A witness of what? He don't know.'—*Cecil's Works*, vol. i. p. 166.

The time now drew near when he was to be examined for his degree of B.A. and to leave the university, where his course throughout had been marked by the most indefatigable diligence. The following short entry in his journal is the only notice he himself takes of the matter:—

"June 13, 1801. I was examined last week; and, if I live, shall go to town on Wednesday, and be ordained in September."

But there is also an entry in the same journal, dated "Chobham, July 14, 1802," in which he states that he had



been for three weeks at Oxford, that he had passed his examination, and done all things required by the statute for the degree of *Master of Arts*. Now no one in these days ever heard of a real examination for the degree of Master of Arts, so that the whole matter was involved in mystery till explained by the kindness of Dr. Macbride, Principal of Magdalen Hall. Looking back more than half a century (as perhaps he alone at Oxford could do), he called to mind an examination statute passed in May, 1800, which included candidates for the degree of M.A., as well as for that of B.A. The examiners were the same for both degrees; and the examination was to be equally strict, equally necessary, and equally public.

But in this, their new-born zeal, the authorities of the university had gone too far. The degree of B.A. is in most cases a necessity, whilst the degree of M.A. is a luxury only: and hence when it was to be preceded by an examination, it was dispensed with altogether, or sought at Cambridge, where no such ordeal was required. The result of the statute was, that the number of Masters of Arts at Oxford sensibly diminished; and though not formally repealed, the statute was allowed rapidly to fall into neglect and desuetude.

But Daniel Wilson came under its operation, whilst it was in vigorous action: and we are thus enabled from his second examination to supply what was lacking in the details of the first.

It appears that he was examined with his friend Wheeler, and a Christ-Church man. The books he took up in Greek were Thucydides and Herodotus. But in Latin he made no selection—he took up all: “omnes optimæ ætatis auctores”—“omnes aureos auctores,” are the expressions he employs. His friend Wheeler followed his example in the Latin, and took up Sophocles and Longinus in the Greek. In Hebrew, Daniel Wilson stood alone.

A book was first put into his hand called the “Gentleman’s Religion,” and he turned a page of it into Latin. The Greek Testament followed. He read a chapter in St. Mark, and answered questions about the temple standing in the time of Vespasian, and the prophecies concerning it in the Old and New Testament. Livy was then opened, and a page translated. This led to many historical questions.

Up to this time he confesses he was not without appre-

hensions, not knowing where the examination might lead him : but now all fears subsided.

Latin being finished, Hebrew came on. He took up the whole Hebrew Bible : but the examiner (wisely perhaps for himself) confined his examination to the first Psalm and some grammatical questions, which were readily answered.

His friend having passed a similar ordeal, they were now bid to sit down whilst others were called on, approbation being expressed with what they had done.

Whilst sitting apart, the junior examiner, as if casually, asked whether Wilson had read *Physics*, and then put certain questions, such as, "Whether the angle of refraction was equal to the angle of incidence?" "Whether a ray of light passing from a thin into a denser medium would be deflected from the perpendicular?" &c. : all of which were of course answered. Mathematics, logic, and metaphysics were passed by : one of the sciences only being required by the statute.

When he was again formally called up, the third book of *Thucydides* was selected, and he was put on at one of the speeches. Neither this, nor the historical questions connected with it, gave him any difficulty. *Xenophon* followed instead of *Herodotus* (which was his book) : but he took things as he found them, and the passage selected was (he says) neither "obscure nor difficult."

Thus ended the examination : and the senior examiner confirmed his former sentence by saying in a loud voice that *Wheeler* and *Wilson* had done themselves the greatest credit, and obtained the highest honour. The *Christ-Church* man gained his *testamur*, but nothing more ; and six men were rejected. There were about one hundred auditors.

Nothing more was open to him, as an object of ambition, but the university prizes. The subject for the English prize essay in the year 1803, was *COMMON SENSE*, and being then duly qualified, he entered the lists, and carried off the prize. He had previously consulted his three friends, *Mr. Crouch*, *Mr. Pratt*, and *Mr. Pearson*, and though not sanguine, they had encouraged the attempt. So little did he himself anticipate success, and so little did the subject dwell upon his mind, that it was not even mentioned to any of his family, nor is there a single allusion to it in his private journals. Surprise, therefore, mingled with, and greatly enhanced the pleasure felt by all, when

his name was publicly announced as the successful competitor. His first notice of it himself, is in the following terms :—

‘You have heard of the prize having been adjudged to me for my essay. It was perfectly unexpected by me, I confess. God has wise ends in everything. It was He who directed the whole concern.

‘Oh! for grace to be humble, watchful, dependent, and simply devoted to the glory of my divine Lord. Pray for me, to be kept at the feet of Jesus, learning his word, and seeking the honour which cometh of Him only.

‘In consequence of the news, which I did not receive till Sunday, (May 29, 1803), I set off for Oakingham to meet Mr. Crowe, the public orator, at 7 o’clock on Monday morning. It seems I am to be at Oxford on Thursday, June 9th, Monday, June 13th, and Wednesday, June 15th, for purposes connected with the delivery of the essay.’

Again he writes, on June 2nd :—

‘The first rehearsal of my essay is altered from Saturday, June 11th, to Thursday, June 9th. This essay has already given me more pain and apprehension than you can possibly conceive. It is a terrible thing to deliver it before the university.’

His apprehensions, however, were groundless. Some who were present still survive, and they speak of his delivery of the essay as being characterized by perfect self-possession, combined with a modest consciousness of the distinguished audience before whom he stood : ‘and it is especially interesting to recal the fact that he was followed on the rostrum by REGINALD HEBER. The one had delivered his essay on “Common Sense,” when the other rose to recite his poem of “Palestine.”

There is something affecting in the picture of these two young aspirants, thus brought together in the morning of life, who were afterwards called to bear “the heat and burden of the day” in the same far distant land : something also in the scrolls they held, characteristic of the men—the one, throwing over India the charm of poetry, piety, and a loving spirit ; the other, stamping upon it the impress of

scriptural supremacy, and evangelical truth : something of adaptation also in the Divine ordering of those consecrated spots where “they rest in their graves”—the chancel of St. JOHN’S, Trichinopoly, and the chancel of St. PAUL’S, Calcutta.

Daniel Wilson himself referred in after-life to this meeting in the Oxford theatre.

‘Is it not a singular coincidence,’ he said, ‘that HEBER, my revered, able, and pious predecessor, delivered his poem of “Palestine,” on the very day that I delivered my English prose essay on “Common Sense?” I well remember as I came down from the rostrum, seeing Heber, who sat immediately behind, testifying his applause in the kindest manner, though I never made his acquaintance till July 26th, 1812, when Mr. Thornton introduced him to me at St. John’s Chapel, Bedford Row, after hearing me preach from Hebrews ii. 3.’

The day following these recitations, one of the Heads of houses met Mr. Crouch in the High Street, Oxford.

“Well, Mr. Crouch,” he said, “so ‘Common Sense’ has come to Edmund Hall at last.”

“Yes,” replied Mr. Crouch, with his quiet humour, “but not yet to the other colleges.”

Thus ended Daniel Wilson’s undergraduate life. He never took his name off the books of his university. He passed his examination the first week in June, 1801 ; took his degree of B.A. on March 2, 1802 ; was examined for the degree of M.A. on June 30, 1802 ; had the prize assigned to him in May, 1803 ; became M.A. on October 10, 1804 ; and was made D.D. by diploma on April 12, 1832.

## CHAPTER IV.



### CHOBHAM.

1801—1803.

Chobham and Bisley—Rev. R. Cecil—Latin Journal—Ordination at Farnham—Reflections—Parochial Visitation—Indications of Character—Prospect of Tutorship and of Marriage—Letters—Farewell Sermons—His Marriage.

CHOBHAM is a pleasant agricultural village in Surrey, parochially connected with Bisley, a retired hamlet, two miles distant. At the time of which we write, the population of the united parishes amounted to about eighteen hundred. There were two churches. Mr. Thornton was the patron, and the Rev. Richard Cecil the rector.

In his latter years Mr. Cecil was occasionally a great sufferer. He always sat in the pulpit, and often preached in pain. But few men have been more distinguished for originality of mind, and grand yet simple views of truth; whilst in his power of arresting the attention, convincing the understanding, impressing the conscience, and affecting the heart, he stood unrivalled in his day.

To be trained then under such a man for the work of the ministry was no small advantage; and this advantage Daniel Wilson enjoyed at Chobham. Though he was not to be ordained till the middle of September, he came down at the beginning of August. He found Mr. Pearson, who had preceded him in the curacy, but had been compelled to resign it from ill-health, still in residence; and for some months the two friends lived together, and had all things in common. One small sitting-room sufficed for the future "bishop" and "dean," and just admitted two tables for their desks; whilst books were scattered on the floor around, or piled up in their respective bed-rooms. They walked, read, and prayed together; and thus cemented a friendship which had been commenced at Oxford.

Mr. Cecil was a frequent visitor at their little room, favouring them with his most instructive and original conversation. He never wasted time in idle talk, but began at once upon some subject connected with the ministry, or some ancient or modern book of theology; or he would analyse some great religious character, or discuss some event in his own life: and thus pour forth a rich and copious stream of wisdom and experience. Then perhaps an attack of pain would come on, and having no couch to receive him in their little room, he would lie upon the floor, often turning on his face for a time to conceal every expression of the anguish which he felt. The paroxysm once passed, he would resume his former attitude, and continue his discourse.

That Daniel Wilson availed himself to the utmost of the opportunities thus afforded him, and diligently gathered up the crumbs which fell from that rich man's table, will appear from notes made by him at the time and entered in his journal. They are written in Latin, and the necessity of translation will explain any peculiarity of style.

‘August 1, 1801.

‘I came to Chobham on August 1st, 1801, for the benefit of Mr. Cecil's advice and instruction; the object being that I might become qualified to preach, and that discovering my faults, whether natural or acquired, I might correct them. I instantly perceived the advantage to be derived from this. Nor have I been deceived. I have great reason to be thankful for the opportunity. God grant that I may turn what I have learned to my own profit and the promotion of His glory.

‘*I want suavity.* There is a kind of austerity and roughness about me, which is easily discernible, and seems wrought into my very nature. I must strive therefore to infuse something of kindness and urbanity into all I do, and particularly into the composition of my sermons. For kindness wins assent. Whereas to attempt to sway and control men by violence, does but excite opposition and dislike.

‘*Modesty also is a great thing in a young man.* All are ready to yield to one who is really modest, not claiming authority, but desirous of pleasing others, and showing himself the helper and the friend of all.

‘*A clear and simple style of writing* must be carefully cultivated; but so, as to avoid everything low and vulgar.

That power of expression and flow of imagination which moves and persuades men, is much wanting in me. I must therefore seek by diligence and perseverance to acquire those qualifications which nature has denied. Subjects must be selected for discussion which breathe love, peace, and goodwill, and which naturally, perhaps, I should be disposed to pass by.

*'August 29, 1801.*

'There is danger lest whilst desirous of learning from Mr. Cecil, I should copy him too closely. His address, countenance, cast of mind, and style of elocution are so entirely his own, and so appropriate to himself, that it would be a great fault were I to attempt to imitate them. I must be very careful lest, by treading in his steps, I make myself ridiculous. One would fain always be like the person one admires: but to copy peculiarities is foolish. It will not, however, be very easy for me to avoid this. I have a tendency to fall into the track of every one I love and am familiar with. I must therefore be on my guard, and aim at consistency. Whatever there is of good in me, that I will try to improve, and not think of acquiring habits foreign to my own. Rather let me, by correcting faults and supplying defects, adapt myself to Mr. Cecil's disposition and turn of mind. May God give the attempt a happy issue.'

*'Sept. 10, 1801.*

'I have yet much to learn. Christ must be magnified in every sermon. To neglect Him is to neglect all. If a man were to preach Judaism, he would do no good. He might say what was true, and what perhaps could not be denied, but there would be no result. Why? Because he failed to raise before the eyes of all, CHRIST the brazen serpent. Every thing is cold, dull, and torpid without the Sun. It is His warmth which makes those members glow which otherwise would be benumbed.

'Duties must be so explained that their connection with gospel truth may be evidently seen; whilst gospel truth must be so laid down that duties may cling to it. When we have clear light, it is a shame to walk in darkness. To teach only what the better instructed amongst the Jews would have taught, avails nothing. We must go further; and not only dwell upon those things which the ancients

knew whilst darkness was yet lingering on the earth, but exhibit prominently those illustrious and gospel truths, which the Sun, now risen, has made manifest to all men.'

Impressed with such thoughts he prepared for his ordination. He had previously been accepted as a candidate by Dr. Brownlow North, Bishop of Winchester; and was ordained, after due examination, on September 20th, 1801. He went straight from Farnham to Chobham, and soon after, the following entry appears in his journal:—

'I am now numbered amongst the dressers of God's vineyard. I entered into holy orders on the 20th September, by the imposition of hands of the Bishop of Winchester. Whilst Mr. Cecil is absent I shall have two sermons to preach weekly, one at Chobham, and one at Bisley. All difficulties having been removed by the help of God, I am now happily discharging my sacred functions. What I had prepared, being committed to memory, I was enabled to deliver freely. Nor have I to complain of any unkind reception; on the contrary, I have to acknowledge with gratitude to God that it was far beyond my expectations.

'In my first sermon I treated of the willingness of Christ to receive sinners coming unto him,—“Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” John vi. 37. In the second, I endeavoured to explain the peace which Christ gave to His disciples,—‘Peace I leave with you.’ John xiv. 27.

'Grant, Almighty God, that those things which by Thy grace have happily begun may by Thy power be brought to a good result.'

He then resumes his notes upon ministerial efficiency: a few more of which may be added:—

'Oct. 5, 1801.

'The minister is invested with authority. His power consists not in the strength of his body, but of his character. If his reputation is lost, all is lost: respect goes; influence ceases; what he says, evaporates; what he does, drags.

'The great point is, to combine affection and respect. To attain this, we have nothing in our own power. God alone can give it. But He is wont to bestow His blessing upon those who exhibit diligence and perseverance.



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‘Oct. 14, 1801. •

“Sermons must be composed not by gentle, but by stringent methods; not by humouring the mind, but by coercing it. It is indispensable that he who writes many, should write quickly. The subject for discussion may be deemed a secondary matter: but when once suggested to the mind, it should be immediately seized and dealt with. Necessity draws out the powers of the mind, and brings its riches to the light. The most celebrated men have excelled others by the force of will. Compulsion must be used. The mind must be urged. The faculties must be excited. Nothing must be yielded to delay, fastidiousness, or languor. The doors must be beaten in, and broken down, if they will not open. The imprisoned mind must be let loose, and the barren invention stimulated. Thoughts sluggish and heavy, must not be tolerated. If unwilling and reluctant, they must be dragged by force from their hiding-place, hurried to the plain, pushed upon the course, and compelled to run the race, leaning upon anything or nothing.’

Towards the close of the year, he writes to his mother as follows:—

‘The more I enter into my great object, that of “winning souls,” the more easy and delightful everything appears to me. But it is not always that I retain those views of eternity, of sin, of heaven, of a Redeemer, of the value of souls, which it is my duty and my interest to be actuated by. I have need to pray with the disciples, “Lord increase my faith:” “Lord give me a faster hold of thee as my master, my friend, my portion, my Saviour, my all in all.”

‘I have begun in good earnest to see a little more of my people, being by this time established in my situation. I call in general on three or four every day, and give books and advice as I find occasion, and pecuniary relief when I think it needful. I hope God will bless me in this part of my duty. If it be useful only in subservience to the public ordinances of the Church, I shall be thankful. The insight this employment gives me into the hearts and dispositions of men, shows me more the value of salvation, and the wonderful mercy of God when any one is brought to receive it. God be praised for his “unspeakable gift!” God be praised for “a Saviour!” How little do we know of the infinite love contained in that divine word—a Saviour!

God grant that by his Spirit we may *see* more, and *feel* more, and *live* more to the glory of Him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light.’

Every entry in his journal from this time, shows that these were not mere idle words. He was continually traversing the parish from end to end; every mud hut was visited; and the names of each individual or family at Chobham and Bisley may be found recorded, with traits of character, and slight reports of failure or success in dealing with them; so that at length he obtained from Mr. Cecil himself the name of “The Apostle Wilson.”

The germs of character, which developed themselves in later life, may be discerned in these early days of his ministry; and four incidents which occurred at Chobham, though trifling in themselves, will serve to show his resistance to natural tendencies, his readiness to receive advice, his attachment to Church order, and his superiority to petty jealousy.

The first incident he shall relate himself.

‘I gave way to a foolish shame to-day. Purposing to visit Mr. Bayley, when I got near, overcome by a childish fear, I gave up my purpose and passed by the house. It will be necessary to check fear of this kind, unless I am willing either to lose my time, or neglect my flock.’

Accordingly it was checked at once, and on the next day he writes as follows:—‘I have made haste to do as I have said. I have seen Beauchamp, Taylor, Tucker, *Bayley*, and others. A clergyman who would benefit his people, is not at liberty to please himself.’

The same determination characterised him through life. Disinclination might overcome duty once, but not twice. Search all his journals; read all his letters:—hundreds of self-accusations will be found, but not one excuse. He never stood looking at a fault when discovered, but instantly grappled with it.

The next incident will serve as an illustration of his readiness to receive advice. During one of Mr. Cecil’s visits to Chobham, he had endeavoured to correct that loudness of voice and vehemence of action in the pulpit which threatened to become habitual and excessive. This is noticed in Daniel Wilson’s private journal, and his remark is as follows:—

I clearly perceive that my preaching is very bad. It is all "*vi et armis*." I make clamour, and shouting, and noise my helpers: as if sound without sense ever did any good. I must spare no pains to correct these faults, now I know them. I only grieve most deeply that when Mr. Cecil in the kindest manner mentioned them to me, I perceived a secret sensation of anger, when I ought to have felt nothing but gratitude.'

This was his manner through life. The advice given was not always remembered, nor always followed; for the bow, bent for a time, would return to its original bias. But no man ever received it more readily, or acknowledged it more gratefully.

The third incident is copied from his journal:—'As I was walking to-day to visit a sick person, a woman who lived beyond the boundaries of the parish met me, and asked, Whether I would go and see one of her family who was at the point of death. Thus asked, I did not exactly know what to say. I could have refused. But when I had reflected a little while, I told the woman I felt constrained to assent. Did I do right?'

No doubt he did right; for death will not wait for the proper parochial clergyman! But the doubt, or rather the exception, proves the rule. His earnest desire to do good found free course only amongst his own people. When, a short time before this, some proposal had been made to him by Mr. Eyre which, though calculated for usefulness, was not strictly regular, his reply, though characterised by modesty and deference, was very firm. 'I consider myself,' he said, 'as directed by God's providence to a particular part of the vineyard, and that it will be a duty irreversibly incumbent on me never to enter into engagements with the Bishop which I at the same time intend to violate.'

Thus he connected Evangelical truth with Church order: and thus he formed a link between the past age, which often separated piety and regularity, and the present age which, with greater or less success, combines them.

The fourth incident occurred when he went up to Oxford in May, 1802, for a short time. His place at Chobham was supplied by his friend Marsh—now the venerable Dr. Marsh. On his return he makes the following entry in his journal:—

‘Praises of all kinds were showered on him. My people were so struck with his countenance, his address, his sermons, his courtesy, that they lauded him to the skies. God be praised!’

This entry is very characteristic. It never required any self-control in him to hear another commended. Once satisfied that the truth of the Gospel was secure, his “God be praised,” was always ready. He was above or beyond the influence of petty jealousy through life.

Hitherto his mind had been fixed upon the duties of his cure, but in the beginning of the year 1803, two events occurred, which first unsettled, and then withdrew him from it. The one was his appointment to a tutorship at Oxford, the other was his marriage.

The following is his own account of the first of these events:—

*‘January 23, 1803.*

‘I have wonderful things to record. I have refused the curacy of Henley, which has been offered to me, because, when I came here, I engaged to stay with Mr. Cecil three years. This being settled—lo! another matter, much more serious, occurs. Mr. Crouch wishes to know whether I should be willing to return to Oxford, and, conjointly with himself, undertake the office of tutor at St. Edmund Hall. It is to be with this understanding, that the lighter part of the duty falls upon me at first, but that I should be prepared eventually to take the whole burden. The question is under consideration. The Principal has to be sounded. Mr. Cecil must be consulted and persuaded. Almost everything wants arrangement. May God’s will be done! This alone grieves and vexes me—that with so great a matter hanging over me, I am so feeble in mind, so full of sin, so backward in prayer, watchfulness, and submission.’

The same subject is again referred to on the 9th March, a day never forgotten by him:—

‘Seven years have passed since the grace of God came with power to me, who was buried in total darkness. I acknowledge myself to be the vilest of the vile, and I grieve over it. Still the grace of God is exceedingly abundant towards me. I wish to be nothing, and would cleave to Christ only.

The Oxford business is approaching its completion. The Principal has consented. My parents acquiesce. Mr. Cecil, though disinclined, does not absolutely refuse. I have written to Mr. Crouch to say that I shall be ready to undertake it as soon as I have fulfilled my engagement to remain with Mr. Cecil for three years. This must be done, unless Mr. Crouch can find some one whom Mr. Cecil would be willing to take in my place, and thus set me free. The will of the Lord be done.

The other important matter which now engaged his mind was his contemplated marriage with his cousin Ann. The probability of this event has been hinted at in a former chapter, and it now assumed a practical form, and progressed *pari passu* with the appointment to the Oxford tutorship, and the selection of a successor at Chobham. His affection was deep and sincere. It had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. But all outward manifestations of it had been suppressed, whilst, as he says in his journal, he was "not in a position to marry." The moment, however, that the Oxford proposal made an opening, the hidden waters gushed out and had free course. He addressed his parents on the subject, and made known his wishes to them, and then through them, to his uncle, Mr. William Wilson.

His application was favourably entertained, and the moment permission was granted, we hear of him at Worton, pleading his own cause. Nor did he plead in vain. He became an accepted suitor; and after a fortnight's holiday, a correspondence began, which, with interruptions from frequent visits, was continued till his marriage.

It touches, perhaps saddens, the heart, to read the thirty letters written by him which still remain—all full of pleasant anticipations—all leavened with true piety—all preserved with the utmost care: but all now reading like "a tale that is told," or a "dream when one awaketh." Few letters written under such circumstances would bear the light. But these might all be published. They are models of good sense, simplicity, tenderness, and piety. One extract from the first, and another from the last, may be given as specimens of the whole:—the one was written immediately after his return from his first visit to Worton, the other immediately before his departure from Chobham to claim his bride.

CHOBHAM, *May 24, 1803.*

‘On my return, I found nothing had been done during my absence. I had everything, therefore, to attend to myself; so that I have really done nothing this week, except stealing an hour or two each day to visit a few of my people. But I can safely say, that amidst all my avocations, numerous and fatiguing as they are, not a single hour has passed when I have not repeatedly and most affectionately remembered my dear cousin. It is as natural for me to connect in my mind everything I see and hear, with the idea of what my cousin Ann would think of this, and what she would say of that, if she saw it, as it is for me to eat my food. Oh! that I could connect in the same familiar manner all I do with the thought, what God would think of this or that, and what His view would be of my conduct.

‘I can devise no scheme at present for seeing you again. I must wait till Mr. Cecil comes down. I am sure my heart is in Oxfordshire. How hard it is for corrupt creatures to enjoy the most lawful pleasures in a lawful degree. God must be still supreme in our hearts, or else we are idolaters. May He be the Lord of all our affections and desires. We cannot love Christ too much: we cannot think of Him too much; we cannot strive to please and honour Him too much. He requires all our love, all our thoughts, all our obedience. Come, Thou divine Saviour, and rule Thou in the midst of Thine enemies! Cleanse, pardon, and sanctify us!’

An interval of some months occurred, during which he was engaged in the performance of his usual duties, in anxious inquiries for a successor, and in several visits to Worton; and then he wrote his last letter, of which the following is an extract:—

CHOBHAM, *November 15, 1803.*

‘I send you a line to-night for fear I should be prevented seeing you as I intended, and still intend on Thursday. Mr. Cottam (his successor in the curacy) has not arrived according to our plan, and his promise. His conduct is without excuse, not only as a breach of an adjusted plan, but as an encroachment upon a man in my delicate circumstances, when an hour of delay is like an age.

‘This is however certain, that if others fail of their duty, I must not fail of mine. My dearest cousin may be assured

‘That nothing in the world shall keep me from her most delightful society, but absolute duty. I feel now a regret that I agreed to wait for Mr. Cottam. I should otherwise have been in London yesterday.

‘In London? Yes, my dear cousin, and with you, assuring you of my most tender, sincere, and ardent affection. But the disappointment to-day throws a damp over my mind. For one delay and one mistake may lead to a thousand others. It shows me the uncertain nature of every earthly arrangement. It makes me rejoice as though I rejoiced not. It makes me feel again and again my dependence upon God for everything I am, and everything I hope in time and eternity. May we feel resigned to the Lord’s will in everything. May we say—What Thou wilt, as Thou wilt, when Thou wilt.’

Large congregations assembled to hear the three farewell sermons which he preached on Sunday, November 13th, and all were much affected: a feeling in which he largely shared.

His ministerial work at Chobham and Bisley was then ended, and he had but to arrange his temporal affairs; amongst which it may excite a smile to read that he disposed of his horse (evidently kept for use only), with saddle, bridle, and clothing, to a neighbouring clergyman for six guineas! And then he finally left this first scene of his labours.

‘I left those most dear places,’ he wrote to his friend Cawood, on Nov. 20th, ‘with much regret. They have first seen me as a preacher: they have cheered, comforted, and loved me. All things there have worked for good. Church, rector, and people have alike smiled on me. Nor has the Spirit of God left me without fruit. I know that some have, by the grace of God, and through my instrumentality, been awakened and “born from above.” I speak, of course, only as a man, for God only can see the heart.’

He arrived in London, Nov. 17th, and was married at the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, by the Rev. Henry Foster, on the 23rd Nov., 1803.

## CHAPTER V.

### FAMILY LIFE.

1803—1832.

Journal—Mrs. Wilson—Birth of his children—Domestic character—Death of Little Ann—Illness and death of his youngest child—Two elder boys at Worton—Letters to them at School and College—Ordination, Preferment, and Marriage of his eldest Son—Narrative of his second Son—Descendants.

‘Aprilis 1<sup>o</sup>. Rem fratri exposui de uxore.

Literas ad patrem dedi.

‘Maij. 7. Consensit avunculus.

14. Voluit consobrina mea.

16. Wortoniam primum adii; 20<sup>o</sup>. reliqui.

‘Junii 10. Secundo cum locum adii; 17<sup>o</sup>. decessi.

‘Julii 11<sup>o</sup>. Tertium iter incepi; 16<sup>o</sup>. confeci.

Augusti 20<sup>o</sup>. Quartam viam confeci; 31<sup>o</sup> re absolutâ.

‘Oct<sup>o</sup>. 4<sup>o</sup>. Quintum iter introivi; 12<sup>o</sup> perfeci.

‘Oct<sup>o</sup>. 31. Sextum iter, Londinium nempe, ceppi; Nov. 5, abivi.

‘Nov. 17<sup>o</sup>. Londinium perveni, Chobhamiâ relictâ.

23. Nuptiæ celebratæ felicissimis auspiciis.”

This entry is so characteristic that it is left as it stands

<sup>1</sup> A translation is annexed, lest a translator should not be at hand :—

April 1st. I opened to my brother the subject of my marriage.

25th. I despatched a letter to my father.

May 7th. My uncle consented.

14. My cousin was willing.

16. I went for the first time to Worton; 20th. I left.

June 10. I went there a second time; 17th. I departed.

July 11. I set out for a third time; 16th. I finished the visit.

August 20. I made a fourth journey; 31st, the matter was settled.

Oct. 4. For the fifth time I went; 12th, I returned.

Oct. 31. I began a sixth visit, but now to London; Nov. 5, I took my departure.

Nov. 17. I left Chobham and came to London.

23. Our marriage took place under most happy auspices.



in the journal. Three days after, it is followed by these devout aspirations and thanksgivings:—

‘God has granted all my wishes. My marriage is happily accomplished. Mr. Cottam arrived at Chobham, and released me from my duties there on November 16th. I immediately went to London, and now my most dear cousin is mine. We first went to Henley, and then proceeded sweetly and tranquilly to Worton. Now, on the third day after our marriage, I would acknowledge God as the author of all my blessings; my refuge, and my consolation. He has given me a prospect of happiness in my dear wife that I had never anticipated or even hoped for. All is so calm, sweet, pleasant, and novel, that I scarcely know myself.

‘Oh, God! Greatest and best! Smile upon our marriage. Grant that we may love Thee more and more each day. Grant that our lives, studies, plans, and purposes may all be in accordance with Thy will. Grant that we may always look to Thee as our hope, our joy, our sure foundation, our all in all. Grant that Christ may be glorified by us both in life and death. Grant that Thy Holy Spirit may dwell in our hearts as His habitation, His home, His resting place, His temple. Grant that He may rule over us, sanctify us, destroy sin in us, make known to, and perfect in us, Thy blessed will.’

Thus his family life commenced; and it contributed so greatly to his happiness, that though the main object of these memoirs must be to exhibit him in his character as a public man and minister of God, yet one chapter may well be exclusively assigned to him as a husband and a father. In order to do this as a whole, and preserve the unity of the subject, the course of time will necessarily have to be anticipated. This is certainly undesirable; but it is a less evil than the continual interruption of the general narrative by details of private life.

The memory of Mrs. Daniel Wilson is dear to all who knew her. As a daughter she had her father’s testimony that she had never given him one hour’s uneasiness. She had been a guide and protector to her younger sisters (deprived of their mother) in very early life; and her character was always distinguished for self-denial, charity, simplicity, lowliness of mind, unaffected modesty, sound judgment, and true piety.

The public life which she was called to lead would never have been her choice, for she loved retirement, and was naturally inclined to silence and reserve. But she neither murmured nor hesitated when the path of duty led from Worton and its quiet country scenes, to Oxford, London, and Islington. Thither she accompanied her husband, ever desiring his usefulness, interested in his work, anxious for his honour, presiding over his household, and fulfilling all her appropriate duties in the fear of God. If upon her husband was bestowed the spirit "of power, and of love, and of a sound mind," upon her was bestowed the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

In November, 1805, their eldest son Daniel was born; in September, 1807, a second son John; in June, 1809, a daughter Amelia. These three were born in Oxford.

In November, 1811, a second daughter, Ann Margaret, was born; in March, 1814, a third daughter, Eliza Emma; and in November, 1816, a third son, William. These three were born in London.

Thus God "made him an house," and for nearly fourteen years (with one sad interruption occasioned by the death of his infant daughter Amelia in 1809) the voice of joy and health was heard in it.

Daniel Wilson can scarcely be regarded as a domestic man. He was not naturally fond of children, nor as patient with them as some men are. His time was too much occupied, and his mind too much engrossed to enter into their pursuits; though he liked to have them about him at proper times, and then found both pleasure and recreation in their company. He always desired their good, and was ready to promote it at any sacrifice. His feelings were in reality very sensitive: when all went well with them his heart was glad, and when they suffered he suffered with them.

The first heavy family affliction occurred in the year 1818, and was occasioned by the death of his daughter ANN, under circumstances peculiarly distressing. She was a child of remarkable promise: her fine understanding, strong affection, and early piety, endeared her to all, and made her a treasure to her parents. She was taken ill with inflammation of the lungs, and the medical attendant entirely mistook her complaint. In the morning he had declared that there was no danger; in the evening she was a corpse. Her father had gone up to her room to assist in

giving her some medicine with no feeling of apprehension. He took her on his knees ; and whilst she leaned her head upon his shoulder, said to her, "Little Ann must put all trust in Jesus Christ. Papa is praying to Jesus Christ for little Ann." She gave one sigh, and breathed her last.

No tongue can describe the first agony of the bereaved mother. She threw her arms round the neck of her father (who was on a visit) almost in distraction, and for the moment refused to be comforted.

But this dark hour did but serve to throw out in brighter colours her Christian principles. There was no murmuring against God, and no complaints of his dealings with her. Her mind soon returned to its habitual frame of submission and resignation to His holy will. But she never entirely recovered the shock. To the hour of her death she felt a pang at the recollection of her dear lost child ; and one of her sweetest pleasures was to read to her other children the "Memorial" of their little sister's sayings, and prayers, and traits of character, which has since attained wide circulation in a publication called "Little Ann."

On the following day the bereaved father communicated what had occurred to a friend :—

'How can I tell the distressing event? We have lost our sweet daughter Ann. She died last night in my arms, and has taken our hearts with her ; or rather, may she have drawn them more closely to that Saviour into whose bosom she has fled ! She was ill only a few days. Oh, my friend, what a stroke is death when it indeed falls ! We desire to lie in our Saviour's hands, and pray for that holy and beneficial use of affliction which He alone can grant. We leave London for Worton to-morrow. The dear remains of our babe are to follow us on Monday to be interred in the family vault. I know all is right. I pray for grace to kiss the hand of my chastening father. I see more than enough need for this and every other cup of sorrow ; and I wish and strive to turn to my Saviour's love, as the solace of the sorrowing heart.'

The wound occasioned by the death of "Little Ann" was yet unhealed, when it pleased God again to visit him. His youngest child, William, was seized with alarming illness, and became a source of great and long-continued anxiety.

The father himself shall tell the sad tale, as he told it to Mrs. Hannah More in June, 1818:—

‘It is impossible for me to describe to you what we are going through. After the sudden death of one child,—a lovely girl, about six years and a half old,—a second child has been seized with sickness, and has now continued for above seven weeks in a most affecting and alarming state. We are watching our dear little boy dying before our eyes. He has been for eight days in perpetual convulsions, except as opiates compose for a time his agitated frame. The afflicted mother hangs over her suffering child with an anguish I cannot describe.

‘Thus it pleases our heavenly Father to exercise us with by far the most severe trial we have ever known.

‘For myself as a minister of the sanctuary, I am quite assured that God “in very faithfulness has caused me to be troubled.” I want bringing down. The natural tendency of my mind is towards excessive activity and bustle, with all the secret love of display and the praise of men which accompanies such a turn of character. I have now gone on seventeen years in the sacred ministry with a large share of health and spirits, and with some success in the great work of “reconciliation” entrusted to me. Some late circumstances, in which I had however very little personal effort, have brought me still more before the public eye; and now my heavenly Father chastens me for my profit, that I may be a partaker of His holiness. He takes me aside from my public duties to private self-examination; he calls me from preaching to praying; from the instruction of others to the instruction of myself. He bids me look inward and take the gauge and measure of my heart. He commands me to be silent, and contrite, and interior in my religion. He is preparing me for comforting, perhaps, the minds of others with the comfort wherewith I myself am comforted of God: and whilst he confines me to the chamber of sorrow, is perhaps fitting me in some better manner to discharge those high and elevated duties of a steward of the mysteries of God, which I have so little honoured as I ought. Oh! that I may learn softness, humility, and tenderness in this school of suffering.’

The illness of this dear child lasted for some months, and at length the conviction was forced upon the minds of the

anxious parents that his intellect would be permanently clouded. It was too true. The little boy grew up, an object of solicitude and tender sympathy, to the age of five years, and then gently passed away.

Meanwhile the two elder boys had been growing up. Their grandfather's estate at Worton was their play-ground; and indeed, their first school also, for they had been early placed under the tuition of the Rev. W. Borrows, curate of Worton, and afterwards minister of St. Paul's at Clapham. Fully occupied as their father was, he always made his engagements subservient to their holidays, and often found time to write to them. One letter to each may be given as a specimen of his manner with children. To his son Daniel, then eight years old, he writes on November 5th, in a large round hand:—

‘I should have written to you long ago, but I had not a minute to spare. To day is the 5th November, and there will be many bonfires. We think also that there will be an illumination to-night. We often talk of you, for we love you most dearly. We hope you try to be a good boy. And when you do anything wrong, always confess it at once. Pray to God to make you good. When I was at Norwich I heard the following story:—At a meeting for a Bible Society at Yarmouth, there were a number of tables fastened together at the end of the room for the speakers to stand upon. A fat clergyman was making a very tedious speech, and was so earnest that he was stamping with his feet and throwing himself about: when lo! just as he was most vehement, the tables slipped asunder, and he fell between them with a tremendous crash, to the sad disturbance of his speech, but the great amusement of the company. He was not at all hurt, but never attempted to finish his oration.’

Again he writes to his son John, then six years old:—

‘Your dear mamma and I long to see their sweet little Johnny again: and we hope, if it please God, we shall see him when the summer comes, if not before. We hope dear Johnny will try all he can to learn; and that both the dear brothers may be good boys, and be fitted for useful men, if God spares their lives. Pray try also to be as obedient to Mr. Borrows as you can. And love God, for he hath loved

you, and sent His Son to die for your sins. And our blessed Saviour said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not." What a happy little boy you will be, if you learn to love and serve Jesus Christ. This will make you happy in this world, and happy when you come to die! Farewell.'

Time rapidly glides on:—and now the anticipations of College life call forth a father's anxious counsel. The following letter was written to his eldest son in the year 1823. Its value will be instantly perceived:—

'As you are now going to college, I wish to give you a very few cautions and hints which may be of use to you there:—

'1st. Be diligent in your studies, so far as your health will allow. The idle man is open to every temptation.

'2nd. Be regular in your morning and evening devotions. Prayer and the reading of the Holy Scriptures every day will be the means of strengthening you in all that is good, and bringing down God's blessing upon you.

'3rd. Keep holy the Sabbath. God's day, if well observed, will sanctify the whole week.

'4th. Never associate with those who fear not God, except so far as absolute duty requires, and then only for the shortest time possible.

'5th. Let nothing seduce you to think hardly of your manner of education, of your parents, of the piety in which you have been trained, and of home. If these thoughts ever come into your mind, reject them as a great temptation.

'6th. Keep up a regular correspondence with your mother and myself, conceal nothing from us, but make us your confidants in all things.

'7th. Avoid extravagance; contract no debts; be upright and punctual in all your dealings, small as well as great.

'8th. Aim at the subduing of selfishness, self-will, self-conceit, self-consequence. Be modest, kind, attentive, obliging, friendly, amiable.

'9th. Take care of your health. Take regular exercise. Retire early to rest—take from seven to eight hours' sleep—and rise early when you are well.

'10th. Avoid faults; but when you commit them, guard against a spirit of self-justification. Acknowledge them frankly, and repair them as quickly as possible.

‘11th. Remember the **END** for which you go to college is to qualify you for future usefulness as an humble, laborious minister of the Gospel of Christ. The academical knowledge you acquire is no just source of pride; but rather of fear, lest you should not use it aright.

‘12th. Constantly implore the grace of God’s blessed Spirit to enable you to do all these things; for it is only by **DIVINE GRACE** we can really and constantly do our duty to God and man; and, after all, our defects are so innumerable, and our sins so aggravated, that we must put our whole trust for acceptance in the alone merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Christian is not a perfect man; but he is sincere. He really aims at serving God in the Gospel of His Son. His daily ignorances and sins he confesses and forsakes; and thus, by divine mercy, he is kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, and ascribes all his blessings to the merits and death of Jesus Christ, to the influences and grace of the Holy Spirit, and to the undeserved love of God, his Heavenly Father.

‘To this adorable and Tri-une God I commend you, my dear son.

In the year 1825, John Wilson joined his brother Daniel at Wadham College, Oxford, and his father’s sympathies were still more strongly moved:—

‘We are always talking or thinking of you. God bless you both. Remember, my beloved sons, that the effectual grace of God infused by the Holy Ghost, is necessary for you daily, to strengthen your resolutions, to quicken faith and prayer, and to guard your hearts in the fear of God. His **GRACE** is a secret operation, not distinguishable from the workings of your own minds except by its effects. It is also to be sought for in the use of means; but it is still the **MIGHTY** principle of all religious feelings and duties. This doctrine keeps the Christian from pride, self-confidence, and presumption on the one hand, and comforts and encourages him in all his efforts on the other.’

Again the scene changes; it is the month of December 1828, and the ordination of his eldest son draws near. A few days previously he writes to him as follows:—

‘The date I have already referred to (1801) reminds me

of the vows I undertook at that period, and in the obligation of which you are about to share. A study of the epistles to Timothy and Titus, upon your knees, is the best preparation for the office of the sacred ministry. The whole secret lies in three things: Christ—immortal souls—self-humiliation.

‘The first is our theme, our song, our glory, our hope, our joy! It includes Redemption, the Holy Ghost, the title and pledges of the heavenly inheritance.

‘The second is the great object of all our labours. To estimate the value of souls—to gauge eternity—to sum up everlasting happiness and misery as at the door—all dependent on our zeal, our faithfulness, our skill, under God: this is inconceivable!

‘The third regards our own spirit and conduct before God and man.

‘Each is essential.

‘God Almighty bless, preserve, and sanctify you. Farewell.’

This ordination of the son was soon followed by a presentation to the rectory of Worton, and a most happy marriage: in both which events the father took the liveliest interest. One letter to his new daughter (for he opened his heart at once, and enshrined her there) when sickness had entered the household and caused deep anxiety, will serve to illustrate his tenderness and sympathy:—

‘Do not be cast down, my dearest dear Lucy. God has reasons for all He does, both as to the time and manner of acting—both as to the persons, the malady, the severity of the attack, the continuation or relaxation of the symptoms, and the effects on those around. Then take up the Book and read: the promises will shine with brighter light; the grace of Christ will burst upon the soul with softer and sweeter glory; the communion of the heart with the Holy Spirit in penitence and silence will be more interior: the gloom of this valley of humiliation and sorrow will be illustrated with brighter rays of anticipation of final deliverance; the prospect of heaven will open in richer and more various blessings.

‘Adieu! We cannot see the glory of Christ in the storm, unless we embark with him in the vessel. Afflictions make us to embark, for we are backward to go on



board ; we linger on the shore ; God in love constrains us : it is His very word to " get into the ship, and cross over to the other side." Then Christ comes to us " walking upon the waves." We are affrighted. He says, " It is I, be not afraid ! " He has been praying for us on the mountain. He saw us toiling in rowing, even though he was absent.

' Thus Jesus thinks of us : Jesus prays for us : Jesus comes to us in the moment of extremity ; and accomplishes His will in us, and glorifies His great name.'

But whilst thus cheered with the opening prospects of his elder son, dark clouds were gathering around the younger—the " sweet little Johnny " of an earlier day. In the morning of life, no one ever showed fairer promise than that much-loved boy. He grew extremely like his father in person : was vigorous, active, good-tempered, cheerful, and an universal favourite. " If ever any one could have made me doubt the corruption of human nature," said his wise and observant grandfather, " it would have been John Wilson ! "

But, alas ! that very cheerfulness and amiability of character which made him a favourite with the good, exposed him to the seductions of the bad. The preparation for college, and college itself, proved an ordeal through which he could not pass. Perhaps he had not found his fitting sphere ; perhaps a secular and more stirring life might have harmonised better with his disposition and cast of mind. Be this as it may : the fears of all who loved, and watched him with tender anxiety, were too surely confirmed. He listened to evil counsellors ; formed loose habits ; fell into bad company ; and finally, with his father's cognisance and acquiescence, retired to the Continent.

To these sad events the following extracts refer. They may serve to show to other parents, the resource of the troubled heart :—

' What a scene of folly, blindness, and perverseness does human nature exhibit ! With everything to supply his wants and even gratify his moderate desires, my unhappy son rushes into misery under the name of pleasure, and defies both God and man.

' Such is the dignified, rational, and elevated creature, formed originally after the image of his glorious Creator, and capable of some measure of his felicity !

' The FACT of human depravity, who can doubt, who knows

his own heart, or sees the fruits of folly in the young around him? I know I have your prayers. I have found it exceedingly hard to bear up under this affliction, which during the last two months has been threatening me—I mean, that I find submission, resignation, hope, patience, active and calm exertion, hard. I find faith, love, repose in God, hard. Indeed, I do not know when I have suffered more from inward temptations of various kinds than during this season. Satan has come in like a flood, and in ways I could least expect. Still, I hope my deliberate judgment is, that “God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.” I know He cannot but do what is right with me. I know His grace can magnify itself in the most imminent perils. I know that my own sins as a man, a parent, and a minister, deserve far more than I have suffered. I know that this dispensation is designed to humble, teach, and purify. How can I fail to preach more feelingly to sinners, when I have such a memento in my own house?’

Again, on Nov. 6th, he writes to his friend:—

‘My poor, poor boy, I have sent abroad, as you know. God Almighty, have mercy and bring to Himself the alienated mind of this sinful prodigal, “WHEN HE CAME TO HIMSELF”—what an expression! So did Newton, and Cecil, and Buchanan in later times; and Augustine and Ambrose in former ages. I believe this visitation is intended, among other lessons, to teach me the fall of man more deeply; the doctrine of special grace; the inefficiency of all means in themselves (the two boys had a precisely similar education); the vanity of creature expectations; the bankruptcy (as Cecil said) of domestic, as well as every other source of human joy; the excellency and consolation of the gospel as a spring of hope; the value of the Bible, and the promises of heavenly repose.’

John Wilson never ceased to be the object of his father’s anxious thoughts and earnest prayers, but they met no more! After sojourning in several places on the Continent, he finally settled at Bagnères de Bigorre on the Pyrenees. There he was seized with a fatal illness. His father was in India; but his brother hastened over; and a hurried journey of a thousand miles brought him to his brother’s bedside on the 13th August, 1833:—

"Oh ! my dear, dear brother," was the first exclamation, "that you should have come this long way to see your poor dying brother ! Let me look at you ! You will stay with me and pray with me ?"

When a little calmer, he made his confession in these words :—

"I feel myself to be the greatest of sinners, the vilest wretch that ever lived ! No one has been so wicked ! But the Bible tells me, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'<sup>1</sup> I have tried to pray. I hope God has heard me, but I cannot tell."

Five large and deep abscesses rendered life miserable and death inevitable ; but the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much : and the prodigal had "come to himself." All the marks of true penitence were discernible, and the words in the parable were exactly descriptive of the state of his mind : "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son." His greatest earthly desire had been to see his brother, and his greatest fear lest he should have been taken first. He had no wish to live ; nay, so great was his self-distrust, and so thorough his conviction of his own weakness, that he wished to die. His mind had been for nearly a year in great wretchedness and misery. Conviction of sin and pride of heart had been fiercely struggling, but shame had kept him silent.

He fell ill on the 24th of May. At first he was in the most dreadful state of terror and despair ; for he felt that sin had found him out. He could not pray ; and nothing gave him comfort. At length a ray of hope seemed to break through the gloom. He was enabled to cry for mercy, and grace began to work.

"I feel myself now," he said, "the vilest of sinners ; but I believe I have found mercy in the blood of Christ. Is it not written, 'His blood cleanseth from all sin ?'"

"Tell my father that I die a true penitent. The great burden on my conscience is my horribly ; horribly vile conduct towards my father ! I bless God for this affliction.

<sup>1</sup> The text of his father's first sermon. Was this a link in the chain, of answers to prayer ?

Less than this would not have brought me to Him. I dread to recover, lest I should fall back into the world." •

He talked earnestly to his wife and friends on the subject of eternity. He loved his Bible. His favourite text was, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." He was patient under the most intense sufferings, and thankful for every mercy and every alleviation. He received the holy sacrament humbly, and found it a means of grace to his soul.

His weakness increased. Delirium supervened; and on the 27th August, 1833, he departed this life. He lies in the cemetery at Bagnères, in a plot of ground chosen by his brother, and afterwards purchased by his father and enclosed. His remains were followed to the tomb by many friends to whom of late he had been much endeared, and over him the words of our devout Burial Service were read by his sorrowing brother. He rests in that distant grave till the morning of the Resurrection: adding solemn emphasis to the words of Holy Scripture, that "the wages of sin is death;" and that Christ "is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him."

The chapter of Daniel Wilson's Family Life is now concluded. Two children were left. God had spared two: a son to succeed him at Islington, and a daughter to accompany him to India. In process of time, these have become two bands; and he lived to hear himself called "grandfather" and "great-graundfather."

The grandchildren of the one family are Daniel Frederic Wilson and Katherine his wife, Lucy, Wilberforce, Emily, (Fanny, deceased) Louisa, Ellen, Edward, and Arthur.

The grandchildren of the other family are Alice Wilson Bateman (now Morley), Hugh, Gertrude, and Marian Amy.

The great-grandchildren are Daniel Leathes Wilson, Ada, and Agatha.

Reader! when this cluster of young names meets your eye, you are entreated to let prayer ascend on their behalf, that they may be written in the Lamb's book of life, and that Daniel Wilson "may never want a man" to stand before God for ever.

## CHAPTER VI.

### OXFORD AND WORTON.

1804—1809.

Assistant Tutorship at Oxford—Reflections—Retirement of Mr. Crouch—Sole Tutor—His pupils—His manner—"Bands Wilson"—His independent character—His walk before God—Curacy at Worton—Oxford Vacations—Manner of Preaching—Results of Preaching—Memorial—Call to St. John's, Bedford Row—Difficulties—Final settlement—Retrospect.

WE must now leave the path first trodden by little feet, which has led us far in advance, and return to the highway.

In the year 1804, Daniel Wilson was residing with his family in the High Street, Oxford. His collegiate duties occupied him during the week, and he officiated as curate of Worton on the Sundays.

His connection with Oxford lasted, in the whole, eight years and a half. From January, 1804, to January, 1807, he was assistant tutor at St. Edmund Hall; and from January, 1807, to June, 1812, was sole tutor and Vice-Principal. Midway—that is, in the year 1809—he resigned the curacy of Worton, and took charge of St. John's Chapel Bedford Row, as successor to Mr. Cecil. Having secured a house in Chapel Street, Bloomsbury, he removed his family there in June, 1811; but another twelvemonth elapsed before he finally resigned his official duties at Oxford to the Rev. John Hill, who had been a pupil trained under his own eye, and gave himself up exclusively to the work of the ministry.

It is this sketch which has to be filled up in the present chapter. The materials are but scanty, for the life of a college tutor presents few striking incidents, and the curriculum of his daily duties is somewhat monotonous. There is succession, but little change.

The feelings with which he contemplated this new scene

of duty, are graphically described in a Latin letter to a friend before he had left Chobham :—

‘ I leave Chobham with great regret. My heart is bound here by all the chains of love, and the ties of gratitude and affection. Whereas everything unknown daunts the mind. I fear Oxford. I tremble to think of its Dons, and its duties, and the general tone and colouring of its maxims and opinions. I cannot forget the past. I cannot but dread to encounter new trials, new men, new pursuits, with a variety of difficulties and temptations hitherto unknown, unheard, unthought of. But to shrink, would prove me faithless. I undertake the office, not of my own will, but from a sense of duty. As God, then, is the author, so I hope He will be the helper. Under Christ’s guidance none need despair.’

When he had really entered upon his duties, his position at St. Edmund Hall was of a subordinate character. “Mr. Croun guides and governs,” he says, writing to his friend Mr. Cawood, in May, 1804. “I lean upon his counsel, and gladly listen to his most gentle words. Those duties which he assigns to me, I perform with all my might. Primary matters belong, as they ought, to him : the secondary matters, such as mathematics, logic, and the sciences, belong to me. I have to study much myself; and I have also three private pupils. It is wonderful how all this occupies me : so that during term time, I have not a moment to spare.”

He foresees the danger of his position. Writing from Worton to the same friend during the long vacation, he says :—

‘ I like my position. Everything falls out as I could wish. But I see many dangers looming in the distance. My heart is already becoming entangled in worldly studies, so that divine things lose their savour. I wish to count all things loss for Christ. I wish to love and cherish divine concerns; but pride, ambition, secular pursuits, and cares, beset me and make my path slippery and insecure. Pray for me.’

At the close of the year 1806, his responsibility was greatly increased by the retirement of Mr. Crouch, when the sole management of the Hall at once devolved upon him. ‘ I

will do what I can,' he says in January, 1807, 'and if I cannot do for my pupils all that my wishes and the duties of my office require, yet nothing shall be wanting that goodwill, kindness, and careful study can accomplish. It seems to me that my main object must be so to instruct them in the saving knowledge of God, and so to imbue their minds (as much as in me lies) with true piety, that, however little they may profit by me in secular matters, they may nevertheless learn to love God, to believe in Christ, to despise and reject the vain traditions and fancies of men, to estimate aright the value of the soul, and to know and be ready to proclaim the excellent glory of the Cross. If they know and understand these things savingly and experimentally, they know all.

'So far as all this goes, my opinions remain unchanged and immoveable: though I know well that I am unable to follow them diligently, or carry them out successfully by my own power and might.'

Actuated by such motives, he entered upon his duties with energy and corresponding effect. The Hall increased in numbers, and rose in reputation, without losing its distinctive character for piety. Greek, Latin, ethics, logic, and mathematics, had each their place, whilst weekly lectures were given in the New Testament. These were carefully prepared and duly appreciated. Each man present read a few verses from the Greek, and was then expected to render them into Latin. An explanation and comment by the tutor followed. His remarks were both critical and practical. Commentators of various kinds lay upon the table, and were constantly referred to. The doctrines of Holy Scripture were laid down with great force and clearness. All fanciful matters were passed by, with a word of caution or condemnation; but primary truths were dwelt on with the utmost earnestness and solemnity. Thus the attention was arrested and the heart impressed; and it is the testimony of those few excellent and able men who still survive and retain the impression of these lectures, that they were much blessed of God, and led many young men to a saving knowledge of the truth, and a glad entrance into the ministry.

The plan of inviting the undergraduates in small parties to the familiar intercourse of the house and table was also continued by the Vice-Principal. His lady was always present

with her gentle courtesy and kindly greeting, and this, with the introduction of the children, helped to break through the formality of these parties. But still they are said to have wanted ease. They were made too much a matter of business and duty. The desire to do good was too obvious to be pleasant; and the family prayers which closed the evening were oftentimes personal and monitory.

The truth appears to be, that in spite of the interest felt in his pupils, and of his real desire to promote their welfare, he held them at the full academical distance. And though he could and did often relax into all the mirth and buoyancy of health and high spirits, yet his general bearing was grave and distant. He found it easier to condescend than to unbend.

“When we called,” says an old pupil, “at the beginning of term to pay our respects, somewhat unmindful perhaps of our personal appearance, his welcome would be of this kind — ‘I am very glad to see you, sir; but Mr. —, where are your bands?’”

He was very strict in the enforcement of university regulations upon others, and in the observance of them himself. He was almost the last man who wore bands, and thus obtained for himself the sobriquet of “Bands Wilson.” The men of his Hall were required not only to attend the Sunday morning sermon in St. Mary’s, but to give in on the Monday a brief analysis of it.

His character, however, rose far above all his peculiarities. His pupils honoured, admired, and still remember him with the most affectionate regard; and his influence was felt to a certain extent over all the university. He was uncompromising in his religious principles, and fearless in the avowal of them. No academical authority, nor conventional usage, could silence him when any sense of injustice, or desire to right those who had suffered wrong, required him to speak; and he proved this on one occasion by a public appeal addressed to the authorities on behalf of a young man of his college, who, he conceived, had been unjustly dealt with by the examiners.

Though young in years and standing, he seems also to have accustomed himself to take part in the discussions of Convocation, and notes of several speeches made there by him, still remain. No doubt it was a formidable undertaking,



and one of which comparatively few were capable, but with fluency in Latin, and a good cause, he feared nothing.

This is his walk before men : what was his walk before God ? Let his journal tell the process of self-examination. He is preparing for the reception of the holy sacrament ; and retiring into his chamber, he communes with his own heart, and his spirit makes diligent search. He says :—

‘ I hope to receive on the morrow, and by faith to feed on, the most blessed body and blood of Jesus Christ. I wish therefore to examine into my true state before God, that my repentance may be deepened, divine grace obtained from the fountain head, and my dedication renewed.’

‘ 1. *What of my faith ?* It is unstable and weak. The unedifying books I am obliged to read, and the variety of secular studies in which I am engaged, vex and harass my soul. I strive to repel the doubts which they suggest, and do not willingly give place to them : but nevertheless they weaken my strength and chill my soul, so that I scarcely feel the power of faith, except now and then when my heart gets touched and softened. Grant, Lord, that on the morrow my faith may be confirmed, and all unbelief removed.

‘ 2. *What of my love ?* Alas ! it is languid and cold. Lately it has revived whilst I have been reading devotional books ; but for many months previously it has been heavy and cast down. Literary pursuits and the love of sin have robbed me of it : and now I cannot raise, or retain for ever so short a time, any fervent desires after God my Saviour. Grant, Oh Holy Spirit ! that on the morrow my hard heart may be softened by Thy grace ; that my love, burning so dimly, may be rekindled to a flame ; and that all hindrances being laid aside, I may love and follow God as my chief joy.

‘ 3. *What of my life ?* Here also sin abounds. I swell with pride of all kinds. My heart is full of it. I groan also under corrupt affections. Grant, Lord Jesus ! that on the morrow I may abhor myself and my past life, and determine to live with more humility, purity, and chastity. May every corruption be crucified.

‘ 4. *Am I exercising Christian watchfulness ?* I have been somewhat stirred up of late by reading Dr. Owen. But a relapse soon comes. Heart, affections, mind, temper, studies, life, all need watching. Grant to me, Lord, that constant vigilance, that I may be found ready when Thou shalt come.





UPPER WORTON CHURCH IN 1804

‘5. *Do my sacred duties flourish?* In these, the power is of God alone. I often find great enjoyment in them. But I want to get nearer to the consciences of men. I do not love my hearers as I ought, nor aim enough at their salvation: rather do I seem to desire their good opinion and applause. When hearts are touched, I do not give the whole glory to God. Grant, Almighty God, that I may be more diligent in duty, that I may deal more closely with conscience, that I may bring home to myself the truths I preach to others, that I may love the flock more, and always be looking to Thee for the grace I need.

‘6. *How is it with my academical duties?* Never yet have I been able to discharge them aright. But I trust henceforth, by God’s help, not only to promote the studies of my pupils, but to form their manners, hearts, and principles, and to instruct them carefully in the Holy Scriptures. Nothing can be done effectually if the heart remain unmoved. I wish also so to order my own words and actions, sermons, tempers, manners, that all may tend to promote their edification.

‘7. Finally, O blessed Lord! to whom all the secrets of my heart are open, I beseech Thee to draw me to Thyself. When I present myself at Thy table, do Thou move upon my soul, incline me to Thy will, fill me with Thy love, purge away my sins, purify my affections, and fit me for the discharge of all the duties to which I am called; that so, refreshed by the body and blood of Thy dear Son, I may love Thee fervently, follow Thee gladly, flee from all sin, carefully perform every duty, and thus be more and more prepared for that glory which Thou hast promised to all the regenerate through Thy Son Jesus Christ.’

But this picture of his daily life at Oxford would be very incomplete if his Sundays at Worton were not introduced. Allusions to Worton have frequently been made already, but no details have been given. There are two Wortons: Upper and Lower. They are villages lying between Banbury and Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, and their united population, consisting of farmers and agricultural labourers, does not exceed two hundred. Two small churches afford to them the means of religious worship. When, with some reluctance, Daniel Wilson first accepted the curacy, everything had fallen into sad neglect. The curate had been a keen sportsman. He kept his hunters, and was one of the most

eager to ride across country. The neighbouring clergy were like-minded; and the discussion at clerical parties turned chiefly on country sports. Five services were performed by the curate of Worton on the Sunday, so that the utmost speed was necessary. The old clerk was sent down from Upper to Lower Worton (about three quarters of a mile) the moment that morning prayer was ended, and he could rarely get there and begin to toll the bell, before the curate, having finished his sermon, was down upon him and ready to begin. Two or three stragglers were driven in, and the second service was hurried over like the first. Such ministrations produced their due effect, and the congregations consisted generally of not more than fifteen or twenty persons.

The contrast between all this, and the earnest ministry of Daniel Wilson, must have been very striking. The following letter, addressed to his mother at the close of the year 1803, will show the spirit with which he entered upon his duties:—

‘December 30, 1803.

‘I am called a labourer, a minister, a steward, an ambassador, a worker with God: may I fulfil the solemn duties which these titles imply, and which they require of me! An idle labourer, a careless minister, an unfaithful steward, a false ambassador, a sleeping watchman, will bring down upon himself a tenfold destruction.

‘I have now two parishes on my hands, where death and sin and darkness have reigned uncontrolled. Jesus is here unknown, grace is here a stranger, holiness is neither understood nor desired. All is under the power of the “strong man armed.” But the Bible teaches me a charm which has a sovereign efficacy:—“I, if I be *lifted up*, will draw all men unto me.” “The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but *mighty through God*.” “We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that *the excellency of the power* may be of God and not of us.”

‘These are my first principles. This is my system. I desire to preach “peace by Jesus Christ,” and then pray to the Spirit of Jesus to apply it savingly to the heart and conscience. I am only ashamed that I do it so weakly and imperfectly.’

During the Oxford vacations he resided at Worton, and his work was easy; but during term time it involved con-

siderable labour. He was responsible, as tutor, for the morning and evening prayers in his Hall; and when he could not get the duty otherwise supplied, he had to officiate himself, and then hasten over, sixteen miles, for the Worton services. But this was not usually necessary. His general plan was to leave Oxford in a post-chaise about eight o'clock, so as to arrive in ample time for morning service; and then to return in the same conveyance, after service in the evening. His texts were generally chosen from amongst those which involve great and primary truths; and being clearly explained and strongly enforced, were never forgotten. His sermons were nearly, if not entirely, extempore; and by their simple language, stirring appeals, and faithful exhibition of the truth, were admirably adapted to his hearers. In delivering them, he seemed to throw off all the trammels of scholastic life, and to enter into the feelings and habits of a village congregation.

The result after a time became apparent. The Word of the Lord had free course, and was glorified. A great impression was produced all over that part of the county, and multitudes began to attend his ministry from more than twenty villages and towns around Worton. They crowded the little churches, hung around the windows, filled the churchyard, and on one occasion no less than one hundred and sixty communicants assembled round the Lord's table.

Though he seldom left his own people, yet on one occasion, in compliance with the wishes of his brethren, he consented to preach in three different churches on the same Sunday. As the distance was on the whole very considerable, he was driven round in his father-in-law's carriage. As the carriage was waiting at the last church to take him home, the old family coachman heard two farmers who had just come out of church conversing with one another.

"Well, friend," said one, "What think you of this gentleman?"

"Why, I think he is a preacher."

"Well," said the first, "I only know I have followed him all round, and heard him preach three times to-day"

"Can you tell me," said a stout farmer to a clergyman, "whether Mr. Wilson will preach anywhere in the county next Sunday? If so, sure I shall hear him."

One pious woman, who had no special claims upon her,

used to spend the week in going to and fro to hear him. She lived at a distance of eight or nine miles, and not being able to walk more than two or three a day, had her fixed resting-places. On the Thursday she set off; rested and slept twice on the way; reached Worton on the Saturday; heard Mr. Wilson on the Sunday; set out on her return on Monday; and reached home on Wednesday, in time to set out again on Thursday.

"I thank God," said a labouring man, "that I have been able to come the whole distance of seven miles to Worton church for eight years, without missing more than two Sundays."

"But surely the long walk must sadly weary you?"

"Nay," he replied, "the walk appears short and easy, when I have listened to those simple truths of the Gospel which nourish my soul."

The Word of the Lord was precious in those days!

Many of the old people at Worton are still living, and may well be allowed to tell their own tale.

Mary Taylor, an aged woman of ninety years, was asked if she remembered Mr. Wilson. "Oh, yes!" she replied. "I remember him well. My husband and I used to go and hear him preach. Great crowds of people came from all parts. One day I saw the tears running down my husband's cheeks after the sermon was done. He said to me, 'What makes you look at me so?' I said, 'Well, John, I'm glad to see you as you are.' We were both crying under the effects of the sermon we had heard. My husband and I both felt it in our hearts, and I bless God that I ever heard him preach." Her daughter, Ann Gibbard, was standing by, and said that she remembered one of the last sermons at Worton. He said, "Folks say they don't know how to pray and to serve God. Now I give you one little word to remember: TRY, T-R-Y, T-R-Y."

Another person, named Martha Gibbard, aged eighty-one, said, "I well remember him, and used to wait upon him at the Big House. He used to come from Oxford in a post-chaise every Sunday. After morning service at Upper Worton, he drove down here. He used to bring a cold dinner with him. Sometimes I boiled him a pudding. After the afternoon service I used to make tea for him,

and sent out some for the post-boy. If he found the boy had not gone to church, he would not give him any tea. Between services, large tables were placed in the outhouses for the men to eat their dinners on. Two men used to come regularly from Fenny Compton, fourteen miles off. I have sometimes had as many as twenty women sitting in my own cottage on a Sunday. The church used to be filled long before the bell rang, and then the school-room that opened into it. The people used to stand beyond the porch, half-way down the church-yard, and to crowd round the windows. He laid out the text so plain, that every one could understand it, and spoke so loud that every one could hear."

An old woman named Betty Frewin, remembered the text of his second sermon. "Fear not, little flock." "Attention was soon aroused," she said. "One told another, and at last they crowded from all parts. There was a great out-pouring of the Spirit. Many of the congregation were in tears. They used to come and speak to him after service, and to shake hands with him when he entered his chaise to return home. Many of the people used to assemble in fine weather between services, for singing and prayer. Gigs and carts were put into the court-yard at Lower Worton, and horses into the stables."

The description of an old family servant was as follows:—

"He was the finest preacher I ever heard; he struck home so powerful. I never heard any one like him. 'Remember,' he used to say, 'that Satan is standing at the church porch to take away the good seed that has been sown in your hearts.'"

Two young men of the village of Swerford, named Thomas Wheeler and John King, had been living in carelessness and indifference about religion. On one occasion they set out to enjoy the pleasures of the Sunday feast in the village of Great Tew: but in the good providence of God something induced them to turn aside and enter Worton Church. They were so powerfully affected by the sermon, that by mutual consent they gave up all idea of the feast, and on their walk home, conversing upon the things they had just heard, they went down into a stone quarry by the road side, and there kneeling down, united in what was probably



their first earnest prayer to the God of salvation. Thomas Wheeler continued a consistent Christian to the end: and John King went out as a missionary to New Zealand. Neither was this a solitary instance of the effect of Divine grace, for two other young men, belonging to Deddington, named Matthews, who received their religious impressions at about the same time, followed John King as missionaries to New Zealand.

Thus his labour was not in vain in the Lord. He had sought "for Christ's sheep that were dispersed abroad," and he had done all that in him lay to bring them to "that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and to that ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ, that no place might be left among them for error in religion or viciousness in life."<sup>1</sup> Many in that day arose and called him blessed, and the good savour of his name still remains. The tidings of his death in India, produced a strong sensation in this field of his early labours. A marble tablet over the entrance of Upper Worton church, stands as a memorial that he once was curate there. and a piece of plate purchased with the small free-will offerings of the poor, and presented to the communion table of the Lord, tells in its graven lines of a love and gratitude which fifty years could not efface.

Happily his mantle fell upon others like-minded with himself, and a succession of faithful men have gathered in the harvest of which he sowed the seed. Worton is still a favoured spot. May she know the day of her visitation!

In the year 1809, another part of the vineyard required Daniel Wilson's ministrations. A voice from St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, called him, and he obeyed the call. The account of the circumstances leading to this change, is contained in a letter written from Oxford to Mr. Pearson:—

'At Christmas last, Mr. Cecil sent for me to Clifton, and urged me much to take St. John's as his curate, when my assistant at St. Edmund Hall should be in a situation to act alone. I objected strongly, on the ground of St. John's not being suitable to my cast of character: but this difficulty being removed by the assurance he gave me of the universal approbation manifested when I have taken duty for him, I

<sup>1</sup> Ordination Service.

then agreed 'that in the course of two or three years, if God should please, I would yield to his wishes. With these impressions I left Clifton, and scarcely thought further of the affair, till a letter from him reached me about a month back to state that his health was very rapidly declining, that things were falling to pieces at the chapel, and to urge me to take it wholly, as minister, whilst his life remained to him and the power to consign it legally.

'I was seized with the utmost consternation; and the moment the term closed, hurried to town to weigh the summons. I found Mr. Cecil too far gone to be capable of giving advice; but his mind was fixed on me as his successor. I stated to the principal people of the chapel, all my difficulties, arising chiefly from Mr. Hill, my proposed successor at the Hall, being yet an undergraduate, and incapable of being left. No obstacle would divert them from their entreaties: and I yielded at length, on the supposition that no impediment arose in the execution of our plan. The Principal of St. Edmund Hall consented without a scruple to the succession of Mr. Hill, upon my promise of continuing to superintend till he should be settled and had become a Master of Arts. Three bishops—Oxford, Hereford, and London—loaded me with civilities and kindness; and I left London on Saturday, virtually Minister of St. John's. My plan is, to be there in the vacations, and at such times during the term as I can be spared, and to manage at Oxford till Mr. Hill is Master of Arts, and of an age for holy orders, so as to be able to officiate for me in the Hall chapel and at Worton.'

This was written in March. Somewhat later he lifts up the veil a little higher, and shows his motives:—

'The employment of a tutor at Oxford has been far from being perfectly congenial to my mind. As to the propriety of my leaving the university, and giving myself wholly to my ministry, I cannot have a doubt. The gradual decay of vital piety in my own heart, is too obvious and too alarming a symptom, not to force itself upon my conscience. May God yet spare me for His honour!'

Although there was as yet only a general understanding upon the subject, and no legal arrangement, yet when the long vacation had commenced, that is, on July 2nd, 1809

(his birthday), he entered upon the public duties of St. John's Chapel. He was assisted first by the Rev. Henry Godfrey, afterwards President of Queen's College, Cambridge; and then by the Rev. Mr. Arnott, the Rev. Thomas Bartlett, and other able and good men.

The effect was instantaneous. Owing to Mr. Cecil's long continued illness and retirement to Tunbridge Wells, the congregation had become unsettled: but in three months this feeling was completely changed; the chapel was filled, everybody pleased, and almost every pew let. Soon, however, clouds gathered over this pleasant prospect. The friend authorised to act on Mr. Cecil's behalf, in estimating the income of the chapel, had made a serious though unintentional mistake, and in offering an explanation, had given so much offence to Mr. Wilson, that on the matter being reported to his friends, they advised him to put an end to the negotiation. And this result would too surely have followed, had it been a common case. But it was not a common case. Mr. Cecil's feelings were warmly interested. He was most anxious to secure Mr. Wilson's services for his people's benefit. And though suffering under an attack of paralysis, which proved fatal after a few months, yet when he heard of the probable rupture of the negotiations, he roused himself to write the following words, amongst the last doubtless he ever wrote:—

‘My heart is almost broken at the news: I beseech you not to break it quite by confirming it.’

The response was immediate:—

‘Nothing in the world shall be wanting on my part to remedy the evil you apprehend. There is no person in the world to whom I am so much indebted, and whom I would go such lengths to serve.’

When such feelings actuated this father and son in the Gospel, all obstacles gave way. The negotiation was resumed, and the arrangement finally made. It secured two hundred guineas a year to Mr. Cecil and his family for the remainder of the lease of the chapel, and left about three hundred pounds a year as income to Mr. Wilson. For this he had to resign his tutorship and curacy, which had together yielded about 500*l.* per annum. So disinterested were his

motives, and so sincere his desire to give himself up more entirely to the work of the ministry!

This arrangement was completed early in October, 1809. He officiated at St. John's till the eighth of that month, and then returned to Oxford to fulfil the duties still incumbent on him there.

But the tie was now loosened, and though he had the prosperity of St. Edmund Hall still at heart, and took part in all matters connected with the university, yet "no man can serve two masters." His London and his Oxford duties were incompatible; each requiring, as they did, his whole time and thoughts. The strain upon his mind also was too great; and he found difficulty in obtaining helps, during his absence, for his assistant minister. Moreover, his family were now removed to London, and they felt his frequent absences a great privation. All parties, therefore, must have been glad, when, the three intervening years having rolled away, the Rev. John Hill was able to take upon himself the official duties attached to the vice-principalship of St. Edmund Hall, and thus set Daniel Wilson entirely free.

This was at the close of the year 1812. Eighteen years afterwards he cast back a glance at these times, and summed up, in a few comprehensive words, the result of his reflections upon his Oxford and Worton life :—

'My time at Oxford was utterly without profit as to my soul. Pride grew more and more, and carnal appetites enchaind me.' On the other hand, Worton afforded me much spiritual consolation. These nine years were passed, I trust, in the path of duty, though amidst struggles, temptations, and frequent estrangements of soul and spirit.'

A sermon preached before the University in the year 1810, and subsequently published, has not yet been mentioned. But this opens the door of his study, and introduces the chapter of his Literary Life.

## CHAPTER VII.

### LITERARY LIFE.

1810—1831.

Habits and Tastes—Library—Papers in “Christian Observer”—Sermon on Obedience—Funeral Sermons for Mr. Cecil—Style—Conversation with Bellingham—Tracts on Confirmation and Lord’s Supper—Address to Christian Knowledge Society—Sermon on Regeneration—Sermons to Children—Anniversary of Church Missionary Society—Defence of the Society—Volume of Sermons—Scriptural Education, and Secession—Prayer Book and Homily Society—Rev. Thomas Scott—Prefaces—Letters from an absent Brother—Evidences of Christianity—Roman Catholic Emancipation—Sir R. Peel—Letters to “Christian Observer”—Sir J. Mackintosh—Dr. Chalmers—Mr. Simeon—Sermons on Lord’s Day—Funeral Sermons—Controversy with Dr. Burton.

DANIEL WILSON was always a student. In childhood he read for amusement, in manhood for information, and in old age for relaxation. He read everything which had any bearing, direct or indirect, upon the great object of his life—the Ministry which he had “received of the Lord Jesus.” Works of imagination, falling without those limits, had little interest for him, and no power over him. He felt not the attraction which others feel, nor needed the self-restraint which they need. The imaginative faculty cannot be regarded as predominating in his mind. Though living at the very time when the tales and novels of Walter Scott were exerting all their witchery, it is doubtful whether he ever read one of them; and if not these, certainly none others. He was familiar with the poems of Cowper, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gray, and others, and when a leisure morning, and a country scene invited, would expatiate in them with real pleasure. But the opportunity and the indulgence, were alike rare. The hymn was perhaps a greater favourite than the poem. Many of the best hymns were firmly fixed in his memory, and he loved to repeat them and to have them sung. His voice would join in the

praise, but it is impossible to say that it added to the harmony. He had no ear for music, and this defect, as is usual, extended to the pronunciation of languages; for those which he knew perfectly, and had read extensively, he yet could not pronounce correctly. The ear was faulty, not the intellect. His library was very large, and choice. The accumulation in his later days exceeded ten thousand volumes. Many of course were books of reference. Whilst he had any work in preparation for the press, everything having any bearing on the subject was purchased without stint, and then retained. He was careful of his books; said that he looked upon them as his children; and could not bear to see them ill-used. No turning down of the leaves was tolerated, and even a "mark" was deemed unmanly:—"If you cannot tell where you leave off, you are not worthy to read a book," he would say. He needed quiet for study, but not solitude:—"Go or stay as you please; but if you stay be quiet;" and then he would turn, and in a moment enter the world of books. He kept no late hours; his last reading (as his first) was always devotional and scriptural; and he generally retired about eleven o'clock. In working hours all his reading had reference to the sermon, or the controversy, or the publication, which might be in hand. But in the hour of repose after dinner, or in the country, the current literature of the day had its turn, and one member of the family generally read aloud to all the rest.

Thus his mind got full, and the full mind will overflow, and give forth fertilising and refreshing streams. These we have now to trace.

The Prize Essay at Oxford has been already alluded to. This was his first public appearance; but it had been preceded by two or three papers sent privately to the "Christian Observer" under the signature of "Clericus Surriensis." He continued at intervals, in after-life, to send papers to the same valuable periodical, in which he always felt the greatest interest. In 1805, he sent an article on "The unspeakable gift of God." In the volume for 1814, there is an admirable article on "Crude Theology;" which was continued in the following year. An excellent paper appeared also in February, 1815, on "Our spiritual contest with the world." This has been recently reprinted, with the writer's permission, at the request of some clergymen in

Yorkshire. Other papers no doubt might be traced, though he left no list. The signature generally was D. W.<sup>1</sup>

On the 28th January, 1810, he preached before the University of Oxford the sermon to which allusion was made in the last chapter, entitled "Obedience the path to religious knowledge." It was sent to the press almost immediately, and has since passed through several editions.

In order to appreciate it rightly, the standard in the University pulpit at that time should be considered. Doubtless, many eminent preachers were then living, and many able sermons were delivered; but these were exceptions to a very general rule. The country clergy, summoned in their turn from their respective parishes, and warmed by some local quarrel with the squire or churchwarden, were wont to pour out their griefs into the faithful bosom of Alma Mater, or to indulge in doleful prophecies concerning the doom of a Church in which such things were tolerated.

In default of the country clergyman appearing in his turn, his place in the pulpit was supplied by some resident official; and now the sermon was generally one which had seen hard service in days past, and was destined to see much more in days to come.

Contrast with such preaching the sermon under review, and then the effect described by an undergraduate of that day will be better appreciated:—

"I can never forget," he says, "his bold and animated sermon before the University on that text from John vii. 17, 'If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God,' and I shall never lose the impression of the breathless silence with which its stirring appeals to the conscience were heard by the crowded congregation at St Mary's."

The author's own account of the publication is given in a letter to a friend:—

<sup>1</sup> Later in life several elaborate reviews were written by him. In 1821, he reviewed Sermons by the Rev. Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle; and also the Rev. Charles Simeon's *Horæ Homileticæ*. In December, 1822, an American publication was examined, entitled, "The Conversation of Our Saviour with Nicodemus," by Dr. Jarvis, of Boston. In November, 1831, will be found a review of "Biblical Notes and Dissertations," by Joseph John Gurney; and in December of the same year, a review of Scott's "Continuation of Milner's Church History," concluded in the Appendix.

‘OXFORD, Feb. 16, 1810.

‘The return of Mr. Crouch to Oxford was exceedingly fortunate. I have submitted my sermon to his review, and have been so much pressed to publish it, that I have ventured on that bold step. It will be published on Tuesday or Wednesday. And now let me entreat you to send your full and most free opinion. I have been so incessantly engaged with the subject for nearly three months, that my mind is perfectly jaded. I have contemplated it, as it were, till I have no distinct views at all, and I fear much that some gap in the argument will be discovered. You will come to it *fresh*. Send me, then, your real sentiments in every point of view.’

Two funeral sermons for the Rev. Richard Cecil were next published. They were preached at St. John’s Chapel, on Aug. 26, and Sept. 2, 1810, and serve as a kind of model upon which all his funeral sermons were subsequently framed. His plan was first to elucidate the text, then to delineate the character, and then to draw a series of practical inferences. It is not easy to imagine a better plan; but perhaps by the adaptation of it to every case, a sense of sameness or weariness may be produced.

In the present case the sympathies of all parties were thoroughly aroused. The congregation of St. John’s had been “built up” by Mr. Cecil, and the preacher was his own son in the faith. The occasion was a great one, and he rose to it. All his tenderest feelings were excited, and all his powers called forth; and nothing can surpass the vigour of his style or the graphic touches with which he portrays Mr. Cecil’s character as a man and a minister. Quotations might be multiplied in proof of this, but it must suffice to say that the sermons themselves will well repay an attentive perusal.

His style was now beginning to be formed, and it proved at first better adapted to the pulpit than the press. It wanted simplicity, and was on the whole perhaps too rhetorical. It abounded with sounding epithets. However effective this may be in a public address, it is less calculated to bear the calm investigation of the closet; and the hearer might admire what the reader would be disposed to criticise and condemn. The following short passage in these sermons will serve as an illustration, and show how a redundancy of words adds no real force to ideas. The preacher is enlarg-



ing on the Gospel, and he speaks of "the magnitude of the objects which the Bible proposes to man, the sublimity of eternal pursuits, and the scheme of redemption by an incarnate Mediator;" but not content with leaving the ideas thus expressed to produce their own effect, which surely might have sufficed, he overloads them with epithets, and speaks of "the *stupendous* magnitude of the objects which the Bible proposes, the *incomparable* sublimity of eternal pursuits, and the *astonishing* scheme of redemption." Some may admire this florid style, but it cannot be recommended for imitation.

- His next publication was entitled "Conversation with Bellingham, the assassin of the Rt. Hon. Spencer Perceval." The interview was brought about by a distinguished member of Parliament on the Sunday evening previous to the criminal's execution, but was attended with no good results. The account of what passed in conversation at that interview was published immediately after, and attracted much attention. But the narrative wants both simplicity and individuality, and can scarcely be considered a happy means of conveying to the public important scriptural truth.

Passing by several single sermons, and two tracts on Confirmation and the Lord's Supper, which have gone through more than twenty editions, a pamphlet next claims consideration, which was published in the year 1816, with reference to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It was entitled "A respectful address on certain inconsistencies and contradictions which have lately appeared in some of their books and tracts."

Dr. Mant had published a tract on the Baptismal question. It advocated extreme views; insisting on the invariable connection between baptism and regeneration, asserting that none could possibly be unregenerate who had rightly been baptised, ascribing a difference of operation to the two sacraments, in that the efficacy of the one was uniform, and of the other contingent, and denouncing all contrary opinions as enthusiastic, dangerous, and heretical.

This tract excited much controversy, and was ably replied to by the Rev. John Scott of Hull, and the Rev. T. T. Biddulph of Bristol. But the matter assumed a graver aspect when it was adopted and put upon the list of the Christian Knowledge Society. This was considered a breach of the moderation befitting a Society which professed to

represent the Church of England. It called forth earnest remonstrances from many attached friends, and led to the publication of Daniel Wilson's pamphlet. He did not profess to discuss the general subject. He wished only to prove, and he did prove, that there was a manifest inconsistency in the adoption of Dr. Mant's tract; since it directly contradicted the statements of at least fifty other tracts standing on the Society's list.

Immediate action followed; both sides rallied their forces; various letters to the Society appeared in rapid succession; important meetings were held; and the result was the appointment of a Committee to consider the whole question.

Their report was deemed satisfactory. The points contended for in the "Respectful Address" were to a certain extent conceded. And a new edition of Dr. Mant's tract was published in which the most objectionable expressions—all those indeed on which the controversy turned—were expunged or modified.

So that the ventilation of the question did good. Had the venerable Society been guided at the time, with that dignity, prudence, and moderation, which so happily characterise it now, the discussion would never have been raised.

Roused by it, Daniel Wilson determined to preach upon the subject of *Regeneration*, when again called to address the University in the year 1817; and he did so on the 24th of February, from the words, "That which is born of the flesh, is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit, is Spirit," (John iii. 6.) It is not necessary to enter into the discussion, further than to explain the preacher's views. He dreaded the intermingling of the Church and the World, and the mistaking of the form for the power of Godliness. He held that the great spiritual and moral change, called the New Birth, was an essential and distinguishing feature of the Gospel. He believed it to be always necessary in itself, but not always and necessarily wrought in Baptism. He called it REGENERATION. Others contend for the thing—he contended for the word also. He was willing to use other Scriptural expressions, such as "Conversion," "Renovation," "Renewal," as expressing the change from "darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God;" but he would insist upon the liberty to use the word "Regeneration" also. Baptismal regeneration was not necessarily, in his view, real regeneration. The liturgical

sense of the word was one thing, the saving sense another. They might be identical, but proof was wanted :—

‘ If the infant, as the faculties of reason and understanding are unfolded, gradually displays a spiritual frame or temper of mind according to the holy image of God, the case is decided ; he needs not the blessing which we no longer merely hope that he has received, but which we rejoice to discern in its obvious effects. But if, as he advances in age, he appears to be utterly void of spiritual knowledge and spiritual obedience, he evidently still needs, as in the instance of the adult void of true piety, this inward renewal in all his powers in order to love and serve God.

‘ The greatest divines of our Church, including the Reformers themselves, frequently speak of Regeneration, and the New Birth, simply and by itself, as well as in connection with the sacrament of Baptism. With them, so far as I understand their language, Conversion, Renovation, Regeneration, New Birth, a New Creature, Transformation, are terms employed as applicable in common to the general doctrine of the incipient recovery of man to the image and love of God, not indeed in opposition to what may perhaps be called the ecclesiastical completion of it in Baptism, or to its occurrence by means of that sacrament, but still not as invariably connected with it.

‘ When we consider the magnitude of that change in all the faculties of the soul which we have before described, in connection with the actual character in every period of life of the vast majority of those who have been baptised, must not this one consideration forbid us to suppose that Regeneration is invariably connected with Baptism ? For myself, at least, I must distinctly avow that this one consideration, independently of other numerous and, in my mind, conclusive arguments on the subject, is abundantly sufficient to prevent my entertaining for a moment such a supposition. And on this ground, not only the propriety but the necessity of the use of the term which I am now maintaining, seems to me at once and undeniably to follow.’<sup>1</sup>

Such were the views propounded in this sermon, and such the opinions held with little modification, by the preacher to the end of life. The unbiassed exhibition of them, in this

<sup>1</sup> Sermon on Regeneration.

place, would in every case have been a duty, but it is especially so now that the question has been so strongly revived. Recent authoritative decisions, though they have not ended controversy, have brought about this one positive result; that a certain latitude of opinion is admissible in the Church upon the subject of Baptism. Though opinions therefore may differ from those expressed in this sermon, and some may approve and some disapprove, yet none may condemn.

The delivery of it gave great offence to the authorities at Oxford, and permission to print it at the University press was refused by the then Vice-Chancellor. "It savours of St. Edmund Hall," was his reply, "the press is engaged." It was printed, however, and went through five editions.

This year (1817) was a troubled one. The transition from a state of war to peace was attended with much national and individual suffering. The harvest was bad, commerce depressed, disaffection widely prevalent. Daniel Wilson was alive to the emergency, and published an excellent sermon on "Contentment," applicable not only to the times then present, but to all times of national trouble. He also printed the first of a series of sermons to very young children, which are admirably adapted to their purpose, and might be preached when Watts' "Divine Songs" are sung.

In the month of May, he delivered the anniversary sermon of the Church Missionary Society, at St. Bride's Church. The cause of missions was always near his heart, though he could have had no presentiment that he should one day enter into that field of duty. His public appeal on this occasion was full of force and earnestness, and the result corresponded. The sum of 393*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.* was collected; being the largest amount raised for the Society during the first twenty-seven anniversaries.

Next year he was called to a still more decided effort on behalf of the same Society. On the 1st December, 1818, a public meeting had been summoned by advertisement to form a Church Missionary Association at Bath. The then Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Ryder), who was also Dean of Wells and a Vice-Patron of the Society, presided. At this meeting the Ven. J. Thomas, Archdeacon of Bath, appeared in his official character, and delivered an address, which he afterwards printed, as a protest against the introduction of the

Society into his archdeaconry. He denounced the attempt as a violation of ecclesiastical order; charged the presiding bishop with invading the province of his episcopal brother; declared that the society had assumed a title to which it had no claim; expressed his conviction that the association would prove a hotbed of heresy, and finally, as archdeacon, recorded his protest against its formation.

Looking back forty years, it is hard to realise all this. In those days few indeed would be found to countenance it, but the archdeacon claimed to speak in behalf of nineteenth-twentieths of the clergy then within his jurisdiction.

It was imperatively necessary that the Protest should be noticed, and the accusations brought against the Society repelled, and Daniel Wilson was requested to undertake the duty. His reply is a model of clear argument, grave rebuke, and good temper. By one and the same process it acquits the Society and condemns the archdeacon. Even after the lapse of so many years it may be read with interest and profit. Apart from the direct issue, it upholds the whole principle of missions, and the whole machinery of the Church Missionary Society. From the attack made upon it, that Society rose triumphant, and has ever since waxed stronger and stronger. The obligation then conferred has been gratefully acknowledged in the following terms. Referring to this controversy, the Committee say:—

“Pamphlets on both sides, to the number of eight or ten, were published: but that which is written by Mr. Wilson vindicated the constitution of the Society with much Christian temper and spirit, passed through fourteen editions within two months, and rendered such aid to the cause that the hostile attack was turned into an important benefit.”

Whilst this controversy was going on, Daniel Wilson's first printed volume of sermons appeared. They had been preached at St. John's, and were published, as the dedication states, to supply in some degree the deficiency of personal intercourse.

The book seems to have met with a rude reception in some quarters at first, for writing on the 28th January to a friend, the author says:—

‘As to my poor volume, you know how it has been condemned. Do write without delay, and give me your

candid opinion. The last page had scarcely left the press, when the archdeacon's affair came on, and disturbed all my accustomed train of thought.'

Whatever check the volume may have received on its first appearance, it was but momentary. All opposition was instantly overborne. The first edition of eight hundred copies was sold in a fortnight, and another called for, and many followed in rapid succession. It proved handsomely remunerative. The author used to speak of having realised 600% or 800% by the publication. This would be thought little of perhaps, in the case of some popular work or important history, but a volume of sermons is a very different thing, and remuneration is rarely thought of by the author.

The discourses in this volume may be taken, no doubt, as fair specimens of his preaching at St. John's at that period; and they lose nothing by comparison with the productions of the pulpit of the present day. They are really sermons. In arrangement they come between the innumerable divisions of earlier writers which overload the memory, and the modern essay, which makes no impression on it. Errors of style are to be found; but they are well nigh forgotten in the clear exposition of Scriptural truth, the discrimination of character, the appeals to conscience, the interesting narrative, impressive exhortation, and tender pathos which everywhere abound; and which want only the living voice, the appropriate delivery, and the promised Grace, to accomplish all the great ends of preaching.

There is an admirable sermon in this volume on the "Ten Talents;" an affecting one on the "Passion of our Lord;" a consolatory one on "Religious Dejection;" and an encouraging one on "Decision in Religion," from the character of Ruth.

Two important discourses also will be found on "The Force of Habit;" which have evidently been prepared with more than common care. The basis of the argument on which they rest, will be found in Bishop Butler's fifth chapter on a "state of Probation as intended for moral discipline and improvement." The illustrations employed, and the adaptation of Christianity to the argument, is Daniel Wilson's, but the first idea and the argument itself, is Bishop Butler's. In the pages of the one, it stands an admirable and unanswerable moral essay; in the hands of the other, it is moulded into two powerful and convincing

evangelical sermons. When we read that "the principle of virtue improved into a habit, will plainly be a security against the danger we are in from the very nature of propension or particular affections"—we recognise Bishop Butler. But when we read that "there never was and never can be, any other effectual mode of changing the intellectual habits and social usages of the sinner, of stopping him from rushing down the precipice, of awakening him from his profound lethargy, but that which the Scriptures reveal, viz: an entire conversion of the whole soul to God by the mighty operation of the Holy Spirit"—we recognise Daniel Wilson. He seems now to have conceived the idea, which he subsequently wrought out in his Preface to "Butler's Analogy," that the argument admitted of expansion, and could be made available, not only in support of a revelation from God, but of CHRISTIANITY, in its peculiarities, as being that revelation.

Sermons preached about this time for several parochial schools, will explain his views on the important subject of national and scriptural education; and a sermon before the, "Prayer Book and Homily Society," unfolds the principles which he thinks must be settled before secession from the Church can be justified.

'For myself,' he says, in a sermon preached at Islington, 'I will teach my child all the great facts and verities of the Christian religion: and with these I will connect an enlightened but devoted adherence to the edifying rites of our episcopal Church. I will present my child at the font of baptism. I will teach him to ratify in his own person in the rite of confirmation the vows then made. I will lead him to the altar of our Eucharistic sacrifice. I will train him to the observation of the sabbath, and the celebration of the public worship of God in the sublime devotions of our liturgy. To these habits, I will add a spirit of steady loyalty to his king and country, a willing subjection to the law, a reverence to the persons of those in authority in Church and State. Thus I will teach him to *honour all men, to love the brotherhood, to fear God, and honour the king*. Nothing shall persuade me, while I have the Bible in my hand, to separate these essential parts, from the solemn duty of education. No, I will sow the young soil with the specific seed which I wish to reap. I will graft the tree with the precise kind of

fruit I wish it to bear. I will bend the tender shoot in the very position and form in which I wish to see it grow. • I will imbue the new vessel with the fragrant odour which I wish it ever to retain.

‘I will indeed go as far as any one in promoting harmony and co-operation with other bodies of Christians, where we are agreed in main principles, and when we cannot co-operate I will unfeignedly love them still; but I will distinguish between charity and indifference; and I prefer acting on my own convictions, and adhering to my own Church in a matter like education, where the sacrifice of principle can only lead to a hollow alliance, without abiding charity, or real esteem.’

On the subject of “Secession,” he says :

‘Before an individual proceeds unwarrantably to disturb the unity of the Church by separation and division, he should be prepared to reply to these two questions :—

‘1. Is he ready to subvert altogether the existing establishment of Church polity?

‘2. Has he a fair probability of substituting for it another decisively better?

‘Because the subversion of any Church would inevitably follow, if each individual were to act after the example, which, so far as he is concerned, he authorises and encourages.

‘And because, if nothing greatly superior is, in a fair prospect of human events, to succeed, all the guilt of disturbing without amending, of exciting confusion with no adequate countervailing advantage, will lie at his door.’

The sermon before the “Prayer Book and Homily Society,” as opening his views on Church government generally, was prepared with much care; and before being preached, was submitted to the judgment of Thomas Scott, the commentator. An interesting account of this, the last interview with that excellent man, whose funeral sermon he was very soon after called to preach and publish, remains. It was written at Aston Sandford, on June 25th, 1818.

‘I sat up with Mr. Scott last night till near twelve o’clock, talking over my correspondence with the Bishop of Chester on the doctrine of salvation. This morning he gave us a most beautiful exposition of Romans x. 12, &c. Afterwards



Mr. Scott went over my homily sermon with me. He alters but very little, and approves of most of my ecclesiastical notions.

‘Mr. Scott is tolerable in health, though seventy-two years old, and asthmatical for forty-five years. He is very busy with his new edition of the Commentary on the Bible. He has now finished the whole of the first volume, and parts of the second and third. He finishes four or five sheets a week, expounds twice a day, has above a hundred communicants at his sacrament, is popular and beloved in his neighbourhood, and has fuller churches than ever. It is quite delightful to see him once more in the flesh.’

In the year 1823, appeared the first of a series of Prefaces to various select Christian authors, published by Chalmers and Collins of Glasgow. They were five in number. The preface to Adam’s “Private Thoughts,” appeared in 1823, to Butler’s “Analogy” in 1825, to Wilberforce’s “Practical View” in 1826, to Baxter’s “Reformed Pastor” in 1829, and to Quesnel “on the Gospels” in 1830.

Midway among these Prefaces, viz., in 1823, appeared a work of a different character. Weighed down with his abundant labours, Daniel Wilson was compelled to seek rest and recreation on the Continent. His family accompanied him; but all being occupied with their respective journals, the duty of a correspondent fell on him. His letters were read by a large circle of anxious and admiring friends at home. They naturally inspired interest; and the demand for publication, eventually made, could scarcely be refused.

The result was, the appearance of two small volumes entitled “Letters from an absent Brother.” They were what they professed to be, and are literally without pretension. When first published, they entered too much into matters of personal detail, and many of the conclusions were no doubt hastily drawn. But much of this was altered in a second edition, and there is a freshness of feeling running through the whole, an enjoyment of nature, a vein of true piety, a zeal for God, a description of Popish superstition and Protestant laxity, a seeking out of good men, and a doing of good works, which insensibly interest the reader, carry him unwearied from place to place, and leave him pleased and instructed with this unexciting narrative of a five months’ continental journey.

But the most important of all his works before he left England (and this is the limit here assigned to his "Literary Life") was "The Evidences of Christianity," completed and published in two volumes in the year 1830. This was probably the last book of the kind presented to the Church, before the modern school arose, which, slighting evidences, laid the main stress of Christianity upon tradition and Church authority. The introduction of a principle so essentially Popish into a Protestant Church, could not fail to cause great agitation; and the pendulum which had before been keeping true time, has ever since been oscillating violently between the two extremes of Tractarianism and Latitudinarianism. When agitation ceases, as cease it will, and quietness returns, then will Christianity be regarded once more as a "reasonable service," and works upon the Evidences, such as this, will assume their proper place and be rated at their proper value. Its chief peculiarity, as distinguished from similar attempts, is that it combines close reasoning on the evidences with strong appeals to the conscience. No doubt a certain difficulty follows: for those who need the evidences will disregard the appeals, and those who value the appeals will not need the evidences. Still there are four large and important classes to whom the work will be invaluable: first, those who are entering on a religious life; secondly, those who are satisfied of the truth of Christianity, but unable to give to any one that asketh a "reason of the hope that is in them;" thirdly, those whose faith may have been shaken by intercourse with unbelievers; and fourthly, those who are anxious to revive forgotten truths in their own minds.

For all such characters these volumes are well adapted, since they do exactly what is wanted. They speak at once to the head and to the heart. No labour was spared by the author. He availed himself of the writings of seventy-nine other authors to enrich his own; whilst twenty-three different works in various languages were consulted on the single subject of inspiration. There was no haste. Eleven years elapsed between the first conception and the final publication.

They were originally prepared as lectures for the congregation at St. John's Chapel, and after having been delivered in Islington parish church between 1827 and 1830, were then finally completed and published.

It would be a vain attempt to analyse the work. It must

be read. In fact, it has been read and diffused so widely in four editions throughout England and India, that any further notice would be superfluous, if not impertinent. No thoughtful reader can rise from its perusal without finding knowledge increased, doubts removed, faith confirmed, and every good purpose strengthened.

Meanwhile all England was convulsed by the avowed purpose of the Government to concede the claims of the Roman Catholics. In years past, Daniel Wilson had been adverse to the concession of their claims; but now his mind changed, and he took a prominent and earnest part in furthering the proposed measure.

When Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel resigned his seat for Oxford, and again became a candidate for it, Daniel Wilson warmly supported him. His reply to a member of Convocation was published, and was as follows:—

‘ ISLINGTON, *February 19, 1829.*

‘ I shall have the greatest pleasure, not only in voting for Mr. Peel, but in lending all the help I can in promoting his re-election. I consider his conduct to have been most noble. If I differed from him in judgment I should still support him, on the ground of his admirable public services; but, agreeing with him as I do, I shall naturally be most anxious to serve him. I conceive Mr. Peel has rendered the most important and critical service to his country which any statesman has done in my memory. The tranquillity of the empire will be owing very much, under Providence, to his manly and honourable decision.

‘ Let me know the day of election, and I will come down at all events.’

When the measure was under discussion, he wrote a letter to the editor of the “*Christian Observer*,” which was afterwards separately published as a pamphlet, in which he stated at length the reasons which had led to his change of mind, the evils which he apprehended from a refusal of the measure, and the benefits he anticipated from its adoption. He also entered at length into the religious bearings of the question. This letter had a wide circulation, and made a great impression. It alienated some friends from him for a time, and sacrificed a few for ever. But there were many with him—Wilberforce, Acland, Dealtry, the Grants, &c.;

and all kinds of testimonies are still extant, expressing assent and approbation. Letters from Sir J. Mackintosh and Dr. Chalmers, are amongst them. The former sought an interview, for the purpose of consulting him how best, in his speech in Parliament, the religious difficulties of the question might be met; and the latter writes from Edinburgh, as follows:—

“I have to offer you my best thanks for the copy of your admirable letter, in whose reasonings and views I entirely acquiesce. My speeches are not worthy of perusal by one who has read, and far less by him who has produced, your full and comprehensive view of the question.”

Mr. Simeon of Cambridg also says in characteristic words:—

“The best way is to let Mr. ——— alone. You are not the only friend of robbery and murder! I remember Mr. Cecil says—‘If a little man be attacked, he is very anxious to vindicate himself, *because he is afraid of being snuffed out.*’ There must be a larger pair of snuffers than any Mr. ——— possesses, to snuff you out, my brother, or to impair your light.

“I think I once told you, that I take the moon for my pattern. When she is at the full, the dogs bark at her. But I never yet heard of her stopping to enquire, why they barked.

“Your co-heretical friend and brother,  
“C. SIMEON.”

This first letter, written in March, was followed by a second in April. In it he stated the measures which he considered desirable for Ireland under her altered circumstances. These measures were chiefly of a religious character; and this second letter, though not so brilliant or exciting as the first, was yet eminently practical and useful. Dr. Chalmers said of it, that he felt “quite confident a great and general impression would be made by the views thus brought forward.”

Whatever judgment may be formed of the part he took in this matter, there can be no doubt as to the singleness of his purpose, and his earnest sincerity. He himself, in after years, expressed regret, and a feeling of disappointment that

the result had fallen short of his anticipations. But it is too soon to decide. We know but in part. The problem is even now not worked out. The results, when developed, may show that the tendency of the measure was to promote the glory of God and the good of the Church.

The year 1830 was productive of another valuable work. Seven sermons on the "Lord's Day," were preached and published. It was a favourite subject; and here the author tells us "all his heart." He yields nothing to timid friends or angry foes. The seventh day of rest, as instituted in Paradise, confirmed on Sinai, morally binding upon all, restored to its integrity by our Lord, changed from the last day of the week to the first by His Apostles, designed for holy purposes and the soul's health—these points, and others of much moment, are supported by arguments of all kinds, drawn from all sources.

A critical reader may, perhaps, find fault with the accumulation of arguments, and say that three or four weak points will never make a strong one. He may also complain of the style; for though not now florid (that is past), it was unpleasantly authoritative. These faults, however, are trifling compared with the result; which is, to place the divine authority and perpetual obligation of the Lord's Day upon a basis incontrovertible and immovable.

Two or three funeral sermons may be noticed together; one occasioned by the death of Charles Grant, Esq., in 1823; one by the death of the Rev. Samuel Crowther, vicar of Christ Church, Newgate Street, in 1829; and one by the death of the Rev. Basil Woodd, minister of Bentinck Chapel, Marylebone, in 1831. All are interesting, and the discrimination of character admirable.

A controversy arose, in 1831, between Daniel Wilson and Dr. Burton, Professor of Divinity at Oxford. It sprung primarily from the errors of Mr. Bulteel; and turned upon the subject of baptismal justification. Whilst engaged in it, a friend called, and found him not only busy, but anxious and uneasy. Enquiry having been made as to the cause, Mr. Wilson said, "I am doing a most difficult and delicate thing. I am reading over a controversial letter which is about to be printed, in order to find out and strike out whatever is not in a Christian spirit. There is not a more

difficult thing than to write on controverted points in the true spirit of the Gospel. After I have done what I can myself, I shall send it to a friend, that he may correct what I have left imperfect."

We may now open the study door, and return to scenes of active life. The first object which meets the eye, is St. John's, Bedford Row.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ST. JOHN'S. •

1811—1824.

Origin of St. John's Chapel—Dr. Sacheverel—Closing of St. John's Chapel—Manner in the pulpit—Composition of Sermons—Anecdote of a French pastor—Number of Sermons—Congregation—First impressions—Extensive usefulness—Dr. Buchanan—Canou Dale—Basil Woodd—Correspondence—Confirmation—Communicants—Collections—District Visiting Society—Auxiliary Bible Society—Missionary tours—Anecdotes—French Translations—Eclectic Society—Failure of Health—Continental tour—Dangerous illness—Recovery—Becomes Vicar of Islington.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL was built in the reign of Queen Anne and the days of Dr. Sacheverel. It stood upon ground belonging to the trustees of Rugby School, and within the boundaries of the Parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn. The tradition is, that the Queen, looking favourably on Dr. Sacheverel, and desirous of promoting him, sent for the patron of the rectory of St. Andrew's, which was then vacant, in order to express her wish that the Doctor should be appointed rector. The presentation belonged to the noble family of Montagu, now merged, by the marriage of the heiress, in the Dukedom of Buccleugh and Queensbury. Some intimation of the Queen's purpose having transpired, a "clerk" was selected, and duly appointed, before her Majesty's summons was obeyed, and her wish could be expressed; and then with courteous words the impossibility of compliance was pleaded. Queen Anne, however, was not to be so baffled. The newly-appointed rector was made a bishop. This not only vacated the living, but placed the next appointment at the disposal of the Crown. It was instantly conferred upon Dr. Sacheverel, and he lived and died, Rector of St. Andrew's. He was buried in the chancel of the church, and the inscription over his tomb still remains: "Infra jacet Henricus Sacheverel, S. T. P. Hujusce Ecclesie Rector. Obiit 5 die Junii, Anno Dom. 1724."

Some of the citizens were greatly offended at the appointment, and as a safety valve against the pressure of High Church doctrines, combined and built St. John's Chapel in Bedford Row. If this was indeed its mission, it has been accomplished; and now the place which once knew it, will know it no more.

One Thursday evening in November, 1856, when the vergier was about to ring the bell and summon the congregation for the usual week-day evening service, he could produce no sound. Still, many were assembled, and divine service proceeded; but the minister had ascertained before entering the pulpit, that a beam had given way, and that the whole of the immense and massive roof, might at any instant crush him and his hearers. A very short sermon naturally, and most wisely, followed; and that was the last sermon preached, or ever to be preached, in a chapel where the TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS, had been so long and so faithfully held forth by a succession of able and pious ministers.<sup>1</sup>

The building never had been consecrated, but was held on lease by each successive minister, who officiated under the bishop's licence, with the consent of the rector of the parish: and this was the tenure by which the chapel was held in the days of Cecil and Wilson.

Possessing no sort of ecclesiastical character externally, the building was yet, in the interior, and previous to an enlargement in 1821, which brought forward the galleries and injured the proportions, a noble and imposing structure; and few recollections of a religious kind are more deeply written on the memories of a generation now passing away, than of the crowded congregations in that interior hanging upon Daniel Wilson's lips, and listening to his commanding oratory and impassioned appeals. There was nothing of affectation in his mode of address, thus to win popularity, or draw a crowd. He stood, as God's minister to do God's work. He was an earnest man, when earnest men were comparatively rare; he fully preached the Gospel, when preachers of the Gospel were comparatively few. Add to this, that he was steadfast when many were given to change, and moderate when many were prone to extremes; and you have the primary causes of his great and ever-increasing influence at St. John's. Others there were.

<sup>1</sup> The chapel has been recently pulled down, and the materials sold.



His manner was natural. His voice was perfect. His enunciation was remarkably clear and distinct. His action varied with the subject: now grave, now vehement, but always graceful and appropriate. When through a crowd of standing auditors, he walked up the long side aisle, before the sermon, with features set and full of seriousness, every eye turned towards him with a feeling of interest as to what the Lord God was about to say by his mouth. Those who have known him in the decline of life, or those even who have only known him in Islington, have no idea of his power in the pulpit of St. John's. In the decline of life, peculiarities often crept into his discourses; and in Islington, local and parochial matters upon which he wished to influence men's minds, were frequently introduced; but there was nothing of the kind at St. John's. He was then like a man, "set for the defence of the Gospel." Mr. Simeon used to say that the congregation were at his feet. All felt his power. The preaching of "Christ crucified," and the salvation of the souls of men were his great objects—never forgotten—never out of sight. There was a seriousness in his manner, before which levity shrunk abashed; an occasional vehemence, which swept all barriers before it; a pathos and tenderness, which opened in a moment the fountain of tears; and a command, which silenced for a time the mutterings of unbelief.

His sermons were thoroughly prepared, but only a few notes taken up into the pulpit. These notes were gradually enlarged, in order to lessen, as he was accustomed to say, the strain upon his mind; and finally, the sermons were fully written out, though not always preached as written. His mind was clear and his self-possession unruffled. Argument therefore readily mingled with exhortation, and exposition of Scripture was varied by appeals to the conscience. There were no set phrases to fill up gaps; no needless repetitions to spin out time; but all was clear, solid, natural, impressive, instructive. Occasionally there was hesitation for want of the right word: but the only effect of this was to excite the idea of fulness of matter and eagerness of purpose.

The sermons were often long, but that was not deemed a grievance: and as he had no parochial charge, they were made the centre round which other duties revolved. Texts were selected on the Sunday evening or Monday morning, and his thoughts were then concentrated on them for that

week. If a brother clergyman was met in the streets, the conversation would turn, not on the current news of the day, but upon last or next Sunday's sermon. No labour was deemed too great. He had that peculiarity which characterises every distinguished man—he was painstaking. He delighted in study. The body of the discourse was written in very large short-hand, so as easily to catch his eye, for he was very short-sighted in middle life; whilst the blank side was covered with extracts from critics, commentators, fathers, divines, and devotional writers of all kinds. This involved great labour, and must by no means be confounded with the "short and easy method" of looking at a commentator, adopting his comment, and from it framing the sermon. In one of his remaining manuscript sermons, which had been several times preached, there are long extracts on the blank leaves from eight different authors: and six or seven sermons examined promiscuously, show long quotations from fifty-nine different authorities: amongst them Vitringa, Luther, Lowth, Calvin, Scott, Henry, Maclaurin, Leighton, Davenant, Chrysostom, Cyprian, Daillé, Bishop Pearson, Dr. Wells, South, Milner, Macknight, Clement of Alexandria, Bourdaloue, Bishop Horsley, Waterland, Lardner, Blomfield, Butler, Girdlestone, Cecil, Hooker, Sumner, and Witsius. He had thus matter for many sermons under one cover, and upon the same text: and by varying the authorities he could, and did, vary to a great extent the tone and character of the discourse. Thus the sketch formed in his own mind, was filled up with the great thoughts of great men, and what was original was enriched from the stores of others. This power of adaptation is not common, but it was one of Daniel Wilson's peculiarities. He was always on the watch for useful hints. A simple, pious, and unpretending French pastor was once brought to his study to be introduced to him. At St. Quentin, the place where this pastor ministered, a species of revival in religion had taken place, and through his instrumentality. He related the circumstances in a simple way, and particularly mentioned one sermon he had preached, which appeared to have produced a great effect upon his people. Mr. Wilson had listened with much interest up to this point: but the instant he heard of the sermon, out came pen and paper, and a rapid series of questions began. What was the text? What the divisions? What the plan of treatment? What

the classes addressed? All was taken down, avowedly for future use, in the hope that a similarly good effect might be again produced. Thus he gathered honey for his own hive from every quarter.

A register was kept of each sermon preached, with ruled columns, and short comments. Before he went to St. John's, he had preached six hundred and forty sermons. Whilst at St. John's he preached one thousand one hundred and eighty-seven. At Islington he preached eight hundred and twenty. At various places, between the years 1801 and 1832, he preached seven hundred and eighty. Whilst at home on a visit from India, seventy-eight. And in India itself, two thousand three hundred and one. Making a total of five thousand eight hundred and six sermons, and addresses partaking of the character of sermons! It is not meant that he composed that number of separate sermons: but that he had preached that number of times.

The congregation assembling at St. John's was calculated to draw out all the powers of the minister thus set over them in the Lord. They were gathered from all parts of the metropolis, and there were few persons truly interested in religion who were not occasionally present. In after years, when, as bishop, Daniel Wilson passed through the length and breadth of India, he was still amongst his hearers; and the sermons preached at St. John's were the frequent subjects of discourse: "I remember hearing your lordship at St. John's;" "I remember such a text, or such a sermon, at St. John's;" these were the constant salutations.

Amongst the regular attendants were the Thornton family, a name suggestive of singular goodness and beneficence. There sat Charles Grant with his family, and two distinguished sons, the one afterwards as Lord Glenelg, President of the Board of Control, and Secretary of State for the Colonies; the other as Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay. There also sat Zachary Macaulay accompanied by his son, the late legislative counsellor of India and historian of England: ennobling literature and ennobled by it. Dr. Mason Good was there; a physician of high repute, the master of seventeen languages, and translator of the Psalms and the book of Job, who from a disciple of Belsham was now "sitting at the feet of Jesus." Near him might be seen Mr. Stephen and his family, Mr. Bainbridge, Mr. Wigg, Mr. Bridges, and many others of high repute and

piety. Lawyers of note, also, who afterwards adorned the bench, were pewholders in St. John's. The good Bishop Ryder often attended, with Lord Calthorpe, Mr. Bowdler, the "facile princeps," as he was termed, of the rising barristers of his day, and Sir Digby Mackworth. Mr. Wilberforce was frequently present, with his son Samuel, 'to take care of him.' The late Duchess of Beaufort also often sought to hear him, with many members of her family. Individuals of every "sort and condition" were thus assembled—high and low, rich and poor, one with another. Thirty or forty carriages might often be counted during the London season, standing in triple rows about the doors; and though there was, as is too often unhappily the case in proprietary chapels, but scant accommodation for the poor, yet they loved to attend, and every vacant sitting-place was filled by them, the moment the doors were opened.

All persons were not, of course, equally attracted. A first sermon did not always please; but let any one hear him a second time, or a third, and they seldom wished to hear any other preacher. "I will never go to hear that Daniel Wilson again;" was the expression of a young man, then training for the law, and making no profession of religion, now of mature age, and true piety, who had been persuaded to attend St. John's. But he did hear him again; and now his observation on retiring from the chapel was, "I will never hear anybody but Daniel Wilson, if I can help it." Failing in his endeavour to obtain a pew, he sat for six months upon one of the drop-seats affixed to the outside of the pew doors; and there amidst the crowd of worshippers, drank in the word of life.

It is told of another individual, now advanced in years, and distinguished both in the political and religious world, that when he first came up to London, to study for the bar, he casually (as men speak) entered St. John's chapel one Sunday evening. After standing for a long while in the crowd without getting a seat, he felt vexed and chafed, and was retiring. One of the settled congregation, however, saw him going, followed him to the outer door, brought him back, and made room for him in his pew. The sermon that he then heard was instrumental to his conversion, and he walked from thenceforth in the way that leadeth to everlasting life. The incident is not only encouraging to minis-

ters, but instructive to pewholders; the opening of a door may lead to the salvation of a soul!

Another incident may also be noted. A near relative of Daniel Wilson was one of a large company, when a gentleman approached and sought a personal introduction. "I wished to be introduced," he said, in explanation, "to a relative of one to whom I owe everything for time and eternity. I am only one of very many who do not know and never spoke to Mr. Wilson, but to whom he has been a 'father in Christ.' He never will know, and he never ought to know, the good he has been the means of doing, for no man could bear it."

Such incidents might be multiplied: but it needs not to those who know the power of Divine grace, and who remember the sure promise of God—"My word shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." (Isaiah lv. 11.) The celebrated Dr. Claudius Buchanan, writing in 1814, well expressed what many felt, "I rejoice to hear from time to time of your labours, and of the triumphs of the Gospel at the church of St. John's. It is a theatre of grander events than the general Congress."

It has been already stated that no parochial charge was legally attached to St. John's Chapel: and indeed it was necessary that the minister should be much upon his guard, lest a feeling of jealousy should be aroused in the parish. But to the wants of his own congregation he was at full liberty to attend, and when his advice or help was needed, he was always to be found in his study, which was at the end of a long passage, and was connected with the chapel.

One day, a young clergyman called upon him. Whilst at college he had translated the whole of the plays of Sophocles into English verse. He now needed advice as to the publication of them; and came to ask, whether it would be in any sense derogatory to his new character as a clergyman? Mr. Wilson listened to the details with much interest, and then, with the good sense which characterised him, gave the following advice: "If as a clergyman," he said, "you had given yourself to this work, it would have been unbecoming, and contrary to the duties you had undertaken. But as a college exercise it was perfectly legitimate; and the publication, now that you are in orders, will be in

no sense wrong. On the contrary, it may do you good; establish your character as a scholar; and extend your usefulness. Publish by all means; and then give yourself wholly to the work of the ministry." The advice was taken, and the results anticipated followed. The "young clergyman" then, is now the Rev. Thomas Dale, canon of St. Paul's, and late vicar of St. Pancras.

But after all, he was a busy man, and not always patient of such interruptions. He had laid to heart, and often repeated, a saying of Mr. Cecil's, that "if a minister was always *to be had* he was good for nothing." Many accordingly who called on him, met with a kind reception, but a speedy dismissal. The moment the business was ended, the hand was shaken and the "good-bye" spoken. Of this his old friend, Mr. Basil Woodd, who was fond of a little quiet talk, used to complain. "When I go to see Mr. Wilson," he was wont to say, "before I have well settled myself in the chair and got into conversation, I hear him say, 'Good-bye, dear Basil Woodd, here is your hat, and here is your umbrella.' "

No doubt affection was, in some degree, checked, and a certain kind of influence forfeited by this, and some persons may be disposed to blame it: but the man who himself fills a public post, with unceasing engagements, and every hour occupied, will not be disposed to throw the first stone!

Much time was necessarily taken up by correspondence. In the year 1812, he preached a sermon, in which he expressed an opinion that all close intercourse should be avoided with those who denied the Divinity of our Lord; quoting, as an authority, the words and example of St. John, who was emphatically the Apostle of Love. The next week a letter was sent to him by one of his hearers, of twenty-three pages of closely written paper, objecting to this statement, and avowing himself by education an Arian "to say the least," and opening the whole controversy. It is easy to imagine what time and thought the answer would require.

Long series of letters also, still treasured up by the Duchess of Beaufort, and other ladies of rank and piety, on a variety of important subjects, such as prayer, confession, conformity to the world, the death of relatives, the difference between the orthodox and evangelical clergy, religious evening assemblies; defective means of grace, faith, patience, and overmuch sorrow, exhibit a singular union of good sense

with exalted piety, and attest his private as well as public labours. To which may be added, all the multifarious and varied duties which gather round a London clergyman, some attended with great embarrassment, many connected with legal disputation, and all demanding anxious thought. Whenever anything within his range got wrong, he was applied to as the person to set it right, and he was always prompt and ready to respond to such appeals. It was not here he grudged the time.

There was a good deal of machinery connected with St. John's, which claimed his attention. There were large Sunday Schools, taught by members of the congregation, in which he was much interested. The Welsh Schools, as they were called, or schools for the instruction and entire maintenance of children of the Principality, attended at St. John's. Collections were annually made also for the St. Andrew's Parochial Schools. It was for the benefit of all these primarily, that the "sermons to children," already referred to, were preached and printed.

The confirmations also occupied and interested him greatly. He speaks himself of one occasion, when three hundred and twenty-five young persons, "the flower of his flock," were presented to the bishop, and a large proportion of them afterwards led on to the Lord's Supper. It was for their benefit, that he published his tracts on Confirmation and the Lord's Supper.

The number of communicants at St. John's was very large. Sometimes there were five hundred present at one time; and the average was between three and four hundred: which would tell of a total amounting to six or seven hundred at the least. So greatly was the service protracted, that though the elements were administered to a whole rail of communicants at a time, a few minutes only intervened between the conclusion of the morning and commencement of the afternoon service.

The collections made for religious and charitable purposes were very frequent and very large. No church in London surpassed St. John's in liberality; and the following list is really worthy to be held in remembrance:—

'February 5, 1812. Collection for British prisoners in France . . .	£ s. d. 106 15 9
'March 13, 1814. For the Germans, suffering from the French war . . .	262 0 0

'Aug. 13, 1815. For the sufferers after the	£	s.	d.
battle of Waterloo . . .	214	0	0
'Nov. 9, 1817. For District Visiting Society	193	4	6
'Nov. 19, 1817. British and Foreign Bible			
Society, Wednesday morn-			
ing . . .	114	14	8
'March 29, 1818. For Church Missionary So-			
ciety . . .	203	12	9
'Jan. 31, 1819. For St. Andrew's Parochial			
Schools . . .	88	1	9
'May 23, 1819. For Welsh Schools . . .	114	16	2
'Sept. 19, 1822. For the Jews' Society	125	10	5

These are extracted from his own notes, as specimens of what the congregation contributed, and as proofs that they were "fruitful in all good works."

His appeals were very urgent; for though he had perfect confidence in his own people, yet many strangers were always present, and he was not willing that any should escape. His words on one occasion will illustrate his plain speaking and power over conscience: the echo of them might even now do good to grudging Christians. He was pleading the cause of charity, and closed by saying, "Some will, I fear, notwithstanding what I have urged, pass the plate and give nothing, thinking *nobody sees*. I tell you—I tell such an one—*GOD SEES*."

The first real District Visiting Society was established in connection with St. John's: for the principle of visiting and relieving the poor methodically, and by the instrumentality of the laity, was then a novel experiment, though now so extensively prevalent.

It need scarcely be added that associations for aiding all the great religious and missionary projects of the day were in active operation. In the proceedings of the City of London Auxiliary Bible Society, the minister of St. John's took a lively interest, and all the local reports, from 1812 to 1819, were drawn up by him. He was also an influential member of the Church Missionary Society, and habitually aided their deliberations.

But he did more than this. He was not merely a passive, but an active friend. He formed one of that band of energetic men, who, like pioneers, precede the host. The track they made is now well marked; and travelling deputations find no difficulty. But it was not always thus. Valleys had



to be exalted, and mountains brought low, crooked places to be made straight, and rough places plain. To introduce the cause of missions in its varied ramifications, and form associations throughout the country to give it permanence, required in those days men of moral courage and deep conviction, physical strength and intellectual power; and it found such men in Basil Woodd, William Goode, Edward Burn, Melville Horne, James Haldane Stewart, John William Cunningham, and Daniel Wilson. All honour to them!

Withdrawing from his usual duties at St. John's during the summer months, and establishing his family at Worton, or some other country place, he held himself for a time at the service of the Bible or Church Missionary Society; and when the tour marked out for him was finished, he joined his family and enjoyed his rest.

Some incidents connected with these tours, which extended over a period of nine years—from 1813 to 1822, may be introduced, as affording illustrations of character. The first rests upon the authority of the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, his old and much beloved friend.

Circumstances brought them together, on a missionary excursion, at a dinner table, where the provision was most luxurious and costly, and where a company was assembled quite foreign to the character of the deputation and their immediate object. In due course the host arose, and in a sort of uproarious manner called upon the company to drink "Health to the deputation." The whole spirit of the dinner was offensive to devout minds, and the question was how to change it. Others sat still, but Daniel Wilson rose up, and said, "I believe it is customary when any one's health is drunk, to return thanks; and this I do most cordially: and very affectionately do I wish you, sir, in return, and this company, good health. But then" (he added in that deep tone into which his voice naturally fell when he was strongly moved) "you will, perhaps, allow me to tell you in what I conceive 'Good Health' really to consist." And then he proceeded to speak of the *health of the soul* in language so solemn and affecting, that every one at the table felt the power of truth thus announced, and the whole character of the assembly was at once changed and solemnised. And yet all this was said and done with such exquisite good humour and kindness, that not a single

person was offended; but all manifested their gratitude to him in expressions of respect, almost amounting to affection.

An incident of a somewhat similar character occurred at Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton's house in town. A large party of clergy and laity, attracted by the May meetings, had been invited to his hospitable board. All were of one mind, and all desirous of mutual edification, but the evening was passing away, and the conversation was still desultory and broken. Suddenly a loud voice was heard from the top of the table addressing one seated near the bottom. It was Daniel Wilson speaking to Dr. Marsh. "William Marsh," he said, "may I ask you a question? You have had some experience in dealing with criminals lying under sentence of execution: is there any one portion of Scripture that you have found more efficacious than another in bringing them to conviction of sin and true repentance? But"—checking himself, and referring to Mrs. Fry, who was sitting beside him—"perhaps I ought rather to put the question to my neighbour. May I, dear madam, ask whether any particular passage of Scripture occurs to you as having proved most useful to that class of our fellow-sinners?"

"I can have no hesitation in answering thy question," replied Mrs. Fry; "one passage I have found far more effectual than any others; and the simple reading of it has often proved most useful. I refer to the latter part of the seventh chapter of Luke's gospel. It has softened many hearts, and made eyes weep that never wept before."

"The seventh chapter of St. Luke!" said Daniel Wilson. "The latter part! Let us examine it. How glad I am that I asked you." Then taking a little Testament from his pocket he began to read the passage. This led to a comment on it, and to enquiries from others, and to general conversation: narratives flowed from Mrs. Fry, and illustrations of various kinds from others, so that all were pleased, instructed, and edified.

The formation of the Bible Association at Oxford, was a difficult and delicate matter, in which he showed much tact. At a kind of preliminary meeting of many of the authorities of the University, he was present, endeavouring to remove objections and to win assent. The weather was

oppressive, and Daniel Wilson approached one of the Heads of houses, who was present, not as an approver, but a listener, with cake and wine. This gave occasion for conversation, and a hope was expressed that he would patronise the Society and take part in the meeting. An immediate refusal was given, and strong objections urged:—the Society, it was said, would increase the influence of dissent, and tend so far to the injury of the Church.

“Exactly so,” replied Daniel Wilson; “this will be the result, if the work is left in the hands of the dissenters; and therefore, Doctor, how important it is that men of weight and influence in the Church should come forward and take the lead.”

Other arguments were added, and prevailed: and thus by his tact and good temper, he gained his point, and the Doctor became an office-bearer in the Society, and made a speech at the meeting.

A friend (the Rev. Thomas Harding, now vicar of Bexley), accompanied him to Brighton on behalf of one of the religious Societies. Two large meetings had been attended; and the evening having been closed by an address to a circle of friends at Sir Thomas Blomfield’s, and by prayer, they entered the coach together on their return to town. There were no other passengers. The moment they had fairly started, Daniel Wilson, drawing up the window, said, “Now, my dear friend, we must have our evening prayers together before we sleep.” He then in a few outspoken words, commended his friend, himself, and those whom they had just left, to the Divine protection: and his petitions ended, he settled himself into his corner, and fell fast asleep.

Once on a visit at a friend’s house, he was requested to officiate at morning prayers with the family, but to be very short, because of some pressing engagement. On the servants being seated, he said, “I am requested to be very short to-day: I will therefore give you Christianity in a nutshell. Our heavenly Father said of our blessed Redeemer, ‘Thou art my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.’ Any soul that can say of that Redeemer, ‘Thou art my beloved Saviour in whom I am well pleased’ is a real Christian. Now let us pray.”

Dr. Marsh sometimes travelled on behalf of these Societies with Daniel Wilson, and on arriving at their inn,

they were frequently compelled to share a double-bedded room. On such occasions he records the fact that the last sight which met his eyes at night, and the first sight in the morning, was always Daniel Wilson on his knees.

About this time he had become much interested in the religious state of France, then a prey to superstition on the one hand and infidelity on the other; and it occurred to him that the translation of some of the works of our sound and evangelical divines might prove highly beneficial. Into this project he accordingly threw himself with his accustomed energy. He fixed upon the writings of his two great favourites, Thomas Scott and Joseph Milner, and aimed at the translation into French of the "Commentary on the Bible" written by the one, and "The History of the Church of Christ" by the other. The amount of labour expended in this cause can scarcely be conceived. He had to consult and interest all the more distinguished French and Swiss pastors; and with this view to carry on a correspondence (still preserved) with M. Gaussen of Satigny, Merle D'Aubigné of Geneva, Leander Van Ess of Darmstadt, Filleul of Jersey, Paumier of Rouen, Chabrand of Toulouse, Kieffer of Paris, Martin of Bordeaux, Perrot-Droz of Neuchâtel, and many others. He had to enlist friends in England, to form a committee, and raise funds. He had to select and appoint translators of the works, and correctors of the press.

Nothing can convey a stronger idea of energy and force of character, than his undertaking to construct and guide all this machinery, amidst his numerous and constantly increasing avocations. Operations were commenced. He made himself personally responsible for 300*l.* per annum. A London Committee was appointed to control the whole scheme; a Geneva Committee to translate and revise; a Paris Committee to print and circulate. The whole machinery was fairly set in motion, and worked satisfactorily, though slowly. The extent of the undertaking was to be controlled by experience and the available funds. It went so far, that the Gospel of St. Matthew, the Acts of the Apostles, and St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, with Scott's Comment, were translated and printed; and thus a valuable comment upon a most important Gospel, Epistle, and History, were added to the stock of French divinity. St. John's Gospel was also translated, but not printed. No further actual progress was made. A supply without a demand always

involves the risk of failure. There was here no demand. The scheme was not self-supporting, nor perhaps calculated for popularity, for Scott's writings must have appeared heavy to the majority of French readers. The project all depended upon the energy and strength of one man. His health failed, and he was unable to sustain it. It fell with him; and no attempt has since been made to rebuild or to restore the ruins.

Every hour of his time would seem to be already filled up, and yet there was one more duty running through all the period now under review, which has not yet been noticed. A Society called the London Clerical Education Society, had been formed for the purpose of carrying young men of promise and piety, but of straitened means, through the University, by defraying their expenses in whole or in part. The income of the Society was variable, being raised by private contributions, and increased by occasional legacies. The trustees were noblemen and gentlemen of high reputation and proved piety, and Daniel Wilson was secretary. He was indefatigable in maintaining, so far as in him lay, the efficiency of the Society, and in keeping up the standard of piety amongst the young men, who were selected with the utmost care, and watched over with the greatest vigilance. The Society was formed in connection with St. John's Chapel in the year 1816; and a report in the year 1822 mentions the fact, that eleven young men of high character and attainments had already been prepared for Holy Orders through its instrumentality. It is evident that the care of such a Society must have required great watchfulness, and added seriously to the labours and responsibility of the minister of St. John's. The meetings were held in the vestry of that church.

There, also, a society assembled for many years, called "The Eclectic." It was instituted in the year 1783, and remains to this day. It numbered amongst its earlier members the honoured names of Newton, Foster, Venn, Cecil, Scott, Pratt, and other London clergy, with Mr. Clayton and some equally eminent dissenting ministers, and a few laymen. The object was to discuss subjects of divinity with a view to mutual edification; and in doing this, the discussion was quite free, and the range of subjects very wide. It met every alternate Monday at four o'clock in the afternoon, and admitted by vote a certain number of visitors each year. Daniel Wilson became a visiting member about

the year 1803, and a regular member when minister of St. John's in 1809.

It is unnecessary to dwell further upon the proceedings of this society, since they have been recorded in a most able and interesting work by Archdeacon Pratt of Calcutta, called "Eclectic Notes." It may suffice to say, that Daniel Wilson was deeply interested in its welfare, and very regular in his attendance, and that he spared no pains to enrich the discussions. A few cursory remarks never contented him. Even when unable to attend, he would send his notes to be read by another: and nothing but a regard to brevity prevents the insertion in this place of specimens thus prepared and preserved. Whatever his hand found to do, he did it with his might: and he ever illustrated a truth which all experience teaches, that if business is to be done, it is the busy man who does it.

The Eclectic Society will be again referred to: but it is time that this chapter should be drawing to a close. Before this, however, is done, it must be noted that in 1821 the lease of St. John's Chapel expired and was renewed. The opportunity was taken of enlarging the accommodation which had been so long and so greatly needed, by adding two rows of pews all round the front of the galleries. Extensive repairs were also undertaken; and the congregation, with their usual liberality, raised nearly 2000*l.* to meet the expenses. The chapel was closed in June, 1821; and re-opened in the following November. Part of the interval was passed at Brighton, where he took the duty for Mr. Pearson at St. James's Chapel: and part in close and anxious attendance upon his father-in-law, Mr. William Wilson, who died in peace, after a somewhat lingering illness, on the 24th August, leaving large possessions, and the better heritage of a good name, to his surviving and sorrowing family.

And now let the reader gather up the threads of this busy life at St. John's: let him recall the family anxieties; the ministerial duties; the public controversies; the private claims; the literary labours; the voluminous correspondence; the "journeyings often;" and all the varied plans of usefulness which had pressed on Daniel Wilson since the year 1812, when first he settled in London; and then consider whether it was possible (humanly speaking) for body or mind to bear, unhurt, such a continued strain. Strong

and vigorous as his constitution naturally was, it began at last to give way. He had already tried change of residence, and removed, on January 1st, 1820, into what then might be called a country house at Barnsbury Park, Islington. But there had been no real cessation of labour. The effects naturally followed, and he began to complain. He writes to Mrs. Hannah More, as follows :—

‘ December 3, 1821.

‘ You are just the very last person that I could ever forget ; but the truth is, I have been so extremely ill during the whole summer that writing became burdensome to me.

‘ The sermons for Mr. Scott, thrice carefully re-written, first began to oppress me in the spring—a confirmation followed—five months’ repairs of my chapel brought large additional anxiety—and last and deepest of all, the loss of an invaluable parent, completed the series of my afflictions, and reduced me to a state of debility and sickness, from which I am hardly as yet recovered. Thanks be to the Almighty’s goodness, however, I am much better, and have preached twice on each of the four Sundays since the re-opening of my chapel. I am obliged, however, to be upon my guard. My weekly lecture must be dropped. My extra duties must be suspended. And I must, as I ought, go softly on the path of life, which has become to me so peculiarly uncertain.’

The resolution here expressed of refraining from all extra labour was, to a certain extent, carried out during the summer and autumn of 1822 ; but it was too late. Towards the close of that year, his strength again gave way, and in November he was prostrate. On the 29th November, 1822, he writes thus to a friend.

‘ Though scarcely recovered from a languishing illness, I must endeavour to send you a few lines. May it please God that I learn the lessons which the retirement of a sick room, or rather, which the grace of God, my Bible, and spiritual meditations should teach me. I write badly, because I cannot sit up. The world is passing away. Eternity (and how eloquent is that word now to me) is drawing nigh. Nothing affects me but that which appertains to the kingdom of God. May that kingdom come ! Oh, that truth, love, zeal, may more and more pervade the Church militant on earth.’

On the resumption of his duties in the early part of 1823, he preached a course of sermons on the sickness and recovery of Hezekiah, moved thereto, no doubt, by the points of similarity it presented in his own case: and he thus describes his state in a letter, dated February 14th, 1823:—

‘I write without reflection, effort, or annoyance, as when speaking to a friend. It is a pleasure thus to scribble letters; and any other way would be insupportable to me. I like them to be open, free, frank, and affectionate.

‘I have not strength to go on with my “Evidences of Christianity.” The papers lie quiet, waiting a more propitious day. I give myself to my two Sunday sermons. One is always written, and I put tolerably strict limits to the other; nevertheless, I need your advice. No friends give me frank and open advice. I like scolding. Truth always pleases me, though sometimes it may cause annoyance at the moment. I see no one; and neither pay nor receive visits. I amuse myself with French. I study the first authors. My great desire is thoroughly to discover the state of souls in France, the cause of their misfortunes, the nature of their literature, the means of remedy.

‘I cannot close without one word respecting Reginald Heber's nomination to the bishopric of the East. Never was anything, so far as I can judge, more happy.’

It will easily be imagined that a relaxation of this kind was not sufficient: and entire change soon became imperative. Acting upon medical advice, therefore, that journey to the Continent was arranged, which has already been alluded to, and was described in his “Letters from an absent Brother.” He was accompanied by his wife and family, and by a valuable friend, since deceased, the Rev. John Natt, Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, and afterwards vicar of St. Sepulchre, London.

The anticipation of this journey seems to have acted like a stimulant upon his jaded mind, and something of the old energy is visible in the following letter.

‘June 11, 1823.

‘I want your advice about our route—Calais, Brussels, Liege, Coblenz, Basle, Zurich, Geneva, &c.

‘I beg you to give me a list of towns, places, mountains, lakes, and people, which I may visit without fatigue, whilst



spending one month between Calais and Geneva. As soon as we leave Geneva, about the end of July, we shall make further arrangements. Paris will detain me one month especially if my Gospel of St. Matthew is going on there.

‘I hope to resume my customary duties the first Sunday in November. I beg you to give me a clear decisive sketch of my route, full of lights (bright spots), so that I may omit nothing of importance; and write by return of post.’

The route pursued was very much as thus sketched out: and the tour, lasting from June to November, was a source of much enjoyment. Health also returned, and when the party arrived in England the object proposed seemed to have been attained.

Such was not the will of God.

His return was hailed with joy by his congregation, and he gladly prepared to resume his ministrations amongst them. He reached home on the 31st of October: but even whilst travelling from Dover he felt some premonitions of indisposition, and remarked that he thought the illness of the year before would soon return. He preached, however, on Sunday morning, November 2nd, from Psalm cxvi. 12, 13: “What shall I render unto the Lord for all His goodness unto me? I will take the cup of salvation and will call upon the name of the Lord;” but was so greatly exhausted after the service, that he was unable to preach again that day. This was most unusual with him.

He had been much agitated during the previous week by the intelligence of the sudden death of Mr. Charles Grant; and when on this Sunday afternoon and the following day he sat by the side of the afflicted widow, he “could scarcely,” he said, “collect himself sufficiently to utter a few words of consolation.” Then followed the sudden preparation of the funeral sermon, which was preached on the next Sunday morning, and subsequently printed.

Then came a sermon in the cause of charity. He was flushed and excited, and said that he had felt so nervous that he could scarcely force himself into the pulpit.

He was now under medical care, but could not be persuaded to “rest awhile.” On Sunday, November 30th, he preached twice: once, in an animated strain, from the words, “Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the

Lord" (Isaiah li. 9); and once, in a low and depressed tone, from the words, "Oh, my God, my soul is cast down within me" (Psalm xlii. 6); and then he was silent for eight months! All the symptoms of the previous year's illness at once re-appeared in an aggravated form; accompanied by total prostration of strength, abscesses and glandular swellings, languor, faintings, and extreme depression.

When he recovered and again ascended the pulpit, he was vicar of Islington: but the way led through the valley of the shadow of death.

Such was the will of God.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ISLINGTON.

1824—1832.

Islington—Dr. Strahan—First impressions—Successor for St. John's—Parochial matters—Vestry meetings—Additional services—New churches—Public appeal—Bishop of London—Church commissioners—Curates—Schools—Pastoral address—Lectureship Vestries—Guildford—Journals—Illness of Mrs. Wilson—Her death—Confirmation—New Library—Consecration of new churches—Proprietary school—The Apocrypha controversy—New-foundland School Society—Parish troubles—Mr. Churchwarden Woodward—Bishop Turner—Charles Grant—First idea of Bishopric of Calcutta—Interview with Mr. Charles Grant—Appointment to Calcutta—Interview with Lord Grey—Consecration at Lambeth—Reflections—Eclectic Society—Attendance at Court—Visit to Farnham Chapel—Islington Testimonials—Departure from Islington.

IN the year 1824, Islington had still some pretensions to be called the country. A few remnants of green fields still divided it from the metropolis, and traditions of shepherds and shepherdesses yet lingered. All such distinctive marks are now swept away, and no casual observer can tell where London ends and Islington begins.

With its immense and rapid increase of late years we have nothing now to do. It suffices, that at the time of which we write, the number of inhabitants was about thirty thousand, and there was but one church, and one chapel of ease, for the spiritual necessities of that great multitude. Strong local attachment characterised the people, combined with good sense, kindly feeling, and religious principle; but all this was marred by occasional outbursts of party spirit, easily provoked, and with difficulty allayed.

The Rev. Dr. Strahan had been for many years the vicar; and his character entitles him to be spoken of with great respect. He was a fine specimen of the old school of divines—venerable in appearance, courteous in manners, a good scholar, an excellent reader, regular in the discharge of official duties, and a favourite with a large section of his parishioners.

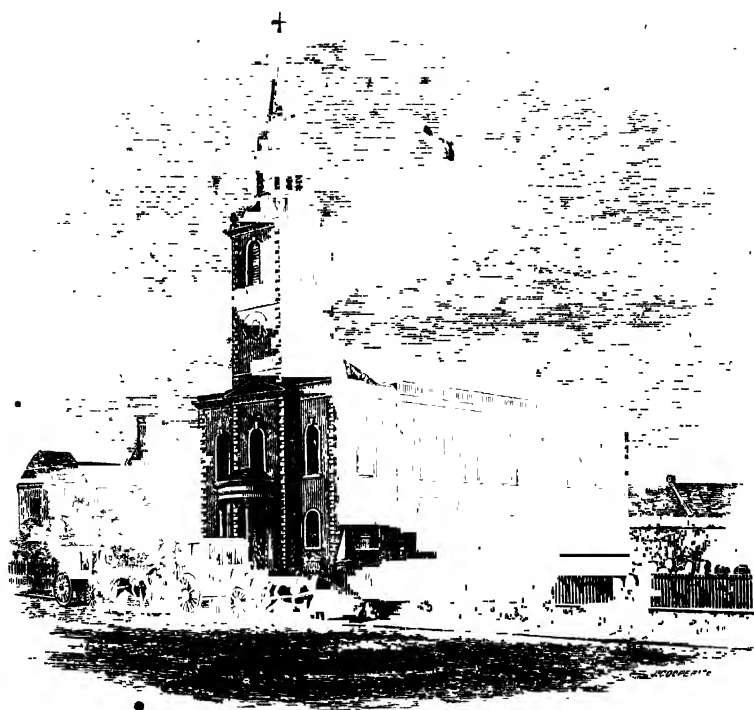
Under him, Islington slept: under his successor, it awoke: and it has never slept since. It has done more perhaps than any other parish to meet the wants of an increasing population, and has set an example which might advantageously be followed by the whole country.

The advowson of the living had been for many years in the possession of Mr. William Wilson of Worton. By deed of sale, dated June 8th, 1811, it had been conveyed to him for the sum of 5500*l.*; and on his death, in the year 1821, was bequeathed to his son-in-law. When, therefore, Dr. Strahan died on May 18th, 1821, it fell at once to Mr. Wilson. He was instituted June 4th, and inducted July 2nd, entering that day on his forty-seventh year. His first sermon, after a silence of eight months, was preached in the parish church, from the words "Feed the church of God," &c. (1 Peter v. 2, 3): but he was quite unable to continue his ministrations, and immediately retired into the country. His appointment to the vicarage naturally caused "great searchings of heart." He was thoroughly well known as a leader among the Evangelical clergy—prompt, fearless, decided, active, uncompromising; and whilst many of his own St. John's people, who resided in Islington, and all who loved him for "the truth's sake," greatly rejoiced, there were others who feared the new doctrine, and doubted "whereunto it would grow." These doubts and fears however did not make them forget that they were gentlemen and churchmen, and they agreed that their new vicar should be received with all possible courtesy and respect. Such conduct had its reward; and many who at first shrunk from the messenger, lived to bless God for the message which he brought.

The event which was thus regarded with varied feelings by the parishioners of Islington, was viewed with unmingled regret by the congregation at St. John's. They had sympathised with their minister in his illness, and felt most anxious for his recovery. Their united prayers on his behalf had been heard and answered. They had just enlarged the chapel at a great expense, and renewed the lease. And now all their hopes seemed frustrated. The contingency, however, which had happened, was not unexpected. It had been merely a question of time; and the call of duty was too clear to be mistaken. Nothing remained therefore but acquiescence; and the hope that a fit

successor would be found. And this, in truth, was the very first matter which claimed attention and obtained it. Mr. Wilson speedily fixed upon the Rev. Charles Jerram, vicar of Chobham, as his successor: whilst he himself, unable to preach a farewell sermon, took leave of the congregation in a circular letter, dated August 18th, 1824, in which he recalled to mind the truths which had been ministered amongst them by Mr. Cecil and himself, exhorted them to stand fast in the faith, commended his successor to their kind consideration, and affectionately bade them farewell.

In the month of November, his health being partially re-established, he returned to Islington, and on Sunday the 28th, preached an Advent sermon from Mark i. 15, "The time is fulfilled and the kingdom of God is at hand. Repent ye, and believe the Gospel." He thus afforded some indication of the course he intended to pursue. He desired to win a way for the Gospel by moderation, gentleness, and order, without failing in fidelity, or compromising the truth. He knew the congregation amongst whom he was called to minister; and recognised his new position. Before long, however, some persons began to wonder at what they deemed a sacrifice of principle. He seemed to restrain himself in the pulpit. His appeals seemed to be less fervent, and his manner less earnest. They said "he was very different at St. John's." They almost doubted if he preached the Gospel. But this was "their foolishness." The sermons were the same. They were St. John's sermons wisely adapted to Islington: and the course pursued was the one most likely to produce the desired result—"if by any means I may save some." He was gently remonstrated with by a well-wisher, and his reasons were asked. The answer was immediate, and to this effect:—"I could preach away the parish church congregation in a fortnight; and in another fortnight, perhaps, I could fill it with a congregation twice as large. But these are my parishioners. I do not wish to drive them away. I long for their souls as one that must give account. My heart's desire is to lead them to Christ. The branch in the vine must not be cut off, but made fruitful." And his actions out of the pulpit, as well as in it, were in accordance with these words. When troublous times came on, and many were offended, some friend told him of an angry parishioner who had



ISLINGTON PARISH CHURCH



declared that neither he nor his family would ever come to the parish church again. "What do you say?" was the Vicar's response, "What name did you mention? Where does he live? I will call on him to-morrow morning." He called accordingly, and saw the family, and all was set right in a moment: for few could resist him, when he wished to please. It is scarcely necessary to say that this action was entirely disinterested. As vicar, he was of course independent of all secular motives; and the slightest intimation of an intention of giving up a pew in church, was followed by twenty earnest applications for it. The effect of the conduct he pursued was, in the end, what he desired. None left the church: but on the contrary, prejudices began to yield, hearts to soften, grace to work. Religion became prominent, and worldliness drew back complaining and murmuring:—"There is no such thing as getting a comfortable game at cards now, as in Dr. Strahan's time." One old gentleman, a high Churchman from his youth, was so full of anger at the change, that he could scarcely speak upon the subject. He threatened to leave the parish altogether. But whilst he lingered, the angel of the Lord "laid hold upon his hand," and all was changed. "No," he replied to an application about his pew, "I shall not leave. I shall remain. I find now that religion is heart-work." It will readily be supposed that vast crowds assembled in the church, and that every standing-place was occupied. It was the practice of the vicar now to sit in the pulpit. He was at first compelled to do this from ill-health; but it became a habit, and he continued it to the end of life. When excited by his subject, or desiring to impress some weighty truth upon his auditors, he often rose from his seat, greatly increasing his height, and suggesting the idea originated by John Knox, that he was about to "flee out of the pulpit." The effect, though not graceful, was impressive, and earnest; and in Daniel Wilson's case, something of dignity was always attached even to his peculiarities.

But it is not in the pulpit we shall now have to consider him so much as in the parish. In parochial matters he was instantly involved; and there was something of peculiarity in Islington, which made every movement complicated. It was not simply a parish with vicar, churchwardens, church-rates, and vestry-meetings; but it was governed by a local act



of Parliament. A large body of trustees were elected by the people at large: and they managed the funds of the parish, subject to the approval of the ratepayers in vestry assembled. There were three churchwardens, the senior of whom exercised officially the chief authority. They assigned the pews (with a few exceptions), collected the rents, and applied the proceeds to church expenses. The public vestry-meetings were, till recently, held in the church itself (the chairman having his seat in the reading-desk), when scenes of turmoil and confusion sometimes took place, unbecoming everywhere, but most disgraceful in the house of God. Excited crowds filled all the pews, loud clamour frequently arose, religion was itself assailed, profane words were heard, and evil passions of all kinds were let loose. But this belongs to a later day; at first the sea was calm.

Additional church accommodation was the most pressing want; but, as a previous step, it was necessary to consider whether that which was already available, could be rendered more efficient. In the parish church there were but two services on the Sunday: one in the morning, for which the vicar was responsible; and the other in the afternoon, which was supplied by a lecturer. A third service in the evening, therefore, was clearly practicable, and, as a temporary measure, the vicar offered to be responsible for the duty, if the parish would defray all necessary expenses. The first vestry over which he presided was called to consider of this matter. It was held on February 17th, 1825. His own account of it is as follows:—

‘ISLINGTON, |Feb. 18, 1825.

‘I had, last night, my vestry for nearly four hours at the church, on the evening service. About two hundred persons attended, and long discussions arose—not upon the main question, for all approved of opening the church; but on the points, Whether the church should be entirely free, or the seats be let: and then, Whether the expenses should be paid by the churchwardens, or by voluntary subscription. It was carried at length unanimously that the church should be free, and by a majority that the churchwardens should pay the expenses. Nothing could be more kind and respectful than their whole conduct to me, personally, but I was worn out with standing, speaking, talking, and calling to

order—in short, “ruling the waves of the sea, and the tumult of the people.””

The plan was immediately carried into effect with the happiest results. On Feb. 28th, the vicar reports that on the previous evening the church had been opened for the first time, and that it was crowded. In the same letter, he says one word about his state of health, “My health is pretty good. My sermon yesterday was the ninth. I can walk about, and I make calls on my parishioners, especially the sick, two or three times a week.” He adds “I expect to hear every day something about the new churches.”

These last words introduce a new subject. It appears from them that some movement had already taken place for the erection of new churches in the parish. The first idea had been to build a single church ; but it was suggested that this would be a most inadequate supply for a parish so extensive ; and that three might probably be erected at once, without any great additional effort. It was determined therefore that the attempt should be made ; and in the month of May the matter was ripe for a decision. The parish was not opposed, but it was reluctant. The spirit of church building had been checked in its birth by mismanagement. In 1812, the first stone of a new Chapel of Ease had been laid, for the erection of which the parish trustees had been empowered to raise and expend the sum of 15,000*l*. In 1814, when the Chapel of Ease was completed, it was found that a sum of 32,000*l*. had been expended ; and the burden thus incurred, was still pressing on the ratepayers in the shape of annuities, amounting to above 2000*l*. per annum. But, worse than this, a feeling of dissatisfaction and distrust had been aroused, and it was not allayed when the vicar came forward with his new proposals. These proposals were embodied in a circular letter which was widely distributed over the whole parish. It was dated May 7th, 1825, and the main points on which it dwelt were the following :—The parish contained thirty thousand people, and was rapidly increasing. Land was already let for buildings which, when completed, would raise the population to fifty thousand souls. The church and Chapel of Ease together had sittings for two thousand five hundred ; so that out of every twelve parishioners, eleven were absolutely shut out of the house of God. The trustees of the parish,

and H. Majesty's Commissioners alike concurred in the opinion that one church, in a parish spreading over so wide a surface, would be comparatively useless, and that three were absolutely required. This would involve an expense of 30,000*l.* at the very least. But if the parishioners would find the sites, and advance 12,000*l.* H. Majesty's Commissioners would take all further responsibility upon themselves, and complete the whole work. This 12,000*l.* might be first raised, and then eventually extinguished by a rate of three pence in the pound, which would only require from the great bulk of the parishioners, on an average, a payment of three or four shillings per annum—and that not from each individual, but from each family inhabiting a dwelling-house. Under certain contingencies, even this might be lessened, but it could not possibly be exceeded. And thus, at so small a sacrifice, and no subsequent risk, the whole parish might be provided with church accommodation for years to come.

The letter ended as follows:—

‘To conclude: let me entreat the prayers of the parishioners to Almighty God, the Author of all good, that such a soundness of judgment, and such a temper of peace and charity, may prevail throughout the consideration of this great question; that it may be crowned, if it should seem right and fit, with the desired success: but that at all events, it may prove an occasion, not of heat and contention, but of goodwill and kindness and conciliation between all the remotest inhabitants of this vast and important parish.’

It is not to be supposed that matters had been brought to the state described in this Circular, without immense labour and anxious thought. Consultations and discussions of all kinds had abounded. The breakfast-room, the parlour, the study, the pulpit, each had been called to play its part. Preliminary interviews with the Church Commissioners, long conferences with the trustees, friendly conversations with influential parishioners, animated exhortations to the congregation:—all had been repeatedly and successfully tried. Above all, the help of God had been constantly and earnestly sought; prayer rose without ceasing; and the promise that if “two or three shall agree upon earth touching what they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my

Father in heaven," was abundantly fulfilled. As an illustration of this, it may be mentioned, that whilst all was yet in doubt, the vicar went down to the vestry of St. John's Chapel to meet his brethren of the Eclectic Society, and he addressed them in these words :—

'Dear brethren, pray for me. I am going to build three churches in my parish, and there are many adversaries.'

This opening led to much discussion at the meeting, and to many differences of opinion. Some doubted whether he was acting wisely, and asked, "Might not the money be used in some better way? Who could tell into whose hands these churches might one day fall? It was not cages that were wanted, so much as good singing-birds." But nothing moved him. He said, that building houses for God in the land was in itself a right thing; that the issue of events must be left with God; that we must "trust and not be afraid;" that the means appointed must be used; and that if the machinery was defective, it must not be neglected, but improved.

Thus faith reprov'd fear; and in the result these churches have proved seed-plots of a noble harvest. Fifteen have already risen; and of Islington it may indeed be said, as of Zion in former days, "This and that man was born in her." (Psalm lxxxvii. 4.)

The Bishop of London, Dr. Howley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was deeply interested in the success of the proposal. Two days before the vestry meeting was held to consider it, he wrote as follows :—

'LONDON HOUSE, May 10, 1825.

'You have acted with so much discretion, as well as zeal, that, with the blessing of God, you can, I think, hardly fail to succeed; and should you carry your point, I shall exert all my power to induce the Commissioners to see your claims in as strong a light as I do.'

The anticipations thus expressed, were borne out by the result. The parish assembled in vestry on May 12th, and no opposition was raised. The plan proposed was unanimously adopted: and large majorities subsequently confirmed this decision.

There was now vantage-ground for an official application

to the Church Commissioners; and after some delays had been experienced, and personal influence used in all directions, the consideration of the case came on before the Board, was fully discussed, and eventually conceded:—the Commissioners forthwith would build the churches.

A thousand matters of detail immediately followed this great success: the selection of suitable sites, the investigation of titles, the choice of architects, and arrangements of all kinds with the Commissioners. In these things he was greatly assisted by the kindness, skill, and business-like habits of some of his leading parishioners; but still the burden fell heavily on him, and every step required the utmost vigilance and caution.

The autumn of 1825 afforded some respite, and was passed chiefly at Cheltenham and Worton; and he returned with his family to Islington with spirits refreshed and health renewed.

Two curates assisted in the duties of the parish. The Rev. William Marshall was the senior, and he continued to be a confidential friend and adviser to the end. At the close of the year 1825 the vicar was happy in obtaining the services of the Rev. John Hambleton as second curate, and nothing was then left to be desired for the efficient working of the parish.

All was at once set in motion. The parochial schools, as then existing, were to a great extent independent of the clergy. They were maintained by the parish, and managed by a committee, who were somewhat tenacious of their rights; so that, when the curates, almost as a matter of course, attended an early committee meeting, they were informed that when they were wanted they would be sent for. The vicar was quiescent in the matter. Careful to maintain his own rights, he was equally careful not to infringe upon the ascertained rights of others. Whenever the attendance of the children, therefore, was required at church for any extra service, or when any alteration was proposed in the system of catechising in the afternoon, he always corresponded upon the subject with the school authorities, and the matter was mutually arranged.

Many "local Sunday-schools," also, as they were called, were immediately set on foot. For this purpose, the poorest parts of the parish were selected, temporary rooms obtained,

voluntary teachers enlisted, lending libraries formed, and special funds raised, all on the system recommended by Dr. Chalmers. Nine were begun at once, and they soon increased to fifteen, and were visited and examined by the vicar in rotation. Good trees grew from these vigorous shoots, and still continue in many cases to bring forth much fruit.

The year 1826 was ushered in by a Pastoral Address, in which the vicar inculcated upon all, most affectionately, the duty of family prayer, with the due observance of the Lord's Day, and made some apposite remarks upon the financial crisis then desolating the metropolis. The weather soon after became very severe, and the poor suffered greatly. A prompt appeal was made, and the congregation at St. Mary's readily responded by a collection of 100%, an amount unknown in Islington before that day, and approaching to what had been usual at St. John's. The amount then contributed formed the nucleus of a "Benevolent Fund," which was doubly blessed, in opening first the hands of the rich, and then the hearts of the poor. In after years this expanded into "District Visiting Societies," operating over the whole parish.

Hitherto, all had gone well; and "peace and charity," in accordance with the vicar's desire and prayer, prevailed. But now clouds began to gather. The afternoon lectureship has been already mentioned, as something independent of the vicar, and it was around this the storm burst forth. The lectureship was not, strictly speaking, endowed; but it was customary to send round a collector every year, and each parishioner subscribed what he pleased. The amount of course was variable; but it generally averaged 100% a year; and since no duty in the week was required, the appointment was deemed, in many respects, an eligible one. At this time it was held by the Rev. Mr. Denham; and on the rumour of his intended resignation, the whole question was opened; causing a wide-spread agitation which lasted for five months.

At the first vestry which met to consider the subject, the vicar, having entered his protest against any encroachment upon rights appertaining to himself alone, agreed to be guided by the law of the question; and promised, that if the appointment was legally vested in the parishioners,

he would not withhold his pulpit from the man of their choice. The vestry assented to this ; but when the vacancy really occurred, many of them seemed to forget their assent. Another vestry was summoned, and a motion was made to exercise the right claimed, and proceed at once to the appointment of a lecturer. This was negatived, however, by a majority of sixty or seventy ; and it was determined to adjourn till the opinion of Dr. Lushington had been given.

The adjourned meeting was held on July 13th ; and it was conclusive. Dr. Lushington declared that in the present case, the claims of the parishioners could not be sustained, and that the vicar had the right to perform, if he pleased, all required duties in his own church. It was therefore moved in vestry that this opinion should be entered on the books, and all further action cease. Amidst much confusion, and many amendments, and attempts at adjournment, the majority stood firm ; and at midnight the resolution was carried, and the contest finally terminated.

A reference to matters of a more personal and domestic character will relieve the reader, and change the scene. The summer and autumn of this year, were spent by the vicar in retirement with his family at Guildford ; and that his reminiscences of it were pleasant, may be gathered from his own words, addressed to his daughter on an occasion which will soon require notice.

‘I shall ever remember the family comforts which we enjoyed during a residence of six weeks in a house which we hired at Guildford for the benefit of our children’s health. Your mamma was tolerably well ; a pious clergyman in the parish church, delighted and edified her by his discourses ; the house was just out of the town, and situated most beautifully ; a few excellent friends made the neighbourhood agreeable ; and the vicinity to London allowed of my going backwards and forwards for my Sunday duties. Your dear mamma has frequently walked up and down the garden, expressing her thankfulness to God for his goodness, praising Him for the health of the children, and saying, “No one can tell how I enjoy a walk thus quiet and retired, with my dearest husband in such a delightful spot.”’

The family left Guildford in the month of October and

removed to Clifton for the winter, and after spending a few weeks with them, the vicar returned alone to Islington for his Christmas duties. Long letters, containing the proceedings of each successive day, were regularly written, "to be read," he says, "as if I was talking with you after dinner." From these letters the following notes are taken. No words could convey more briefly, more vividly, or more accurately, the nature and extent of his work at Islington.

*'January 7, 1827.*

'We have had a delightful Sunday, and much I trust of the presence of our God. Our Epiphany sermon in the morning was from Isaiah lvii. 19; thirty-seven minutes; a crowded church and great attention. Communicants 238, being thirty-four more than last January; collection 117. It was like St. John's! In the afternoon I addressed my young people from Psalm cxix. 9, forty-nine minutes; church crammed with children and young persons, so that I could scarcely breathe; fixed attention. May God our Saviour give His blessing!'

*'Monday evening.*

'Mr. Pownall and Mr. Bainbridge told me to-day that I was given out to preach at St. John's next Sunday morning. Mr. B. Noel began there yesterday; two very good sermons; much promise.'

*'Tuesday evening.*

'At 12 o'clock this morning I went to attend Dr. Mason Good's funeral. Mr. Jerram has agreed to preach the funeral sermon. The interment was at St. Pancras. The spacious vaults illuminated with dull lamps had a solemn effect. The coffin was thrust on a tier of others. Such is the end of man as to this mortal body. Thank God, all testimonies concur in the rapid growth of spiritual life and love in his soul.

'A gentleman has sent to me from Halifax to see if I can influence Lord Liverpool about that living. Mr. Knight the vicar died on Sunday. There are 90,000 souls, and thirteen or fourteen chapelries. The living, happily for this object, is a poor one. Mr. Knight was a very pious, laborious man.'

*'Wednesday.*

'Here I am, detained by a most thorough rainy morning, with twenty-three names on my list to call on.'



*'Friday.*

\* Mr. Borrow's of Clapham came to breakfast this morning. Mr. Blunt of Chelsea, who declined Cheltenham new church, has received a present from his people of 250*l.*, with a request to preach Lent lectures this spring. Just the gracious compensation of a kind Providence for faithfulness to duty! Called on Mr. —, and had a long conversation with him about his daughter. His mind dark, prejudiced, and irritated. I said all I could to convince him, but God only can open the heart. There is a reality in spiritual religion which appears folly and enthusiasm to the world. "Oh, righteous Father," said our blessed Lord, "the world knoweth Thee not."

*'Sunday night.*

'I have got through a difficult and trying day. Two charity sermons, and each on particular topics. St. John's was excessively crowded. I preached from *1* St. John iv. 7, 8, 9, with vast delight, 50 minutes; very attentive. I commended their new minister to their love. John Bird Sumner was there, which would have made me nervous if I had known it. I think him one of the first men of his day. I trust God was with us. I have had a crowded church this afternoon for my sermon to Parents and Masters. Oh! that I may practise what I preach, more and more.'

*'Monday, January 15th.*

'I have to go to the Bible Society Committee at twelve o'clock, to Mr. Bridges' at three, to the Eclectic at four, to Mrs. Cecil's at seven. To-morrow, Church Missionary visiting committee at eleven o'clock; Mr. A. Wilkinson's, to dine at four. Wednesday, Mr. Grant's at four o'clock; Mr. Natt's, to dine at five. Friday, to Walthamstow in the morning, to a baptism in the evening. Saturday, the Duke of York's funeral sermon. Sunday, the chapel of ease in the morning, and sermon to servants in the parish church in the afternoon. On Monday I propose to start for dear Clifton, whither may God bring me in peace. I long to see you all again.'

*'ISLINGTON, Sunday evening, March 18th.*

'Another blessed Sabbath bids me record my thanksgivings to a gracious God. The church was so crowded this morning, that Farley says four hundred persons went away.

Subject, The sin of our first parents. On Friday last it was the first lecture on the Creed. Oh! for more impression on my own heart. I heard Mr. Wolfe twice, and travelled with him from Oxford to Reading. There was a great crowd to hear him at both places; I was both pleased and edified.'

*'Monday morning.*

'My excursion by Reading was curious. I met Marsh, Hawtrey, and some other friends, at John Hill's at Oxford on Wednesday. They urged me so much to take the Reading meeting on my return, that I consented. I left the Hills with Mr. Wolfe at seven o'clock, breakfasted with about twenty brethren at Basildon (19 miles), attended the Jew's meeting at twelve o'clock, dined at five, set off for London with Marsh and Hawtrey at six, took tea at Salt Hill at eight, and was landed by them at my own door about twelve. The Vice-Chancellor has requested me to preach the Assize sermon before the Judges in July. This is important, as taking off the ban which I was under, since the refusal to allow my sermon on Regeneration to be printed at the university press.'

*'Monday.*

'I am just returned from a six hours' parish walk. I have been breakfasting with Mr. Ayre, where I met Bickersteth and Irving—the last I liked amazingly. I then accompanied them to church to stand godfather to Mr. Ayre's son.'

*'Tuesday morning.*

'I drank tea last night with Mr. and Mrs. Jeaffreson and their twelve children, all of whom are well. They are the finest family I almost ever saw. My mother and sister went with me, and with the four servants at prayers we made twenty. I afterwards spent an hour with dear Bickersteth, to talk over the appointments to my new churches. At ten o'clock this morning I had our Missionary and Jew's meeting. There were about sixty ladies present. I reported the state of the "local schools"—nine schools and 256 children. I also mentioned the Visiting Society. We sang two psalms; all was most delightful. At six o'clock I went and made visits, and returned home about nine.'

*' Wednesday.*

"I went at 11 o'clock this morning to hear the Bishop of Chester (Dr. Blomfield). It was a most excellent and spiritual sermon, on the Martyrdom of St. Stephen—tender and energetic. I called afterwards on Mr. Scholl, and went on to Lord Galway's in Lower Brook Street—very kind—wants us all to go down to Serlby for a long visit this summer. I went on, and saw dear Miss Monckton for a few minutes; sat half-an-hour with the Misses Powys; and then went to my nephew, Henry Bateman, to consecrate his new house.

*' Thursday morning.*

'There is a most curious list in to-day's paper of those present at the Bishop of Chester's sermon. It is strange that I did not see one of the many persons so named. I am advised to build a library at the side of my house, but I must wait and think over it. I am so tired of houses and building, and I see the end of life so near, that I am quite easy and indifferent about a house in this world. May the "house not made with hands" be ours. To-night my sister comes in to prepare tea and coffee for fifty gentlemen. Monday is the Eclectic. Tuesday I go to Hampstead. Wednesday is our annual Clerical Education Society meeting. Pray for me, for I need daily blessing and grace.

*' Wednesday, March 28th.*

'We have had a most charming meeting of our Clerical Education Society; the best we ever had, though our number was small—about forty. The Bishop of Lichfield, Lord Teignmouth, Sir R. H. Inglis, Cunningham, the Noels, Sibthorpe, and others. The spirit was delightful. We had extraordinary comfort in the communion of saints. Really these little meetings are most cheering. One gentleman gave us one hundred guineas.'

*' March 29th.*

'Sir C. S. Hunter was at the meeting yesterday, and most kindly undertook to be my conductor at Easter, when I preach before the Lord Mayor, and dine at the Mansion House. You may imagine what a relief this is to my mind. I dined at four o'clock with poor Mrs. G——. At six

o'clock I left for Highbury, where I called on Mrs. Hilbers, and then drank tea with the Wormalds, who delighted and interested me extremely. I had a tremendous walk home, through a fierce storm of wind and rain. This morning at 11 o'clock I went to the consecration of Hagglesstone Church in the parish of Shoreditch. Archdeacon Pott preached a pious useful sermon. It was just four o'clock when I got home, very tired. I sat almost all the day with Mr. Norris of Hackney. He told me three things, which gave me vast pleasure—that the Confirmation begins April 30th, that Islington is one of the churches in which it will be held, and that the end of May or beginning of June is fixed for us. What delights me is, that instead of going to Hackney, which was usual, the Bishop will come to our parish church. I look upon this as an immense blessing. We shall have, I doubt not, three times the number of young people. May the Holy Spirit be poured out abundantly upon all classes of my dear parishioners, and upon ourselves.

*'Sunday evening.*

“A most fatiguing day; for the Bishop's letter about the confirmation came on Saturday, and I read the notice, and took the Communion Service myself. My curates and I spent two hours on Saturday in consultation and prayer on the means of making every use of this great occasion. I finished, this morning, my little course of sermons on the “Fall of man,” from Gen. vi. 5, 6. I hope it has been the most useful topic I have yet touched. The crowds and attention have been surprising. May God give the increase! There were two hundred and two communicants. God has carried me through the day. My mind is full of thought and prayer. •Divine Saviour! Grant us thy Holy Spirit more and more.’

*'Monday morning, 9 o'clock.*

‘I have been breakfasting at 7-30, have had prayers, and settled all my accounts. And now before I enter on the hurries of the day, I write a few lines to you, my son Daniel. The account of your dear mamma much distresses me. I am quite anxious to have you all back as soon as possible after the first of May. My own visit is very uncertain, now that the confirmation is fixed for May 21st. I mean to come down, if possible, for a few days, but shall neither preach

nor visit any where. I am determined to be quiet, and comfort my own dear family, if I do come.'

*'Monday night, 11 o'clock, p.m.'*

'I am just returned from Miss Monckton's, where at dinner I met Mr. Sandford, Captain Gambier, Mr. and Mrs. Dore, all pious persons. The conversation was really most delightful. We had prayers, and I expounded for twenty minutes part of the prophet Isaiah. But I had nothing save a hard biscuit from eight o'clock in the morning, and was quite famished. I meant to have had luncheon, but for three hours I was cooped up in the Bible Society committee room, grieved, distressed, afflicted, with the spirit of a few men. The only good I got was the frank which encloses this.'

*'Friday morning.'*

'I have had a delightful night's rest, enjoyed my Hebrew chapter, breakfasted, read my section of Shepherd's incomparable work on "Private Devotion," had family prayers, and am now setting to work on my confirmation duties. Mr. Marshall and I have called on Mr. Oldershaw, the vestry clerk. Nothing could be more good-tempered. He expects a great contest in the parish on Easter Monday. Mr. Percival junior is to be in the chair. The churchwardens are not settled. Mr. John Cattley and Mr. Middleton have been thought of. I am satisfied it is better I should not be there. I have been also to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, where I met a good many friends, and reported my opinion on a book which had been referred to me. I warmly approved of it. I saw Mr. Hodson of Birmingham. He walked away with me, and we have had an hour's friendly chat.'

In the midst of all these busy scenes, a heavy trial was approaching—the heaviest trial of his life. It was impossible to allude to it in the earlier chapters of this work, where his "Family Life" was briefly touched upon, for the impression would have been too deep, and it would have been in vain to ask the reader afterwards to realise him as a happy husband, and surrounded for many years with all the comforts of a cheerful home. This is the place to tell how God visited him, and took away the companion of his

youth, and the affectionate counsellor of his riper years. The details now to be given are taken from an account drawn up by himself (to which reference has been already made), for the benefit of his only daughter, then too young to be able to appreciate her mother's admirable qualities. It is in manuscript, and was written whilst his grief was yet fresh, and every impression of the closing scene most vivid.

For some years Mrs. Wilson had been an invalid, and most probably a great sufferer. But she never complained, and no particular apprehensions were excited till about the month of April, 1827. Her husband's engagements have been just described, and they occupied him so entirely, that, as he says, he "was, perhaps, less quick in taking alarm than he should otherwise have been." But immediately after his Lent Lectures were delivered, and his Easter sermon preached, he hastened down to Clifton to judge for himself. He was received joyfully, and the excitement which followed went far to allay his apprehensions. But this was merely temporary. The vital powers were failing, and medical skill was unavailing for their restoration. A return home was the only remedy: and this was accomplished in easy stages by means of an invalid carriage. She thus arrived in Islington on the first of May, and was borne by her husband and the attendant to that couch from which she was to rise no more. Home inspires hope: but in her case complicated maladies pressed heavily upon the springs of life, and the frail body was weighed down with languor and weariness. Her soul however sought refuge in God, and turned at once to the work of self-examination. That peculiar earnestness of purpose, that lowliness of mind and distrust of self, that reliance upon Christ, and patient submission to the will of God which had characterised her through life, were manifested in the hour of death. In the stillness of that first night—her husband being the only watcher—she was heard communing with God and her own soul:—

"Perhaps I am dying. Am I prepared? I know I am a sinner: but I know that Christ is an Almighty Saviour. He can save the vilest, the vilest, the vilest. Oh, Lord! prepare me for all Thy will. I do desire to say, Not my will, but Thine be done. Oh, Lord, what are my sufferings

compared with Thine ! O give me resignation, and prepare me for glory. Oh, take me to glory. Delightful ! Receive me to glory. But Thy will be done."

The progress of disease was gradual, and for three days she was able to express her wishes, and make such family arrangements as she desired ; all having reference to her children. But on Sunday, May 6th, a change took place, and pressure on the brain seemed to threaten insensibility, and forebode death. The slightest noise gave pain ; but prayer seemed ever rising from the heart, and murmuring on the lips. The medical man entered her room : she started and looked surprised. " I thought I was dying," she said, " but God's will be done : that is all my desire."

Early in the morning of May 7th, her husband entered the room, and standing by the bedside, bent over her in silent sympathy. She opened her eyes and recognised him at once. All the tenderness of her early love seemed to gush forth. She lifted up her wasted hands, stroked gently and repeatedly each side of his face, and whispered, " Dearest creature !" adding, " do not excite me ; say something to calm me." With tearful eye and quivering lip he named that name which is above every name—" Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." It found a response in the heart. " That is beautiful," she replied. To her sister-in-law, who was soon after at her side, she said, " Perhaps I may not be alive long." " And if not, " was the reply, " you will be in Heaven." " Ah, yes," she said, " that will be far better."

Her thoughts still clung to her children with the tenderest love. Their temporal and eternal welfare was very near her heart ; and when all was silent in the room, her voice was often heard ascending up to Heaven in earnest supplications on their behalf.

" My dearest love," said her husband on coming in, " you will soon be with Jesus." " *To see Him :*" was her brief but weighty answer.

Soon the power of articulation began to fail, and the notice of external things to lessen. All stood around the bed ; husband, children, sister, servants. She noticed no external

thing, but still held communion with her God. "Lord have mercy on my soul! Succour me in Jesus Christ. In sickness and in dying, oh, succour and save. Lord, let me enjoy Thy presence for evermore. I have no merits in myself, but my reliance is on Christ. Lord, save me in Christ Jesus. I do love Him. Though I am a sinner, save me for His sake."

These were the last connected words. A few fragments only of love and piety could afterwards be gathered. "Lord, teach submission:"—"no more sin:"—"sing with joy:"—"dear John:"—"dear Dan:"—"resignation:"—"SAVIOUR!"

Till the afternoon of Thursday, death lingered, and on that day, May 10th, at one o'clock, she ceased to breathe, and her spirit returned to that Father who gave, and that Saviour who redeemed it. She slept in Jesus: whilst friends knelt round her bed, weeping, yet sorrowing "not as others who have no hope." She was interred in the family vault under the parish church of Islington. The funeral sermon was preached by the Dean of Salisbury: and then the bereaved husband set out once more on the journey of life, a solitary and widowed man. He had lost one who had been a help-meet for him; his counsellor in difficulties; his comforter in sorrows; his nurse in sickness. He never ceased to think of her with true affection, nor to speak of her with tender regret:—

"Indeed, it is all true," was the expression of his first letter after the event: "I have lost the companion of my youth, the partner of my joys and sorrows, the mother of my children, the guide of my Christian course. My sorrows flow deeply, and must flow, so long as I remain behind. But I hope I do not murmur. I hope I desire to say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' I hope I am grateful for four-and-twenty years of peace, and union, and comfort. I hope I bless God for the delightful testimony to her Saviour which she bore in life and death."

But we must not linger at the grave. God's purposes in the affliction may not be clearly seen; but it looks like the loosening of a tie which might have held him in England, and prevented twenty-five years' service to the Church in



India. We are, however, sure that all things work together for good to those that love God : and that the "thorn in the flesh" brings the "grace sufficient."

Mr. Wilson was not prostrated by the stroke, as some men would have been. His heart was sad, but duty called, and he at once obeyed ; and thus his mind recovered rapidly its accustomed tone. The confirmation had been going on in his parish, and more than seven hundred young persons had renewed the vows of their Baptism on that occasion ; and it was now his anxious concern to prepare them for the full communion of the church in the Lord's Supper. He preached a sermon on the subject, and invited them to come to him for previous instruction. They responded to his invitation, and came in large numbers. Writing to a friend on June 9th, he says :—

'I have been very busy this week. The young people have come in quite as fast as I could expect, considering the solemnity of the engagement, and the difficulty young persons feel at coming to a minister. We have had about one hundred and eighty ; which will soon be increased, no doubt, to about three hundred before the Communion days. There is a great impression on all minds. Most of those who come to me are in tears, and a spirit of inquiry is diffused throughout the parish.'

After preaching before the Judges at Oxford, on July 26th, he retired into the country for rest ; and his house was given up into the hands of the workmen. Ever since his accession to the living he had been endeavouring to arrange for the purchase or erection of a suitable vicarage, but without success. He now abandoned the idea, and contented himself with enlarging his present house, and adding to it a magnificent library thirty-five feet long, twelve feet wide, and sixteen feet high. When finished, this library was his delight. Ten thousand volumes covered the walls in double rows, and he sat in the midst, presenting a striking contrast to the time when he shared one little room with a brother curate, at Chobham, and had a few books scattered on the floor below and the bed above. The picture of him as seated in this library will be familiar to surviving friends. They will remember the few winding stairs leading downwards, and affording the first glance of him, seated at the table by

the fireside, immersed in papers, and "diligent in business." They will recal the hand, writing till the very last moment, the uplifted face, the troubled look brightening into a smile, the hasty rise, the kindly greeting, the chair turned round, the fire stirred, and the pleasant converse at once begun; or else the face retaining still its impression of thought, the mind refusing to relax and throw off its occupation, the standing welcome, the pen retained, the excuse pleaded, the business hurried over or postponed, the not unwilling farewell, and the chair resumed before the baffled visitor had closed the door. Both these pictures will rise alternately in the minds of friends, and be associated with the room where so many of his hours were passed in study, where his family assembled for daily prayers, where his own morning and evening devotions were held, where friends joined in conference, where his annual Clerical Meetings gradually swelled in numbers and importance with every returning year, where his district visitors and missionary collectors were received, where his farewell breakfast parties were given, and from whence through the opened windows he was wont to seek a few minutes' air and exercise in the garden in the intervals of his work. Alas! the place that once knew him, will know him no more for ever. But he lives in his son; and his name will be held in "everlasting remembrance."

When these alterations were finished, and before the year 1827 had closed, he invited his mother and sister to make his house their home: thus lightening his cares, and cheering that solitude, which during the absence of his sons at college and his daughter at school would soon have become oppressive. Here, sheltered by his roof, comforted by his presence, and refreshed by spiritual intercourse, his aged mother spent her last days in contentment and tranquillity. On June 3rd, 1829, she departed this life, without a care and without a fear; only desiring to be with Christ, as something "far better." Her intellect was clear and her affections strong till the last illness, and then her "end was peace."

The year 1828 found the vicar thoroughly engaged in parochial duties. There were now three full services in the church on Sundays and great festival days, and one in the week; besides morning prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and Saints' days. An early sacrament at eight o'clock, in

addition to the usual celebration, had been also commenced; and the occasional duties were very heavy. A large proportion of these were, of course, discharged by his curates, but the vicar at this time preached regularly three times a week, and in addition to many public calls, was occupied in various matters of local importance. In the early part of the year he was invited by a requisition, bearing the names of an hundred and twenty parishioners, to preside at a public meeting for the formation of a "Mutual Assurance Society." He willingly complied with the request, and a Society was formed in the month of February, which, though it promised well, did not take root. In April, and for many months afterwards, he was much occupied in endeavouring to change the day on which Smithfield market was held, and which interfered with the sanctity of the Lord's Day in his parish; but his efforts were unsuccessful. In the month of May he established the Islington Association for the Church Missionary Society, which, at first a small stream, now pours into the reservoir of the parent society nearly one-fiftieth part of their whole supply. But the chief point of importance which engaged and interested him during this and the following year, was the completion and consecration of his three new churches. Mr. Barry, late the distinguished Sir Charles Barry, had been appointed sole architect, and under his skilful management, all had progressed satisfactorily. St. John's Church, Holloway, was the first completed. It had one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two sittings, of which seven hundred and fifty were free. The site had been given by the Corporation for the relief of the widows and orphans of Clergymen, to whom it belonged. The total cost of the church was 11,890*l*. The first stone was laid with much ceremony on May 4th, 1826. The Archbishop of Canterbury was present, with the Bishops of London and St. Asaph, the Lord Mayor, and a large body of clergy. A long procession wound its way from the parish church, where divine service had been celebrated, to Holloway, accompanied by a great display of banners and masonic emblems; and when the business of the day was ended, more than a hundred of the parishioners sat down at Canonbury Tavern to a dinner, over which the vicar presided. This church was consecrated by the Bishop of London, on July 2nd, 1828.

The church at Ball's Pond followed. It was dedicated to St. Paul, and constructed for one thousand seven hundred

and ninety-three sittings, of which eight hundred and seventeen were free. The site was obtained from the Marquis of Northampton at a nominal price; and the whole cost was 10,947*l*. The first stone was laid September 5th, 1826, and the church was consecrated by Bishop Blomfield, on October 23rd, 1828.

Trinity Church was the largest of the three, and was built on land belonging to the parish. It had two thousand and nine sittings, of which eight hundred and fifty-eight were free. The whole cost was 11,535*l*. The first stone was laid July 15th, 1826, and the consecration took place March 19th, 1829.

And thus the great design was accomplished which the vicar had so much at heart, and which had cost him so much care and thought. For an expenditure of 12,000*l*., the parish was enriched by three large and noble churches, which in reality cost more than 35,000*l*. So strictly was the original pledge kept, and so carefully were the funds husbanded, that on the completion of the whole design, a balance of 100*l*. was placed at the disposal of the parish, and presented to the vestry clerk. A complete set of communion plate of the value of one hundred guineas was presented by the vicar to each church in succession on the day of consecration. Efficient ministers were appointed; large congregations soon assembled; and the spiritual wants of Islington were for the time supplied. How the precedent thus set has been followed, and men have felt their spirits stirred by the example; how the churches in the parish have increased and multiplied; how the machinery of schools, lecture-rooms, and associations of all kinds have gathered round them; how legal districts have been assigned; how the patronage has been most disinterestedly vested in trustees:—all these points belong rather to the ecclesiastical history of Islington than to this biography. As for the vicar, his “three churches in Islington” were in his heart, and often on his lips, to his dying day: nor was he ever forgetful how much the successful result was due to the generous help of his parishioners, and the liberality of Her Majesty’s Commissioners.

Nothing now seemed wanting to complete the ecclesiastical machinery of the parish, but a school for the upper

classes, offering a first-class education at a moderate charge, and combining, or attempting to combine, the discipline of school with the comforts of home. The preliminary steps were taken towards the close of the year 1829; and on the 20th October, 1830, the Bishop of London opened an institution which soon attained, and still maintains, a high reputation in the neighbourhood, and at the Universities.

This successful working of the parish did good beyond its own immediate limits. Clergy and laity of many different views were looking on, and saw the combination of Evangelical doctrine with Church order carried fully into practice. The same might have been seen doubtless in many other cases, but the individuals were less prominent and the parishes less populous. The effect was good. Points of agreement were increased—points of difference lessened. Instead of standing far apart, churchmen were drawn together; and when the threatening aspect of the times compelled them to join hands, they did it with less reluctance. Their words were more kindly, their union was more sincere, their feeling more hopeful. In producing this effect, the Vicar of Islington had indirectly his full share.

An acute observer, occupying at this time a high post, which he has since exchanged for one much higher, writing to a friend at the time, says:—

“Many circumstances have occurred in these days to draw well-intentioned men together. They know one another better, and have seen how much sincerity and good feeling may often exist among those who espouse very opposite sentiments and measures. Daniel Wilson’s doings at Islington must have wrought much conviction. Simeon’s donation to India has brought him into favourable notice. And these leaders in their own party must have seen much to admire amongst persons whom they have been used to look upon as enemies.”

The vicar’s parochial engagements did not prevent his continuing to take an active part in public matters affecting the Church at large. The anniversaries of the great religious societies in May were regularly attended, and the discussions raised on the constitution of the Bible Society from time to time were viewed with much interest and

anxiety. On each occasion he took part with the Committee: but when, as in the case of the exclusion of the apocrypha from the society's Bibles, the matter was decided against them, he cheerfully acquiesced. Upon the question of instituting a test which should exclude from membership all but believers in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, his opinion was decided. He would have no such test. He attended the public meetings in the year 1831, and when Lord Bexley's voice failed to reach the audience and quell the tumult, he was the spokesman on his behalf. He conveyed his Lordship's sentiments to the meeting, and added a few pithy words of his own. Writing briefly upon the matter afterwards, he says:—

‘In truth the making of a test for the Bible Society is impracticable. Carry the rule to-morrow, and in effect you gain nothing; for you cannot guard against hypocrites and worldly men, who believe nothing of our Lord's divinity; and you break up the Society—which stands firm on God's BLESSING, and on the certainty that no body of men will in the long run circulate the Bible, but those who love the Bible and the Divine Saviour.’

But the society which chiefly interested him at this time, because almost wholly dependent upon his exertions, was called “The Newfoundland Society.” It had fallen into the lowest possible state of depression. A debt of 1700*l.* weighed it down: all public appeals had failed: the committee was disheartened: the secretary had resigned: and the society was on the verge of extinction. Mr. Wilson came to the rescue; and his energy, activity, and influence were, as usual, crowned with success. Friends, public and private, were enlisted in the cause, churches were thrown open and collections made at his request, public meetings in all parts were held, Mr. Marshall was associated with him and eventually made secretary, the debt vanished, an adequate income was secured, and the whole scheme placed on a firm basis. How this was accomplished may be partly conceived from the following extract of a letter written, October 15th, 1831, from Cromer, in Norfolk:—

‘I have had a taste of THE FRIENDS in their sweetest and purest form. I see much to love, much to admire, much to imitate;—but nothing to alter my long-fixed

opinion, that with a National protestant church established by the Divine goodness in my country, and holding no fundamental errors, it is my duty to be in communion.

‘The Friends, if spread over a fallen world, would extinguish Christianity—her doctrine—her sacraments—her ministry of the word. But the Friends, scattered in small bodies in the midst of a National Church, may do much service, may quicken spirituality—diffuse love—rebuke worldly habits—recall to primitive simplicity. There is no body of Christians from whom you may not learn something important if the heart be teachable and humble.

‘I left Lynn on Tuesday morning, October 11th, dined at Massingham, and preached in the evening for the Newfoundland Society. After six hours of gigs and rain, I came on here to the Bible meeting. John Joseph Gurney spoke admirably, and all was harmonious. We sat down to dinner at Earllham at six o’clock, sixty-four in number. Mrs. Amelia Opie was on my one hand, and Mrs. Upcher on my other. After dinner I was called on to address the company, and I read an important letter I had just received from (Dr. Turner) the Bishop of Calcutta. At the close I mentioned my Newfoundland Schools, as standing between the heathen and our home population. Mr. Gurney instantly proposed a little collection from the company present. I went round with a water-glass. Another friend did the same. We gathered more than 15*l*., besides four annual subscriptions of a guinea each. I go back to Norwich to-morrow for three sermons. Hard work!’

His motives may be gathered from another letter, written at Brighton:—

‘Here I am, an evangelist as usual. Three charity sermons preached by others at home, gave me the Sunday for Brighton and the Newfoundland Society.

‘To preach the good old Gospel in the good old way—to establish wavering souls—to win back by love wandering shepherds—to protest against errors and heresies—to hold up a Crucified Saviour in the novelty-hunting spiritual Church—these are the high duties which I seem to have been called to, the last six months. The Newfoundland Society is a new peg on which all these things hang; and here Mr. Marshall and I go on like brothers, without neglecting anything at home: and as the whole little Society

rests on us, we are in a position most advantageous for preaching, expounding, exhorting, as opportunity occurs. ,

‘Throughout life I have found the Lord leading me in ways I knew not : and after my serious illness nine years since (which was to prepare me for Islington), I have never had such health as for the last year.

‘What I most lament is the remaining corruption of an evil heart, unbelief, pride, vanity, selfishness, self-will; the masked batteries of Satan. A few things I have always found important : to be cautious in adopting new notions, however plausible : to be fearful of persisting in a course of temptation, if entered upon : to be much on first principles as to the heart : to be quick in taking warning of conscience, or of a friend, or of the falls of others : and to keep close to the whole Bible in its simple obvious meaning.’

The wisdom of all this needs not to be pointed out. Nor is it to be wondered at, that under such advocacy, the Society renewed its strength. After a sustained period of usefulness alone, a union was formed with the Colonial Church Society, and from this union arose the “Colonial Church and School Society” of our day, which has already taken a high position, and promises to be extensively useful.

But now the private Journal, to which such frequent reference was made in the earlier part of this work, and which was discontinued in the year 1807, becomes once more available. It will draw aside the veil, and show the “chambers of imagery” in the heart. No one can read its words of deep abasement; its confession of indwelling sin; its devout aspirations and earnest supplications, without perceiving that it was written as in the very presence of the heart-searching God. The feeling of the writer seems ever to be that expressed by Job : “I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear : but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.” The entries are not exclusively given to self-examination and self-dedication, but occasional references will be found to parochial matters.

The first entry is as follows :—

‘*Jan. 12th, 1830.* Twenty-three years have passed since I wrote in this journal. I can scarcely say why. I believe that I ceased to write because pride gradually increased, and



I could not even describe the state of my soul without some inflation, which spoiled all.'

He then goes on to mention some of the family and personal incidents which had occurred during this long interval, and which have been, for the most part, embodied in this work.

'*June 21st, 1830.* I scarcely know how to describe the state of my soul, so grievous are my spiritual maladies! Oh, my God, what can I say to Thee? Thou knowest all the secret recesses of my heart: nothing is hidden from Thee. Thine eye penetrates through every disguise. This very day Thou hast seen everything that has passed through the thoughts, the imagination, the lips, and the actions of Thy servant. I acknowledge, I confess all. I prostrate myself before Thee, O my God; I humble myself in dust and ashes. I pray Thee to make me sensible of my guilt, and to work in me that true and sincere repentance which needeth not to be repented of. Forgive my sins through the merits of the death of Jesus Christ my Saviour. Grant complete reconciliation with Thee. Renew my heart by Thy Holy Spirit,—that Spirit of grace and supplication promised by the prophet. I ardently desire to love Thee, to obey Thee, to seek my happiness in Thee—in Thee alone. Grant me grace to lay aside every weight, and to follow Thee faithfully.

'God's blessing has been abundantly vouchsafed to me in my parish. Last Friday we formed an Association for the better observance of the Lord's Day. On Monday we formed another for visiting the poor. Both will prove of great importance.

'On Thursday the Rev. Mr. Rose died: and I have given the chapel-of-ease to Mr. Hambleton, who has served it for the last year.'

'*July 1st.* To-morrow, if it pleases God, I shall complete my fifty-second year, and enter my fifty-third. What should be my resolutions for the new year? Tell me, O my soul, what I ought to do, as it respects my private devotions, my ministerial work, my children, religious societies, and the Church of God—

'1. My private devotions ought to be more regular,

- ‘ forwent, and spiritual: above all, I ought to study the Bible more humbly and prayerfully.
- ‘ 2. My ministry demands more simplicity, sweetness, tenderness of heart, spirituality, fidelity, boldness.
- ‘ 3. My children require my prayers, my example, my instructions, and a steady consistent walk.
- ‘ 4. The Societies need carefulness to avoid divisions, and to keep from needless interference: all must be open, straightforward, wise.
- ‘ 5. The Church of God wants a heart full of charity, a single eye, and the simplicity of Jesus Christ in all things.

Give me, God, the needful grace.’

‘ *Dec. 31st, 1830.* The year ends this day. What is the state of my soul? Oh, Thou, who knowest the hearts of all men, make me to know myself, to humble my soul before Thee, to seek Thy divine consolations, to pledge my powers anew to Thy service.

‘ In the coming year, may I pray more fervently, study the Bible more diligently, watch over my heart, repose more entirely on the operations of grace, read fewer idle and worldly books. God help me! God prepare me for death and eternity!’

‘ *July 3rd.* To-day I enter on my fifty-fourth year. I would now consider the way in which I have walked, and the duties to which I have been called.

‘ But the mercies of my God and Saviour must never be forgotten. Ah, that Divine mercy is infinite! It has kept me for many years, preserved me in health, and helped me in difficulties. I humbly acknowledge, Oh my God, that Thy grace has never failed. I acknowledge Thy goodness and loving-kindness. Oh, that my heart was faithful—full of grace and full of gratitude. But I must needs confess my sins, and the corruption of my heart. My Saviour, how odious must I appear before Thee! Pardon me. Cover me with Thy perfect righteousness. Surround me with Thy merits, Thy obedience, Thy death. Let Thy Spirit, Oh! Saviour dear, fill me, purify me, console me, strengthen me. I would begin this year with new resolutions, stricter rules of life, more heavenly affections, simpler

and purer objects. Give me, my Saviour, grace to walk before Thee in a plain path.'

At the time when these entries were inserted in the vicar's journal, all Islington was in an uproar. Some unintentional error had been made in the election of the parish trustees under the local Act, and the occasion was taken by the discontented party, to attempt to regain dominion. Their rallying cry was "Opposition to the Vicar;" and the party spirit which seemed to be laid, rose up again and strove. The vicar had nothing to do with the error which had been committed, and the whole matter could affect him only indirectly. His friends, therefore, anxious to spare him, kept him out of the thick of the contest. Several vestry meetings had to be held, over which Mr. Woodward, in his official capacity as Senior Churchwarden, presided in the absence of the vicar. He was well supported. The reluctance of the vicar's friends to interfere in parish matters had been thoroughly overcome, and they were ready to exert the influence which properly belonged to them, and which, when exerted, was irresistible. Their nominees were all chosen, and appointed trustees for the next two years. This result was favourable, but it had to be confirmed: and the final meeting at length drew near. The churchwarden, harassed and weary, called upon the vicar on his way, and told him all that was proposed, and all that was apprehended. Cheered by words of kindness and encouragement, he went to duty, and presided over a most stormy meeting. The minority harassed him by motions, amendments, and points of order without end. But every effort failed, and the last agitated waves subsided and sunk into quietness as the morning dawned.

The first act of the chairman when he rose, was to report proceedings to the vicar, and to congratulate him on the favourable result. He found a ready audience and a grateful auditor. "My dear sir," said the vicar, "I thought it would be even as you have said, because I know that God hears and answers prayer. The moment you left me last night, I sent for my curates, that 'two or three' might agree touching what they should ask; and when you were taking the chair, we fell upon our knees, and besought the Lord to give you a mouth and wisdom that no adversary might be able to gainsay or resist. Thus whilst you were striving

in the plain, we were praying on the Mount. And this is the result. May God be praised !”

“Ah, sir,” said the churchwarden, when giving this account with tearful eye and quivering lip ; “Ah, sir ! he was indeed a man of prayer.”

But the time was at hand when the agitations of this large parish were no more to affect the vicar. His work at Islington was nearly done, and he was to be called away. During his incumbency of eight years, a great and permanent effect had been produced. The energy of one man had aroused thirty thousand. The fallow ground had been broken up ; good seed had been sown ; and the first fruits gathered. It was for others to reap the full harvest, and enlarge the field.

It is somewhat curious, and certainly interesting, to observe how the mind of Mr. Wilson seemed about this time to be turning to the East. He had always felt and expressed great interest in the appointment of the successive Bishops of Calcutta, and in the year 1829 he invited Dr. Turner, the fourth Bishop, to visit Islington before sailing, and attend a meeting of the Church Missionary Association. He was himself in the chair, as vicar, and in his address he promised the Bishop, that if at any time Islington could give or do anything to benefit India, they were ready. The Bishop took up the pledge, and said that he should undoubtedly call for its redemption at some future time. And so it came to pass ; for his lamented death in 1831 was the call, and in 1832 Islington yielded up her vicar. But more passed than this. Bishop Turner at a private interview begged for Mr. Wilson's impressions of the duty attaching to the Indian Episcopate ; and though this request was not complied with at the time, yet when repeated in an urgent letter from Calcutta, it met with a full response, and many suggestions were sent out and thankfully acknowledged. The acknowledgment thus made contained matter of much public interest, and it was read, as occasion served, all over the country, and finally sent to the *Christian Observer* for publication. Moreover, at the suggestion of friends, he submitted it to the consideration of CHARLES GRANT, who was at that time President of the Board of Control under Lord Grey's government. This led incidentally to a renewal of that friendly intercourse with the family, which

rising honours and public life had interrupted ; and thus, under God's wise Providence, prepared the way for all that followed.

Bishop Turner's death was not then anticipated ; but when it occurred, Mr. Wilson's mind was full of India. Anxious to use the influence he possessed, in order to secure a fit successor to the vacant see, he wrote to Mr. Grant, pleading for the appointment of a man (1) of thorough and decided piety, (2) of good talents, (3) of amiable temper, (4) of some station in the Church. He soon heard that it had been offered to several clergymen of eminence : to Dr. Dealtry, Rector of Clapham, to Chancellor Raikes, of Chester, to Archdeacon Hoare : and for various reasons declined by all : and this made him fear lest the appointment should fall into inferior hands. He communicated these apprehensions to Mr. Grant, through Dr. Dealtry, and named, at their request, some other persons whom he deemed highly eligible. Having done this, the thought, he says, came into his mind as expressed in the prophet's words, "Here am I, send me;" and he wrote again to state, that if a real emergency arose, and *no one else could be found*, he was ready to go.

"I was compelled by conscience," he says, "and by an indescribable desire, to sacrifice myself, if God should accept the offering and the emergency arise. The thought first entered my mind on December 11th : I cannot tell how or why. I felt in my heart a great desire to dedicate myself to this Missionary Bishopric, if the Lord would accept me. This desire was kindled in my mind on the Sunday evening in prayer, and has continued since. I trust it was suggested by the Holy Spirit. Since that time, the pain, the waiting, the longing, which I have felt is indescribable. God, thou knowest my heart and my desire. Accept the wish to serve thee, and be glorified in me, whether by life or by death."

These aspirations carry us back to the little chapel at Homerton, where Daniel Wilson knelt at his first communion. The perfect identity of his character is at once perceived. The interval of twenty-four years might almost be obliterated ; and the feelings of 1797 be linked to those of 1831. Upon the same sacred day, the same desire for missionary work springs up. It is followed by restlessness,

anxiety, and longing. He is powerless himself, and restrained by others. Delay chastens his mind and subdues his will : and then at once obstacles of all kinds give way, and his course is made quite plain. Surely this is of the Lord, "who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

And let it ever be remembered that India was still accounted of at that time as a place of banishment from home and friends. No overland route, no Suetz railway, no electric telegraph, abridged the intervening space, or alleviated the pain of separation. And as to the Bishopric, a peculiar fatality seemed to have settled on it. Four bishops, prostrated by their overwhelming duties, or the uncongenial climate, had sunk and died within nine years ; and he who followed them must go, "baptised for the dead." And what was the appointment, speaking after the manner of men, to one in the position of Mr. Wilson ? He was fifty-four years old ; he had a full competency ; he was happily situated ; he filled a high post ; he discharged important duties ; he was surrounded by loving friends ; he exercised a wide influence :—what could the East hold out as a compensation to the man who resigned all these ? Mr. Crouch, his old tutor, who still survived, wrote to him from the quiet parsonage of Narborough, when the appointment was complete, and expressed what every one who reflected must have felt :—"The sacrifice you are making of comfort and enjoyment in your native country is disinterested and magnanimous ; and to use language which has been applied on a similar occasion, I bow myself before such heroic virtue ; or rather, I adore the grace of God in Christ Jesus, which is able to raise up such instances of it in our degenerate days."

A long period of uncertainty followed, during which his feelings varied from day to day : and it was not till March 24th that he received the following note from Mr. C. Grant :—

"I am sorry for the long delay of settlement, and am obliged to ask still further delay : but I wish very much, if possible to see you to-day before seven o'clock."

This letter led to a most important interview and con-

versation, highly honourable to both the parties concerned. On the one side was manifested a sense of the deep responsibility incurred in making the appointment, an earnest desire to choose one whose faithfulness to the truth was unquestionable, a very kind recollection of early scenes and other days; mingled with some apprehensions, lest the prompt and impulsive action so characteristic of the man of his choice should lead to difficulties amongst a fastidious Christian community, and a sensitive native population. Whilst on the other side, there appeared an entire disinterestedness, a readiness to withdraw in a moment all pretensions if it was deemed expedient, a determination to watch against natural tendencies, to act cautiously, to take time, and to use in a new position the experience gained by many years, and amidst many difficulties; combined with an independence of tone, an assertion of the supremacy of conscience, and a resolution to go unpledged as to all vital matters.'

The conversation ended with one remark on either side, as follows:—

C. GRANT.—“We shall now settle the matter almost immediately.”

D. WILSON.—“May God Almighty direct the conclusion of it to his own glory, and the welfare of India.”

From the first opening of the subject, fifteen weeks had elapsed, when the following letter was received.

GEORGE STREET, *March 27, 1832.*

“My dear friend,—I beg to offer for your acceptance, if you are so disposed, the succession to the Bishopric of Calcutta. I make this proposal with the concurrence of Lord Grey and the sanction of the King.

“I shall be very glad if you can give me your company to-morrow to breakfast at half-past nine: and you can then tell me your decision.

“Yours ever,

“C. GRANT.

“Rev. D. Wilson.”

The acceptance of the offer was signified to Mr. Grant in due course, and was followed by an interview with Lord Grey, which is thus described by the Bishop-elect:—

‘I said I was not unaware of the immense responsibility and difficulty of the administration of such a diocese as India, and that I trusted he would interpret favourably my motives and my conduct; that my object would be, by all discreet and conciliatory methods, to diffuse the pure doctrines and precepts of the Gospel amongst the population of that great empire.

‘Lord Grey said that it would be his wish and desire, that the Gospel should be diffused by all safe and proper methods; but that irritating conduct would only increase the difficulty of attaining my object. •

‘I said, I hoped I should be aware of the difference between the duties and circumstances of a private clergyman, and those of a Bishop in so vast and distant an empire:—that during thirty years I had, as a private clergyman, been battling many things, and engaged in some controversy; but that in my new and responsible station I should endeavour to act with discretion and mildness.

‘Lord Grey said he was assured of this; and the interview ended by my saying, “I hope, my Lord, you will hear nothing of me but tidings of good.”’

What had been the real cause of the long delay does not appear. Most probably it arose from circumstances entirely independent of Mr. Wilson. The only objections avowed were to some observations in his pamphlet on Bellingham, which were supposed (but surely without a cause) to suggest the idea of Reprobation, and some reflections on the clergy, deemed harsh and uncalled for, in an Anti-Slavery sermon.

When the appointment became public, the greatest interest was excited in all quarters. The Bishops gave him a courteous and cordial welcome. The Archbishop “could not but admire the sacrifice he was making, and lament the loss Islington must sustain.” • All who wished well to India and the cause of Missions were delighted. His old friends rejoiced with trembling, for they felt how uncertain was his tenure of health and life. One hundred and eight letters were received from them, full of congratulations, cautions, prayers, and affectionate counsels. As soon as the leisure of a voyage allowed, short pithy sentences were extracted from those letters, written in the blank leaves of his pocket Bible, and so arranged that a certain portion might be read each day, and the whole gone over every month. This was



done that he might keep vividly in remembrance the kindly feeling which dictated them, and the wise advice which they contained :—and there they are to this day.

But no time was to be lost. More than nine months had elapsed since the vacancy of the See ; the proper period for sailing was close at hand, and there was much to be done.

His private notes will make this manifest :—

' *April 7th.* A very busy day. I have seen Captain Cole, recommended to me by Mr. Blanshard, and have engaged my passage in the *James Sibbald* East Indiaman, to sail June 10th from Gravesend.

' I have resolved to take my daughter with me, with a native servant.

' I have received a Bengal chaplaincy from Mr. Melville, and have offered it to my nephew, the Rev. Josiah Bateman.

' I have had a delightful meeting with the clergy of the parish, which has much refreshed and strengthened my soul. Lord have mercy upon me. Lord sanctify me. Lord bless and keep me. Lord give me humility. May I know the difference between Thy judgment and that of men.'

' *April 14th.* I wrote to Archdeacon Corrie of Calcutta, to prepare for me by the end of October.'

' *April 18th.* Visited the Archbishop and Bishop of London. Considered a scheme for creating additional Indian bishops. Last night dined with Mr. Buxton. I have visited my ship at Blackwall. I find myself too much hurried and confused by a succession of engagements, which produce distraction.'

' *April 23rd.* Dined with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.'

' *April 27th.* Yesterday I drove into London, and resigned my vicarage of Islington.'

And now the day of his consecration was at hand. It was fixed for Sunday, the 29th April. He called it "the day of his espousals" to Christ his Saviour. He rose early, and made the following entry in his Journal :—

' *Sunday, April 29th, 1832, 7.30 A.M.* I am now come to

the beginning of this awful, solemn, delightful day—the day of my espousals to Christ my Saviour—the day of the renewal of my vows as Deacon and Priest, and of the additional vows of Superintendent, Overseer, and Bishop of the Church at Calcutta. Oh Lord! assist me in the preparation for this office. Aid me during the solemnities of the day. Grant me grace after it to fulfil my engagements and promises.’

At prayers with his family that morning, he expounded St. Paul’s address to the Elders of the Church at Ephesus (Acts xx.), and with deep feeling and faltering voice applied some of the verses to his own case:—

‘I also go to India under somewhat similar circumstances with the Apostle: in that “I know not the things that shall befall me there.” But his God will be my God, and his Father my Father, and therefore, “none of these things move me.”’

Accompanied by his children, his chaplain, and his early friends the Dean of Salisbury and Mrs. Pearson, he drove to Lambeth, where the ceremony was to take place. On his arrival a procession was at once formed, and proceeded to the private chapel of the Palace. A few chosen friends, with Mr. Charles Grant, the officials and the household, alone were present. An admirable and affecting sermon was preached by Dr. Dealtry. The Archbishop was assisted in the consecration by Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London; Dr. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester; and Dr. Gray, Bishop of Bristol. All was conducted with the utmost simplicity, the most perfect quiet, the deepest reverence; and the “anointing Spirit,” as invoked, seemed to be present.

On his return home about five o’clock, the Bishop of Calcutta retired to his study, and appeared no more that day. The following were his evening meditations:—

‘Lord, I would now adore Thee for Thy great grace given unto me; that I should be called to the office of Chief Pastor and Bishop of Thy Church. Oh! guard me from the spiritual dangers to which I am most exposed—pride, self-consequence, worldliness of spirit, false dignity, human applause, abuse of authority, reliance on past knowledge or

experience. Lord, give me simplicity of heart, boldness, steadiness, decision of character, deadness of affection to the world. Let me remember that the great vital points of religion are the main things to be kept constantly and steadily on my heart—then compassion, tender deep compassion for souls—then simplicity of object and abstraction from every other interfering claim—then a spirit of prayer and supplication—then the learning lessons from affliction when God sends it.’

And now began a series of engagements almost overwhelming. His mornings were given to friends, and his days to business. He almost kept open house. At each breakfast hour large parties met for social converse, mutual edification, and kindly farewells. Near relatives, old friends, his late parishioners, distinguished and honoured individuals, were then assembled, and it was reckoned that during the last three months of his stay in England, more than five hundred guests were thus entertained. To one of these parties he himself especially refers, as follows:—

‘ June 1st. I have had a most pleasing party to breakfast. Joseph John Gurney, Mrs. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Buxton, Mr. and Mrs. Hoare, Joseph Wilson of Clapham, &c., about twenty altogether. After reading the forty-fifth Psalm and praying, Mrs. Fry made a prayer; and before breakfast, during the pause, Mr. Gurney made a prayer, and again after breakfast. There was a most pleasing spirit of love, and kindness. Mr. Gurney prayed for me that I might be kept humble, contrite, self-abased, lowly in heart.’

Every Saturday afternoon there was a Clerical Meeting in his library, for exposition of Scripture and prayer; at which, now at the last, ladies were admissible.

His Sunday ministrations continued, and vast crowds assembled to hear the word at his lips, and to receive his blessing.

Just before his departure, the Eclectic Society (which has been already referred to), called a special meeting on his behalf, and the account of what took place, as given by himself in a letter to the Rev. S. G. Garrard, an old pupil of St. Edmund Hall, is very interesting:—

‘ Just before my leaving England in 1832, I was blessed

by a special meeting, where all the brethren offered me such good counsel as occurred to them :—

- ‘ 1. Mr. Simeon was present, and was especially earnest to guard me against attempting too much at once. He had spent a previous night in prayer.
- ‘ 2. Mr. J. Clayton said he had been a member for forty-nine years. He read St. John xxi. 15, 16, “Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me,” &c., and prayed for the vitality of my religion, for health and usefulness.
- ‘ 3. Mr. Ed. Bickersteth read Isaiah lxii., and prayed for discernment of spirit, knowledge of character, and judgment of suitableness.
- ‘ 4. Gerard Noel read Ephesians 1st, and dwelt on the danger of losing our spirituality when elevated : on God’s being the only author of what is good : on the nearness of eternity, and the peculiar malignity of Satan.
- ‘ 5. James Haldane Stewart proposed the hymn—

“Come let us join our cheerful songs,” &c.

which was sung ; and he then read Exodus xxx.

- ‘ 6. John William Cunningham read Psalm cxxi. : and dwelt on the importance of prayer ; on the danger of worldly and secular business and society ; and on the duty of not attempting impossibilities.’

Twenty were present, but these were the only notes forwarded and preserved.

The first week in May, all the Ministers of State resigned. Had this happened a little earlier the Bishopric of Calcutta would, in all human probability, have been bestowed elsewhere.

On May 11th, arrangements were made by the Archbishop and the Bishop of London for issuing a commission to enable him to discharge all such episcopal functions as might be required at the Cape of Good Hope, which was out of his own jurisdiction ; and he wrote to give notice of his intention to call there on his voyage to India.

On May 12th, his son was inducted into the living of Islington.

On May 16th, he had to attend the usual banquet given by the East India Company at the London Tavern. The guests were distinguished, and the entertainment superb. The bishop spoke calmly and excellently; and what he said was highly approved. In truth, ever since his elevation, his addresses had been marked by self-possession, fluency, point, and dignity: proving that one ingredient necessary for making a good speaker and a good speech, is the certainty of being listened to with interest and attention. His prayer before this dinner (always an important one) was, "Lord, I cast myself upon Thee for discretion, support, guidance, and merciful help. I am a child. I cannot speak. Be Thou to me a mouth and wisdom." His reflection afterwards was, "Lord to Thee be all the praise."

On May 18th, he attended a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel: and on the 23rd, a meeting of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, at which he made an address.

On May 19th he dined again at the Mansion House, and responded on his health being proposed.

For the last time he also addressed his old congregation at St. John's Chapel. He preached from Ephesians iii. 20, 21, and made a collection amounting to 74*l.*, for the Church Missionary Society.

He accompanied the bishops to court on the King's (William IV.) birthday, to present the usual congratulatory address; and was graciously recognised, and personally addressed.

He also accompanied the directors of the East India Company to Hayleybury, and had much interesting conversation with the chairman. He was delighted to find him favourable to the plan for the extension of the Indian episcopate, by making the archdeacons, suffragan Bishops.

June 7th, found him at Farnham on a visit to Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester. With great interest he went over the castle and chapel; and walked through the town and to the parish church, where, on taking priest's orders, he had preached. His account is as follows:—

*'Chapel in Farnham Castle, June 7.*

'Here I enter the chapel where I was ordained Deacon in 1801, and Priest in 1802. Here I would, as Bishop of

Calcutta, renew my vows, pray for grace, and devote myself again to my God and Saviour.'

But the parishioners of Islington, meanwhile, had not been unconcerned spectators of what was going on. The very day on which their vicar had received the notification of his appointment, he had written to Mr. Woodward, his churchwarden, and informed him of it: and Mr. Woodward by expressing in reply his own mingled feelings of sadness and submission, had conveyed a true impression of the feeling generally prevalent throughout the parish. This elicited a second communication.

*' March 29, 1832.*

'I am not surprised at your affectionate language of regret. But you will soon see that "He that holds the stars in his right hand, and walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks," has grace and power enough both for Islington and Calcutta. His eyes run to and fro through the earth to show Himself strong on behalf of those whose heart is perfect towards Him."

And now the wish spontaneously arose, that some memorial should be presented of the regard and affection of the parishioners towards him. A subscription was immediately commenced, and one hundred and eighty guineas having been put down, a public meeting was called, and the co-operation of all classes invited. When plans were settled, the Bishop was invited to a public breakfast at Canonbury, on June 13th. The admission was by ticket, and Mr. Woodward presided. After a courteous and able speech, recapitulating what had been done for Islington during the last eight years, he begged to present, as an acknowledgment from a grateful parish, a gold clock and silver inkstand, with suitable inscriptions upon each. It was an interesting occasion, and one calculated to make a deep impression upon all parties concerned.

The Bishop accepted the offered gift, and expressed his grateful sense of the kindness which had suggested it; and after bidding all an affectionate farewell he took his departure, and the meeting broke up. A day or two afterwards, he reiterated his thanks in a short letter, and enclosed one hundred guineas, to be expended in coals for the poor during the next winter.

On June 16th he dined at Mr. Grant's, and met Lord Grey, Lord Brougham, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of London, Lord Hill, Sir F. Adam, and other celebrities. Lord Grey delighted him by saying, that Mr. Grant had been circulating a proposition to the cabinet about suffragan Bishops in India, which he (Lord Grey) thought very reasonable.

June 17th was his last Sunday. He preached in the parish church in the morning from St. Jude 20 21; and as might be expected, the church was crowded to excess. The sermon lasted one hour and forty minutes. In the afternoon he preached at Chelsea from Colossians iii. 11; and thus ended, for the time, his ministry in England.

The following morning, Monday, June 18th, was fixed for his departure. He rose "a great while before day," and the following affecting words close and complete his journal:—

*' Monday morning, 4 o'clock, June 18.*

' I am now come to the departing moment, when I am to leave my country, my family, my parish, my friends.

' Lord, be Thou a country, a family, a parish, a friend to me, and that will make up for all. Lord, I resign myself to Thee, humbly trusting in Thine infinite power, goodness, and grace.'

## CHAPTER X.

### THE VOYAGE TO INDIA.

1832.

Portsmouth—The *James Sibbald*—Religious services—Four German missionaries—The singing sailor-boy—Studies—Correspondence—Cape Town—Visitation of the Schools—Simon's Bay—Ordination—Confirmation—Departure from Cape Town—Sickness—The Houghly—Welcome to India.

THE Bishop reached Portsmouth before his ship; so that the purpose he had formed of embarking on the instant, was frustrated. He was not alone however, neither had he been suffered to leave Islington unsaluted. Early as was the hour of his departure, a large assemblage of parishioners had collected round the house, to bid him "God-speed," and to receive his last "Farewell." Many near relations were the companions of his journey. Some old friends entertained him on the way; others greeted him at the end. The Portsmouth bells rang out a cheerful welcome, the clergy waited on him to pay their respects, and the Port-Admiral was prompt with courteous offers of service. The Bishop himself thoroughly appreciated these marks of sympathy, and readily responded to them; but his state of mind was quiet and subdued. He was not depressed, but silent; and seemed sensible of those mingled emotions of joy and sadness expressed by the Apostle when he said, "If I be offered on the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy, and rejoice with you all." (Phil. ii. 17.)

Late in the evening, the ship *James Sibbald* appeared in sight, and it was arranged that all should be ready to receive the Bishop on the following day. On June 19th, 1832, therefore, he embarked in the Admiral's yacht, and left, his native shores. His valued friend, the Rev. C. Simeon, and others, were on deck awaiting him; and the whole party retired at once to the cabin, for "comfort of the Scriptures," and commendatory prayer. The call of Abraham to leave



his country, and his kindred, and his father's house, was read; and then all knelt and were commended to the most gracious protection of Him, "who alone spreadeth out the heavens and ruleth the raging of the sea." The last kindly greetings followed; and the voyage to India began.

Into the daily occurrences of that voyage, with its early discomforts and subsequent alleviations, it will be unnecessary to enter: but a few particulars may be interesting, as presenting an entirely new phase of the Bishop's life. Amongst his fellow-passengers were representatives of almost every branch of Indian society: the civilian, the military officer, the barrister, the chaplain, the missionary. Ladies also added the charm of their presence; and the social intercourse of the ship was most agreeable.

Morning and evening prayers were at once commenced: the morning prayers in the cuddy, immediately before breakfast, when the captain and officers were present; and the evening prayers on deck (weather permitting), when the sailors not on duty and the ship's servants were welcomed.

On Sundays the whole ship's company assembled together for divine service, on the quarter-deck, which was enclosed with awnings, decorated with flags, and furnished with benches. The sound of the church bell, the gathering of the congregation, and the fixed attention on these occasions, served to recall home memories with all their dear and hallowed associations. The Bishop never preached more admirable sermons. He seemed to long to impart some spiritual gift; and his own heart being tender, tenderness characterised his words. Every one seemed impressed, and the last discourse was always deemed the best. The singing was excellent. Four German missionaries (alas! two only are still in the fields of labour, two rest with God), with grand voices, not only habitually delighted all with their hymns and ancient chaunts, ere the evening sun had set and the moon risen on the waters, but led the singing also on the Sunday with great effect. To their number was subsequently added a little ship's boy, who had an exquisite voice. A great favourite among the sailors, his sweet clear notes, when singing their sea-songs on the fore-castle or between decks, attracted attention. The Bishop was charmed, and had him taught to "sing psalms," and then he joined the choir. The Holy Sacrament was also celebrated each month, and found twenty devout communicants.

If the religious services, as thus described, seem more numerous than usual, it will be remembered that they do, but carry out the idea attaching to a large family, with its daily prayers, Sunday services, and holy communion; and it so occurred in the good Providence of God, that all the passengers on board, both ladies and gentlemen, were prepared to appreciate and enjoy the performance of those religious duties, without which the Bishop would not have been happy. Amongst the sailors he was very popular, and nothing occurred throughout the voyage to give him pain. Once when walking the deck in bad weather, a man in the hurry of duty forgot himself, and swore. "Hold your tongue," said the men about him, "don't you see the Bishop; he won't like it." At the beginning of the voyage, when the weather was bad, the wind baffling, and the progress slow, some of the grumblers—"never knew any good come of having so many parsons on board." But when a change took place, and the ship sped on rapidly—"it was all the Bishop's prayers."

The first real duty undertaken was the preparation of his Farewell Sermon for the press, with the addition of an address to his late parishioners. His reading was given chiefly to Indian subjects:—the "Life and the Researches of Claudius Buchanan;" Le Bas' "Life of Bishop Middleton;" Heber's "Journal;" Grant's "Minute," and many original documents entrusted to him for perusal before he left home. When these were ended, he betook himself to divinity, ecclesiastical matters, and history. He re-read Hooker's Works, and then took up Robert Hall, Sir James Macintosh, Sir J. Middleton. Hindustani, also, he began; but weariness of mind and nausea prevented much progress. The Hebrew Bible, as of old, and the Greek Testament, were always on his table; and the repetition of favourite hymns and long pieces of poetry were a constant recreation. How and when, in the course of a busy life, these were acquired, may excite surprise. But no man is fully known. Page after page of Cowper, Young, Goldsmith, and other authors, appeared to rise spontaneously in his memory, and were repeated with admirable effect as he took his constitutional or evening walk upon the quarter-deck.

The Bishop made no notes of the voyage: but he wrote many letters. In one to his children, he describes the routine of his daily life as follows:—

'July 26, 1832.

'We live very regularly. My day is this: I rise at six o'clock, and spend till nearly eight in my cabin; then walk for a quarter of an hour before prayers in the cuddy, when I read and comment on the prophet Isaiah; reading and writing, with occasional walks of five minutes interposed, occupy the morning till two o'clock; we dine at three; repose in the cabin follows till five; at half-past five we have evening prayers on deck, when I read and comment on the Acts of the Apostles; tea at six; then comes exercise and reading; at nine o'clock, private prayer in cabin with my daughter and chaplain: at ten o'clock I am in my cot, with light put out.'

An extract, from a letter to Lord Glenelg, will convey his first impressions of the Cape of Good Hope.

'SIX O'CLOCK, FRIDAY MORNING, *August 31, 1832.*

'We are now in full view of the magnificent Table Mountain overhauling Cape Town. No vessel bound homeward has passed us since we left England. We discovered the faint outline of the African shores yesterday morning, but the breeze failed us as we drew nearer, and it was judged prudent to shorten sail for the night. With this morning's dawn, however, the sails were again set, and by six o'clock, the whole range of mountains rose before us in gloomy majesty. Three or four series receding behind each other, and tolerably well defined by the varied shades, present the grandest prospect I have yet beheld. Even Switzerland fades in the comparison: except that the snow-capped glories of that country are wanting here. Table Mountain shrouds her top in the clouds, but the fine flat shelf for which she is celebrated is conspicuous. The sun's rays are piercing between the ravines, and gilding the superjacent clouds, thus adding the glories of contrast to the other sublimities of the scene. All is heightened by the immense mass. It is not one or two solitary rocks, but piles upon piles, till the eye is wearied in attempting to pursue them. I have torn open my letter in the hurry of joy which fills every heart, to add this before I give it to the messenger for the post. We hope to land in the course of the day. We are about ten miles distant. We have been 9033 miles, by the log, from England in ten weeks, having left the shores of Cornwall on the 22nd of June.'

The ten miles mentioned in this extract were soon overpassed, and the vessel glided with a fair light wind round Green Point, and entered Table Bay. Cape Town at once appeared in sight, and a boat put off from shore. The signals agreed on previously in England to announce the Bishop's arrival having met with no response, suspicions were aroused that the despatches forwarded a month before the *James Sibbald* sailed, had not been received. This suspicion was confirmed when the Port Captain came on board:—no intelligence had been received, and the Bishop was not expected. It only remained to make the best of this untoward circumstance, and to communicate personally with Sir Lowry Cole, the Governor. This was done forthwith, and the result was, an invitation to abide at the Government House. The Bishop therefore with his party landed at once, and was received with the utmost courtesy.

Nothing could exceed his delight at feeling once more free. He was soon walking up and down the extensive gardens attached to Government House, with a buoyancy and pleasure inexpressible. To tread upon the ground and feel it firm, was of itself exhilarating, after a period of tossing and instability. It was now spring-time at the Cape. Roses and geraniums were bursting into flower, strawberries and peas were showing their early promise, whilst the bamboo, the aloe, and banana offered shade, flowers, and fruit. Strange birds of various plumage flitted by. The crane and secretary-bird came to feed out of the hand. Children of all shades of colour stood about, whilst gardeners, black as jet, weeded the soil, or, as one said, "I smooths the floor." All this produced, for the moment, a kind of ecstasy, as contrasted with the monotony and weariness of ten long weeks at sea.

The next day was passed in preparation for the episcopal duties which were required, and in mapping out the ten days of the Bishop's contemplated stay.

On Sunday morning the schools were visited and divine service performed in the Dutch church, then used also by the English. The Bishop preached a noble sermon from the words, "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all" (Col. iii. 2), and afterwards took part in the administration of the Holy Sacrament to nearly two hundred communicants. He was

wearied with the duty, and spent the rest of the day in quiet social intercourse and family prayer.

The following days were occupied with examining all the schools in Cape Town, and especially Lady Frances Cole's admirable Schools of Industry; with consecrating ground for churches proposed to be built at Wynberg and Rondebosch; presiding at a meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; transacting some ecclesiastical business by no means free from embarrassment; and receiving the visits of the gentry, who vied with the Governor and his family in courtesy and hospitality.

In a little meeting-house at Simon's Bay, rented by the Government for 50*l.* per annum, the Bishop performed his first real episcopal act. The whole community assembled, and both the Governor and Admiral were present, whilst the Bishop confirmed sixty-six young persons, and afterwards preached from the words: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God: which is your reasonable service." (Romans xii. 1.) Many were affected to tears, and the Governor begged for a copy of the sermon for his private use. After the service, preparatory steps were taken for the erection of a church in Simon's Town: a letter was addressed to the Admiralty, and subscriptions commenced, which found the Bishop a ready contributor. All being thus put into a good train, he returned to Cape Town amidst every possible demonstration of kindness and goodwill.

Sunday was assigned for the ordination; and some necessary alterations in the only building available having been courteously allowed, at the appointed time every part of it was crowded to excess, and after preaching from the address of St. Paul to the elders of the Church at Ephesus, the ordination of the candidates was performed by the Bishop with the usual impressive services.

Monday was the last day; and though much pressed to prolong his stay, the wind was too fair and fickle to render it expedient, and a communication from the captain decided the doubt in the negative. The morning, therefore, was given to the confirmation of two hundred and forty catechumens from Cape Town, many of them old and grey-headed. An affecting farewell address followed, closing the religious services of the visitation; and then, with many tears, they

bade the Bishop God-speed, and accompanied him to the ship.

More true kindness to a stranger was never shown : and some blessing seemed to return to every bosom. The Bishop's way had been made plain before him. The word he preached came with "demonstration of the Spirit and of power." He won all hearts in social intercourse by cheerfulness and simplicity. The "secret of the Lord" in truth was with him in this beginning of his great work. The clue to all the success of his public efforts was easily traced by those who knew what passed in private communion and intercourse with God. In the closed chamber and by earnest prayer he renewed his strength. No sacred service was ever undertaken, no drawing-room ever entered, without "two or three" being called to kneel and seek preventive grace and divine guidance. Hence words of wisdom ; hence peace of mind ; hence a cheerful countenance ; hence, above all, the blessing of God, which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow. The good savour of his visit long remained, and it served as a useful preparation for the more onerous duties of Calcutta. Three hundred persons had been confirmed, two sites for churches and churchyards consecrated, four sermons preached, holy communion twice celebrated, an ordination held, a public meeting addressed, schools examined, pastoral letters to distant stations written, many valuable friends made, some charity dispensed, and a whole box of books left behind for gratuitous presentation. The ten days thus passed were, he says, amongst the most happy of his life, from "the relief, the contrast, the unexpectedness, the wide scenes of usefulness presented, and the spiritual blessings vouchsafed."

At four o'clock that afternoon the ship was again on her way to India.

Several fresh passengers had been received at the Cape ; and this, with the sight of native servants and the sound of native languages, rather broke in upon the family feeling which had hitherto prevailed. The Bishop, however, continued his studies, wrote sixty letters to old friends at home, and drew closer to the missionaries and catechists of both societies, entering with them on a course of lectures in his private cabin, as preparatory to the Calcutta ordination.

But sickness now appeared on board the ship, and death stood at the door of more than one cabin. The Bishop's

daughter, at first the comforter of a friend, became ere long the sufferer; every feeling of elation at the termination of the voyage was checked by deep anxiety; and the reception of the pilot on board on October 31st was hailed rather as a relief to the sick than as an introduction to the City of Palaces. Thus God mingled judgment with mercy, and the "bright vision" was brought down by the "overshadowing cloud!"

The ship lay tossing in the yellow waters of Saugor for many hours before the pilot dared to lift her anchor. But at length the wind, which had been raging fiercely for some days past, abated, and a steamer, coming up, took her in tow. The low mud banks of the Hooghly then came into view—the native villages—the Eastern foliage. Half naked boatmen pushed off with fruit and fish—both strange; and at length every one on board began to feel that India was enclosing them in her warm embrace.

The first welcome came from a small steamer, anchored off Kedgerce. It had brought Daniel Corrie and Dr. Mill. The Bishop had long known the former, and when his tall portly figure and handsome benevolent countenance appeared on deck, he hastened forward, embraced, and kissed him on either cheek. Dr. Mill also was heartily greeted. To hasten to Calcutta was now the pressing object. Both steamers assisted, and about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, Nov. 4th, the chain cable ran out, and the ship swung round off Chandpaul ghât. The Bishop was unwilling to land on Sunday, and therefore remained quiet: but under medical advice, the sick were removed at sunset, and sheltered in the palace, where skilful treatment soon proved effectual, under God's blessing, for their recovery.

On Monday morning, Nov. 5th, 1832, the Bishop landed under a salute from the fort, and drove at once to government house. The Governor-General was absent, but the Vice-President, Sir Charles T. Metcalfe, attended by his officials and aides-de-camp, received him at the entrance. After a kind welcome to India, and a short conversation, the Bishop drove to the cathedral, and was at once installed by Archdeacon Corrie with the customary forms. All this was in accordance with usage. About twenty clergy and missionaries were present, and were invited afterwards to meet the Bishop at dinner. He took that opportunity of making a short address, affectionate in tone, and indicative of the course he proposed to adopt in the

administration of his diocese. He had been before the Church to a certain extent, he said, for thirty years, and the principles he had always professed he should still adhere to; only endeavouring to fulfil the new duties to which he was called with the strictest impartiality. He begged their prayers, and assured them that he wished to be regarded as a brother to the elder clergy and a father to the younger.

And now the stores were gathered from the ship, the horses landed, the books arranged, the sea voyage ended, and the Indian life began.



## CHAPTER XI.

### INDIA.

1832—1834.

Jurisdiction of the Indian episcopate—Its state on his arrival—First difficulty—How settled—First sermons in the cathedral—Correspondence—Marriage of his daughter—His domestic life and personal habits—Residence at Tittaghur—Bishops Heber and Turner—Lord W. Bentinck, Governor-General—Free School—Lent Lectures—Clerical Meetings—Bishop's College—Ordinations—Confirmations—Native Baptisms—Infant Schools—Steam Communication—Begum Sumroo's Fund—The New Charter—Church-building Fund for India—Marriage and Divorce among Native Christians—Relation of the chaplain to the Government and the Bishop—The Indian climate—Correspondence.

THE jurisdiction of the Bishop of Calcutta in 1832 extended over territories which now constitute sixteen large and important dioceses; and was manifestly a burden too heavy to be borne.<sup>1</sup> It must not be supposed that he found abundant records, well-defined duties, and established precedents, as in England. On the contrary, everything was to be learnt. The palace was a blank, the correspondence of his predecessors with the government and clergy had disappeared, and the registry contained little but a list of licenced chaplains. There was nothing for him, therefore, but to fall back on traditionary knowledge, to use great caution, to take advice, to act on first principles, and to meet events as they arose. The arrears of business happily were small; but the confusion of the first few weeks was indescribable. The visits of the whole society of Calcutta had to be received, its courtesy reciprocated, and its usages adopted. Unnatural hours, rendered necessary by the climate, had to be naturalised. Contradictory opinions and advice, on every conceivable topic, had to be sifted. Sixty or

<sup>1</sup> Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Colombo, Sydney, Melbourne, Newcastle, Adelaide, Perth, Tasmania, New Zealand, Whaiapu (New Zealand), Wellington, Nelson, Christ Church, Brisbane.

seventy servants, turned loose into the house, and speaking an unknown tongue, had to be recognised and mastered. Guests were to be entertained, and sick friends watched over, nursed, and cheered. It will easily be imagined that some time elapsed before light shone upon this darkness, and order issued from this chaos.

Meanwhile duties pressed, and an incident occurred fraught with embarrassment. Immediately on his arrival, the Bishop had informed the presidency chaplains of his intention to preach in the cathedral on the following Sunday, and intimated a wish that his domestic chaplain should take part in reading the communion service on that occasion. He did this with all simplicity of heart, and in accordance with home usages; and never for a moment supposed that any objection would be raised. But in this he was mistaken. When the intimation was conveyed to the senior presidency chaplain in the most friendly manner, it was met by an immediate refusal, a denial of the Bishop's authority, and an express determination to take the part of the service alluded to, himself. This account arriving on the Saturday evening, the question was waived for the time, and the service proceeded without change. But on the following morning it necessarily came under serious consideration. The Bishop was very averse to making his first episcopal act savour of severity. It appeared unwise to call for the interference of government in a matter of spiritual jurisdiction. And above all, it was desirable to avoid an outbreak at a time when the enemies of the Church were bold and her friends timid: when Prime Ministers were bidding Bishops set their houses in order: and when every outcry in India found a loud echo in England. At the same time it was impossible to overlook what had occurred, unless all discipline was to be relaxed, and episcopal authority defied.

Apart from these serious considerations, the case did not seem to be involved in much difficulty. It was not an English question. Chaplains were not in any sense incumbents. Whatever uncertainty therefore might have attended the discussion at home, where the rights of beneficed clergy were recognised and fenced by law, there could be none in India where there were no such benefices and no such fences, but all was like an open field, and each chaplain acted under the authority of Government and by the

Bishop's licence, and was removable from place to place at a moment's notice.

The Bishop having therefore taken counsel with the archdeacon and others competent to advise, called for the attendance of the presidency chaplains, and with much courtesy and forbearance explained their position and the limits of their authority. But finding that his explanation did not produce (at least in one case) the desired effect, he called for the licences under which they were acting, and perceiving that they were of old date and appertained to other stations, he cancelled them at once, and directed others to be prepared. In these a clause was introduced, drawn by the highest legal authority in India, clearly defining the chaplains' rights whilst officiating in the Cathedral. This ended the controversy. Before the next Sunday they were summoned to take the customary oaths, and to be licenced. At the time appointed they attended, and having been again informed in precisely the same terms as before of the Bishop's wish respecting his chaplain, they acquiesced, and received their licences. Thus all was overruled for good, and in the most effectual manner the clergy of the diocese found they had a Bishop. It was a lesson they had need to learn : for in earlier days each one had been accustomed to act very independently and look to Government for guidance or indulgence : whilst the frequent vacancies of the see, and the doubtful authority exercised at such times by the commissary, had prevented the establishment of the Bishopric from being attended with its full effect.

The Bishop's first sermon had been preached in the Cathedral on November 11th, from the words, "The unsearchable riches of Christ" (Eph. iii. 8). The second was now preached from the words, "Ye are not your own ; for ye are bought with a price : therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's" (1 Cor. vi. 20). On both occasions the congregations were very large, and all the authorities in attendance. Having thus delivered his message in the Cathedral, he went round preaching in all the other churches in Calcutta and the immediate neighbourhood. He visited also Bishop's College, the Church Missionary premises at Mirzapore, Mrs. Wilson's Native Schools, the Free School, and all the other religious and charitable institutions of the Presidency. He presided over meetings of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,

and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He received a deputation from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Church Missionary Society, and accepted in both cases the office of President. The clergy were all entertained at the palace; and the missionaries and catechists assured of his unabated attachment and deep interest in their work. And having thus looked round upon all things near at hand, he cast his eyes on the distant parts of the diocese abroad. To the ecclesiastical authorities in Madras, Bombay, Ceylon, and Australia—and even to China—he wrote letters containing, as it were, the watchword of the diocese, and filled with affectionate greetings, faithful warnings, animating appeals, and wise counsels. As the mind follows such letters to their several destinations it is easy to imagine the good effect they would produce: but the attention of the reader must now be drawn for a time to home scenes and domestic arrangements, as preceding those matters of ecclesiastical business which will soon pass before the eye in long procession.

. Before the close of the year 1832 the Bishop was deeply interested by the marriage of his daughter to his chaplain. He performed the ceremony himself in the Cathedral; Sir Charles Metcalfe, the Vice-President, giving away the bride. A large bridal party was entertained at the palace; and after a short interval, he joined his children at Barrackpore, and took his first glance at the luxuriant vegetation and magnificent scenery of that country which he afterwards traversed far and wide.

He had long resolved that he would not be in India as a "wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night." It was to be henceforth his home, and he determined to surround himself, as far as possible, with home comforts, and to use all the means suggested by experience for preserving life and prolonging usefulness. He had been advised to remain for two years in Calcutta in order to become acclimated, and he acted on this advice. The house in which he lived was provided by the government, but was entirely unfurnished. On each vacancy of the see, the internal fittings fell, of course, to the executors, and disappeared. It will be seen hereafter how the recurrence of this serious inconvenience was prevented; but when the Bishop arrived in 1832, he found just so many chairs and

tables ordered in from the bazaar as sufficed to make the noble rooms look miserable.

"Why is this?" he asked of Archdeacon Corrie, to whom he had written from England, requesting him, without limit, to provide such things as were needful.

"I thought, my Lord, that there was enough to last for six months," was the reply of the Archdeacon. He had acted with all simplicity, on the impression produced by past sad experience, and had not admitted the idea that life would be prolonged more than six months. The Bishop smiled, but immediately gave the necessary orders, and in due time the palace was completely and handsomely furnished. Nothing was gorgeous, but all was good.

It was the same with his equipages. A large double-bodied close carriage with venetians all round the sides to admit the air, and a double roof to exclude the sun, was built for him. This was for Government House, the Cathedral, official visits, and all occasions which required exposure during the heat of the day. For the short journey, or the evening drive, a light barouche was found more convenient. The servants were all designated by a simple and appropriate livery common in the East. The "silver sticks," appertaining to his rank, and left by his predecessors, were put into the hands of his Hurkaru and Chobdar, and generally used. All the means were provided for entering into society, and reciprocating its courtesies. He accepted invitations, and gave parties. He always reserved to himself the privilege of retiring very early, but whilst in company he was cheerful and friendly, and his hearty laugh often ran like electricity around the table. In common conversation he could not be said to excel. Of the small coin which passes current in society he had not much, and hence the measures, more or less important, with which his mind was full, became the topics of his discourse. The names of the helpers or the hinderers almost necessarily followed; and things were often said which had better have been left unsaid. In all this he was like a man without guile. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth spoke; and he found, as many do, that repentance was easier than amendment.

A few months after his arrival he rented a most pleasant country-house, called "The Hive," at Tittaghur. To this beautiful spot on the banks of the Hooghly, about thirteen miles from Calcutta, he generally retired for two or three

days each week. He was enabled there to carry on his correspondence and transact important business, free from the incessant interruptions of the city; whilst the change of air, the flowing river, the perfect quiet, and the lovely scenery, tended to calm his mind and renew his strength.

All these things necessarily involved great expense, and in the first six months of his episcopacy he had expended 4500*l*. This was more than a year's income; for although fixed by Act of Parliament at 5000*l*., it had been reduced by some quibble in the rate of exchange to 42,000 rupees, or about 4200*l*. This expenditure, however, was foreseen and cheerfully borne. To fill with dignity the station to which he had been called—to obtain every alleviation of which the climate admitted—to be able to encounter the sun when necessary without danger—to provide a place for recreation when duties pressed—all these were as means to an end: they subserved his great object, and were done with forethought and deliberation.

Still it was soon perceived that Calcutta was like Jerusalem in the olden time. There were children sitting in the market-place, and calling one to another, and saying, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you, and ye have not wept." Bishop Heber had been blamed for neglecting etiquette: Bishop Wilson was blamed for observing it. Bishop Turner had been censured for keeping no establishment, seeing little society, being little known, and failing, consequently, in acquiring that influence which he often needed in carrying out his wise and practical measures. Bishop Wilson was accused of ostentation, for keeping open house, for using hospitality, and for acquiring in this way valuable friends and extensive influence.

But wisdom is justified of all her children.

His personal habits at this time were very simple and regular. He rose about five o'clock in the morning, and rode on a small black horse, brought from the Cape, which for a time was able to take care both of itself and its master, and by an easy amble gave air without effort. Private devotions were succeeded by family prayers in the chapel which he had himself fitted up. His chaplain from the reading-desk read the appointed lesson, and he from his seat expounded and prayed. A hearty breakfast of rice, fish, and soojee (a kind of porridge), followed. The

morning was then given to business. After mid-day he rested, and generally slept for two hours, and though business went on, he was never disturbed. Refreshed by sleep, he was ready for the afternoon dâk, and for any matters that pressed for decision. The evening ride or drive, and the late dinner followed: family prayers and evening devotions closed the day. Good appetite and sound sleep, the two pillars of good health, sustained him during the many years of his Indian course.

He was indefatigable in acquiring information. Every chaplain as he visited the Presidency, each missionary when he called on business, travellers like Dr. Wolfe from far countries, all civil and military servants with whom he came in contact, were put under contribution. No pains were spared, no opinion despised, no advice rejected. A visit to Dr. Carey at Serampore elicited many interesting reminiscences of the early Christianity of India. A visit to Russipugla gave reality to the missionary work now carrying on. A friendly conversation with Dr. Duff furnished important information on the subject of native education. All was written down at the time in a MS. book, and preserved for future perusal, enlargement, or correction. He was, in truth, thoroughly a man of business. His heart was in his work. It engrossed even his morning ride and evening drive. When others, weary with a sleepless night or breathless day, sought the early bracing air or cool evening breeze, and felt totally unfit for business, he seemed fit for nothing else, and to like nothing half so well. Join him—and the business of yesterday, the plans of to-day, the projects for to-morrow, were instantly brought upon the tapis; and matters discussed already many times, were discussed at full length once more. It was thus he developed his ideas and fixed his purposes. His mind was cleared and made up, not so much by thought as by conversation. The repetition caused him no weariness. Business was his recreation and delight.

In this he soon found one like-minded. Immediately after his arrival in India, a courteous greeting was received from Lord William C. Bentinck, the Governor-General, then absent on a tour of the upper provinces; and on the morning of February 2nd, the booming of the guns of Fort William announced his Lordship's arrival in Calcutta. On the evening of the same day, without ceremony or any intimation of his purpose, he called upon the Bishop.

Nothing could be more friendly than his first address. "I never was more pleased in my life," he said, "than when I heard of your appointment." "God grant," observes the Bishop, commenting upon these words, "that his Lordship may have no cause for regret hereafter."

The visit was returned on the following morning, and an intercourse, friendly and confidential, at once commenced. Each morning, when the Bishop cantered to the course, he found Lord William on horseback, ready for him. After a short conversation, out would come a little strip of paper, which the Bishop always carried with him, covered with ten or twenty topics for discussion. Easy matters would soon be settled, difficult ones reserved, doubtful ones dropped. Much business was thus transacted; and, though there were some attendant disadvantages, yet the result upon the whole was good; for friction was prevented, and many things were yielded as a personal favour which would have been refused to an official application.

On ecclesiastical questions there were serious differences of opinion. Both the Supreme Court of Judicature and the Ecclesiastical Establishment were stumbling-blocks to Lord William. He considered that "a great mistake had been made in introducing them into India; that the Home Judicial establishment had done decidedly a great deal of harm, and the Home Ecclesiastical establishment but little good."

"Lord William called on me," says the Bishop, "and we talked for half an hour. I asked for his support for the Church of England. He said that 'Christianity' was his object. I said, that Christianity must be propagated under some form or other, or all experience proved that it would flicker and go out. I told him, that it seemed to me evident that with a feeble people like the Hindoos, there must be creeds, a liturgy, and an established ministry, in order to give Christianity permanency and strength. I find that we differ widely about establishments; but what is that compared to a difference, which might easily occur, about the good of India, the interests of the natives, and the diffusion of Christianity, on which we are strongly agreed. Lord William reverences religion, and its sincere professors and ministers, but he has prejudices against bishops and national churches."

But the various matters of business already alluded to, which occupied the Bishop during these two years of his



residence in Calcutta, now demand attention. They may advantageously be ranged under different heads; and each topic, once touched upon, will be briefly discussed, and not again resumed.

THE FREE SCHOOL comes first in order. It was a noble institution, where three or four hundred children of both sexes were taught, clothed, fed, and trained for future life. It was founded in the year 1789, by the liberality of the civil and military servants of the Company for the benefit of the East Indian and Portuguese inhabitants of Calcutta. Nearly sixty thousand rupees were raised and entrusted to a body called the Select Vestry, and six elective governors. By the addition of the funds of an old Calcutta charity which had a similar object in view, this amount was largely increased, and in the year 1790, the sum available for the purposes of the Free School exceeded three lacs of rupees, or 30,000*l*. To the income derived from this source, a large amount was added by annual subscriptions and church collections. A grant also was made by Government, which gave it a potential voice in all matters connected with the administration of the charity.

For a long time previous to the Bishop's arrival, dissension had been brooding amongst the governing body, but it now broke out into open strife, and aroused all Calcutta. It was asserted by a body of Reformers, and as stoutly denied by a body of Conservatives, that abuses had crept in, and that the children were the sufferers. On this point issue was joined, and party spirit rose so high and raged so fiercely, that all came well nigh to a dead lock. Meeting after meeting of the most violent character was held, and soon after the Bishop's arrival, he was called upon in his official capacity, as Patron, to interfere, and see if any way of escape could be found.

Having obtained that general information which was desirable, he resolved as a preliminary and healing step, to invite all the governors to a handsome entertainment; and then, when hearts were opened somewhat, he spoke of the scandal which had been caused, and invited free discussion. At the word, all the elements of accusation and recrimination broke loose; and after three hours the one single point of agreement was only this:—that the Bishop should be requested to arbitrate in the matter, calling to his help such assessors as he might please.

Having learnt that the acceptance of the trust thus committed to him would be very agreeable to the Government, he consented to accept it; and all the documents and minutes of proceedings for many years past were handed over to him, and carefully perused. In ten days his mind was made up, and his award prepared. It involved a total oblivion of the past, and the framing of a new constitution for the future. In order to facilitate the adoption of this new constitution, the Bishop laid down his own office, and recommended all others to do the same. The assessors agreed to his award: the Governor-General approved of it: and on March 5th, 1833, the governors were again convened. The reading of the award in their presence excited a great "sensation." Some praised loudly, some listened silently; but any decision on its merits was reserved for a future day and another meeting. In the interval, discontent continued smouldering, and in order to prevent it from breaking out into a flame at the public meeting, the Bishop again invited all parties concerned to a private conference. Forty gentlemen of weight and influence, all connected with the institution, responded to his invitation, and assembled at the breakfast-table of the palace. The *coup d'état* was not promising. They at once divided into little groups, as the attractive or repulsive influence prevailed; and after breakfast there was an outbreak of ill-humour, which the Bishop himself found it difficult to restrain. The whole labour seemed to have been in vain, and the strength spent for nought. The party separated, and the public meeting fixed for the morrow, was looked to with considerable apprehension. Happily, however, the preliminary discussion had acted like a safety valve; ill-humour had evaporated; and all was harmony. Certain persons resigned office; the award was unanimously accepted; the patronage was settled; new governors were elected; and the Bishop was cordially thanked "for his kind and conciliating conduct and successful endeavours to promote peace."

All this was to the Bishop a subject of grateful praise, as every previous step had been a subject of fervent prayer. It was a rare, if not a singular instance, of successful mediation in India, and of peace made without the intervention of Government.

LENT LECTURES.—Two courses of Lent Lectures had meanwhile been going on at the cathedral, and the same plan

was continued year by year when the Bishop was in Calcutta. One course was preached on Sunday mornings, when the subject was the Fall, Corruption, and promised Restoration of man, as recorded in the book of Genesis; and the other on Friday evenings, when the subject was the Creed. This last was rendered necessary by the overflowings of infidelity, at the time. The evil had spread so far, that on the Bishop's arrival a copy of "Paine's Age of Reason" was put into his hands—one of a large edition printed by some who "professed and called themselves Christians" for the perversion of the educated and enquiring natives. The archdeacon and clergy had been compelled to print "Watson's apology" as an antidote. But the Bishop's former familiarity with the evidences of Christianity enabled him to meet the evil full front, and the plague was stayed. The congregations on these occasions increased rapidly; and for Calcutta, where every one is seated in an arm-chair, became very large. The ancient custom of counting each one present during divine service was still continued, and thus the increase from four hundred and thirty-eight to eight hundred and sixty-four during this Lent becomes a matter of record.

**CLERICAL MEETINGS.**—One of the earliest acts of the Bishop was to establish a series of clerical meetings, which he was accustomed for a time to call "semi-official synods." He had found the elements of disunion working amongst the clergy of Calcutta and the neighbourhood, and he thought that these meetings held monthly at the palace under his own eye, might have a healthy influence in promoting unity. He always prepared the invitation himself, and sometimes inserted a little reminder or remonstrance when attendance flagged. Some embarrassment occasionally arose from the conflict of opinions; and the matter became rather delicate when in the exercise of jurisdiction any of the clergy had fallen under the Bishop's censure. But on the whole the advantages preponderated over the disadvantages. Personal friendships were strengthened, and asperities softened. The clergy knew each other better, and the movements of the diocese were more clearly understood. Prayer was heard and answered, and the influences of God's Holy Spirit often abundantly vouchsafed. The average attendance was twenty or twenty-five, and the range of subjects for discussion very wide and varied. "Inter-

cessory prayer," "Early piety," "Confirmation," "The public press," "The marks of God's presence with a church," "The missionary spirit," "The use and abuse of affliction,"—such are specimens of the first topics.

The Bishop always opened the discussion himself, preceding it by a statement of measures in progress, or completed, for the welfare of the diocese. When he ceased, each clergyman present was called upon in turn to express his opinion, and thus the question went round till the hour came for adjourning to the chapel. Copious notes were taken in shorthand by the Bishop of all that passed; and these still remain, an interesting record of clerical opinions.

**BISHOP'S COLLEGE.**—This noble institution attracts the eye of every visitor to Bengal. It stands upon the banks of the Hooghly, at the entrance of Garden Reach, and forcibly recalls home scenes and happy recollections of university life. In 1832, the external buildings were complete, and the internal machinery in motion: but as yet the pupils were few, and the results poor. It was presided over by Dr. Mill, whose high reputation, wonderful memory, and stores of Oriental learning, proved admirable qualifications for the post. Of the two professors, one was soon withdrawn, and the other, after many intervals of failing health, succeeded to the office of Principal, and held it for some years with credit and good success.

The introduction of the college into the ecclesiastical system of India was not unattended with embarrassment. The statutes had appointed the Bishop of Calcutta an ex-officio visitor. All pecuniary matters were supposed to pass under his cognisance, and all bills on the Society at home were drawn by him. A certain responsibility was thus laid upon the Bishop, whilst a certain measure of independence was naturally sought by the college authorities. Difficulties almost necessarily arose. Bishop Turner had been disposed to withdraw from all interference. Archdeacon Corrie, as commissary during the vacancies of the see, had withdrawn. On Bishop Wilson's appointment, the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had earnestly commended the college to his care; and he had willingly responded, and left England with a firm determination to forget the past, and do all he could to promote the prosperity of the institution for the future. On his arrival he drew near to the college authorities, and his advances were met with all

courtesy. Where firmness was necessary, he was firm, as many a long letter remains to testify; but all was mingled with much personal kindness and respect. On his first visit, he found in one of the turrets two rooms set apart for the "Visitor," and called by his name, but unfurnished and unused. He spoke the word; and every convenience was at once provided. He needed not now to be a guest of the Principal or professors, for his own rooms were always ready to receive him. He could go over when he pleased, do business with the bursar, summon the students, occupy his seat at chapel, observe what passed, and express his wishes as they arose. Much vantage-ground was thus simply and easily obtained, whilst facilities were afforded for frequent and kindly intercourse.

ORDINATIONS.—The first ordination was held on the Epiphany after the Bishop's arrival, when two deacons were ordained, and seven admitted to priest's orders. Amongst these were five of the companions of his voyage. All subsequent ordinations were framed on the same model. The whole week was occupied; and during it the candidates were entertained at the palace. Lectures were given each day at morning prayers from one of the Epistles of Timothy or Titus. These were taken down, and subsequently given in by the candidates. The usual questions and exercises in divinity, and sermon writing were added. The *virid voce* examination was on Saturday, and to this the clergy who were to take part in the "laying on of hands," were called. The papers were also submitted to them: and when all were satisfied, the candidates were addressed, and welcomed to the respective offices about to be conferred on the morrow.

On this first occasion the Bishop preached himself, and his sermon was subsequently printed at the request of the clergy. His text was from the words, "To open their eyes and to turn them from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God" (Acts xxvi. 17). The cathedral was crowded: the congregation seemed deeply impressed: and about a hundred and twenty received the Holy Communion. This was the sermon, extracts from which now form a valuable tract on the list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, entitled, "Bishop Wilson's apostolical commission considered."

CONFIRMATIONS.—On Tuesday, April 2nd, 1832, the

Bishop held his first confirmation in India. Four hundred and seventy persons appeared in the cathedral, and participated in the sacred rite. Of these, more than one hundred were native Christians. Their numbers excited great astonishment at the time, and no small apprehension as to the effect upon those that were "without." They clustered round the communion rails, whilst the Europeans filled the body of the cathedral. The services were read, and the rite administered separately. The many confirmations following this first, seemed always to be attended with a blessing. The Bishop's manner was most impressive, and his words most earnest and affecting. He usually gave two addresses; one hortatory before the administration, and one practical after it. The full assent of the catechumens he almost always required to be repeated twice, and sometimes thrice, till the church resounded with the words, "I do." And in the second address he was accustomed to deliver seven rules, which were to be repeated at the time, and written in the Bible or the Prayer Book afterwards. Subsequently they were expanded and printed, but originally they were short and sententious, as follows:—

- '1. Pray every day of your life for more and more of God's Holy Spirit.
- '2. Prepare at once for receiving aright the Holy Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ.
- '3. Read every day some portion of God's Holy Word.
- '4. Reverence and observe the Holy Sabbath.
- '5. Keep in the unity of the Church.
- '6. Avoid bad company, and seek the company of the good.
- '7. When you have got wrong, confess it, and get right as soon as you can.'

In many a Bible and Prayer Book throughout India, these words will be found written: by many a civilian, soldier, East Indian, and native Christian have they been repeated and treasured up. "Please, sir, will you give us our seven duties:" was the constant request to the Bishop's chaplain after service. A copy of them was always made and left behind at every station, for the use of those who had been confirmed. Many interesting, and some curious incidents occurred in connection with them, of which the following are specimens:—

On one occasion, when the confirmation was concluded in a large military station, and the Bishop was resting for a few minutes in the vestry, a young and noble looking English soldier hastily entered, and made his military salute. On being questioned, it appeared that he had been a candidate for confirmation, and was duly prepared, but having been on guard, he was too late for the ceremony, and came now to express his sorrow, and see if his case admitted of a remedy. For a while the Bishop doubted; but his interest was roused by hearing the soldier plead previous knowledge, and say that he had been a boy in the Islington parochial schools, that he had often been catechised in that church, and that he had heard the Bishop's last sermon.

"Kneel down," said the Bishop. He knelt and was confirmed, and admitted to the full communion of the Church Militant on earth.

On another occasion, in the Straits, when the Bishop was enumerating these seven duties, and requiring the assent and pledge of the catechumens to observe them, a voice was heard from the midst refusing compliance. An aged man had been confirmed, of an eccentric character. "No," he said, "he would observe what the rubric required, but would pledge himself to nothing more." No difficulty, of course, was made; and with the surprise, the matter passed away. It was not the time or place to dwell upon "all those things which your godfathers and godmothers then undertook for you."

**NATIVE BAPTISMS.**—It will easily be imagined\* that the Bishop felt the deepest interest in the progress of missions and the conversion of the natives; so that whenever intimation was made to him that any of the missionaries had candidates deemed qualified for Holy Baptism, he was always ready to give the sanction of his presence.

The first native he himself baptised was named Kali Koomar Ghose. He had been first a slave to sin and Satan, then a free-thinking Hindoo, believing nothing, then an enquirer after truth, then a close student of the evidences of Christianity, then a regular attendant upon the services at the Old Church, Calcutta, and finally a true convert to the faith of Jesus Christ. On Whitsunday in the year 1833, he was baptised by the Bishop, in the face of the congregation.

Twelve candidates were soon after presented to him by

the Rev. J. Sandys, church missionary at Mirzapore, whom he directed to be baptised: and this was followed by a most interesting excursion to the missions of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at Jangera. There seven candidates, presented by the Rev. D. Jones, and his catechist, Mr. Driberg, were examined and baptised by the Bishop himself, before the church, and in the presence of a crowd of heathen.

These, however, were but the first fruits. Far greater results followed. During these two years of the Bishop's residence in Calcutta he witnessed the baptism of one hundred and seventy-eight natives: and this number was afterwards largely increased.

**INFANT SCHOOLS.**—Soon after his arrival, the Bishop resolved on the introduction of infant schools into India; thinking them admirably adapted for the development of the native mind and character. The attempt had been made once before, but on a small scale, and with very imperfect instrumentality. It was now determined to enlist public feeling, and to give the experiment a full and fair trial.

About fifty influential gentlemen were accordingly assembled in the Bishop's palace in the month of June, when they resolved to form a "Calcutta Infant School Society." An active committee was nominated. The Governor-General consented to become patron. The Bishop was appointed president. The judges, members of council, archdeacon, and principal of Bishop's College were vice-presidents; and the Bishop's chaplain, secretary. A subscription was immediately commenced, and soon reached five thousand rupees; and the Bishop was authorised to send for a competent master and mistress from England. Pending their arrival, funds were to accumulate, and premises to be looked for; but no other steps taken.

The idea was, that a commencement should be made with the nominally christian children of the Portuguese, and East Indians, and then the result exhibited to the natives. If they approved, branch schools might be scattered over Calcutta under masters trained at the central school. Thus, in process of time, and by the aid of Government, the system, might, it was hoped, penetrate the length and breadth of India.

At first, everything fell out as was anticipated. In the



year 1834, an admirable master and mistress came out from England, and the first school was opened. Children flocked to it; and the time soon came for the exhibition of the system to the native gentry, as applicable to their own children.

A public examination was accordingly announced in the Town Hall, in June, 1835. The Bishop presided, and many influential natives were present. All were delighted with what they saw, and it was at once resolved to open a second school, for native children, in connection, but not fused with the first, under the management of the same master and mistress. A temporary building was erected, and this second school was commenced in 1836. The success was so rapid and complete, that in four months the children, of ages varying from two to seven, were ready for examination. It was held, as before, in the Town Hall, and a large audience assembled. No sight could be more interesting. One hundred native infants, clad in the splendid dresses of the east, and decked with the ornaments of the harem, crowded the platform, and went through all the exercises usually displayed at home. They spoke English fluently, they sang hymns, marched, clapped hands, examined one another, showed wonderful intelligence, and elicited universal admiration. No infant school in England could have surpassed these little bright-eyed, dark-skinned Indians. The experiment completely answered: and it was proved beyond all controversy, that the system was adapted to the natives, and likely to be popular with them. But to extend it over India was manifestly beyond the power of a small voluntary society. The expenses already incurred had been very great, and could not be continued. Application therefore was made to the "Education Committee" of the Government. What had been already done was laid before them, and they were requested to adopt and foster a system so full of promise. The Education Committee received the memorial thus submitted to them:—acknowledged, approved, and forgot it. Nothing was done for three years.

Meanwhile the native school continued in operation in Calcutta. There was no falling off. The Bishop records the fact as follows:—

*'January 22, 1839.*

*'We had an Infant School anniversary this morning—a*

greater crowd than ever ! There were four or five hundred natives to witness one of the most perfect exhibitions ever made. The impression on the audience was enthusiastic. One hundred infants were present. We are struggling for funds. But I hope we shall get on.'

At the close of this year, 1839, an infant school was formed, and connected with the Government College at Hooghly. "This step," says the Bishop, "revives the hope of India being ere long filled with this fine moral machinery." This hope, however, was not realised. The English master, on whom so much depended, was called to a higher office, and eventually employed in missionary work : whilst his trained successor, Mr. Gomez, removed to Hooghly. As an almost necessary consequence, the Calcutta school dwindled away. No encouragement was given by the Government, and no grant made. Funds failed. The Bishop was often absent on visitation, and there was no one to supply his place. Early friends also retired, or died. And thus the spark which had been lit with so much care, and which seemed about to kindle into so bright a flame, went out.

Experience, however, has been gained. The system has been tried, and the successful result recorded. The next age may derive the benefit. If ever Government desire to raise all India one step, without friction ; if they would wean her from idolatry, without the charge of proselytism ; if they would teach English, without trouble ; and introduce a system of education, without rousing party spirit : —they have but to adopt and to apply the Infant School system. The second step would doubtless in due time follow ; but this might be the first.

**STEAM COMMUNICATION.**—The contrast presented by the rapid and regular communication now established between England and India, and that which existed in 1832—1834, is very striking. Then, a delay of one hundred and fifty days in the delivery of letters was quite common, and it often extended to one hundred and seventy, eighty, or ninety days. This caused no uneasiness to those whose traditional policy would have kept India and England far apart, or whose home affections had been weakened by long absence. But it was very unfavourable to the development of India's resources, very injurious to such mercantile operations as

required quick returns, and very painful to those whose family ties and home affections were still strong. Amongst these last the Bishop must be classed. Few men felt the separation from home and friends, and the lengthened period required for correspondence, more than he did. It became the constant topic of his conversation, and the burden of every letter.

To shorten, then, the long intervals of correspondence, and thus virtually lessen the distance between England and India by the introduction of steam communication, soon became a favourite subject with him;—and that, not from personal motives only, but from a deep conviction that nothing would tend more to the advancement of India, and the prosperity of the Church. There were many like-minded; and they hailed a coadjutor so enthusiastic and influential. The matter had been agitated for some time, and the feasibility of the project loudly asserted; but no permanent steps had been taken, and nothing practically done to prove that India was indeed in earnest. This was what was wanted, and this was what the Bishop did. He had signed, with many others, a requisition to the chief magistrate of Calcutta, which resulted in a public meeting, on June 14th, 1833; but he was not present. It was presided over by Sir Edward Ryan, the Chief Justice of Bengal; and though resolutions were passed favourable to the scheme, yet no subscription was proposed, and no really practical result followed. Those were troublous times in Calcutta. All the great agency houses were failing one after the other, ruining many and dashing to the ground the hopes of many more. Confidence was shaken, and any attempt to raise funds being deemed hopeless, the meeting had contented itself with memorialising the Government.

The Bishop was greatly disappointed at this lame conclusion; and the next morning, whilst riding round the course, and expressing his regret, Lord William joined him, and expressed (though, as Governor-General, with some reserve) similar sentiments. Mr. Trevelyan (now Sir Charles) at this moment came riding by, and being stopped, joined in the conversation; and, turning to the Bishop, said, "I wish, my Lord—I cannot say how earnestly—that you would come forward, and do something to direct the stream into the right channel again." Lord William silently signified assent. The Bishop hesitated for a moment; but then rode home, and wrote a letter to the Chief Magistrate, which, when

made public, produced an instantaneous revulsion of feeling, and roused all India. So conclusive were the arguments he used, and so attractive the example he set, that in one week thirty-three thousand rupees were subscribed by one hundred and seventy European and native gentry.

A public meeting was then held in the Town Hall, over which the Bishop was called to preside. In his opening address, energy and decision were tempered by prudence and common sense. He confessed himself an enthusiast in the cause, and said that, if a man of that description was not wanted, he would leave the chair; but he was old enough, he added, to know that it was essential to go to work in an orderly way, and to check too much warmth of feeling, for the difficulties to be encountered were as great as the end was glorious.

His remarks were received with unbounded applause; and when the meeting proceeded to business all was regularity and harmony. An efficient committee was nominated, funds from all parts of India and from all sorts and conditions of men, continued to flow in, and in a short time the subscribers numbered two thousand five hundred and forty, and the subscriptions amounted to one hundred and sixty-seven thousand rupees. Such success sometimes attends the timely and energetic action of one man!

It is not necessary here to trace in detail the steps which followed this meeting, and led, after years of struggle and frequent disappointments, to the desired result. There were many helpers—men of energy, skill, patience, prudence, judgment; and many hinderers—men of theory, fancy, temper, impulse, indecision. All had to be kept in harmony and working order; and this fell mainly to the Bishop. He watched over everything, he kept the peace, he furnished the breakfasts, he communicated with the Government, he corresponded incessantly with Lord Clare at Bombay, and Sir Frederick Adam at Madras, he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury and every influential leader of the Church at home, and no less than thirteen long letters on this subject alone were addressed to Charles Grant the President of the Board of Control.

It is impossible to say what effect these letters may have produced upon the mind of the Minister for India. It suffices to know that he introduced the whole question of steam communication into the House of Commons on June 3rd, 1834, in an admirable speech, and that the committee

appointed under his auspices to consider the question, passed a capital series of resolutions for carrying out the project. This delighted the Bishop, and it was an addition to his gratification to find that many of the topics he had suggested were handled in Charles Grant's masterly way, and many of the expressions he made use of, quoted.

When in October 1835, he was on board the *Hattrass* pilot vessel, bound for Bombay, the *Forbes* steamer, which had been lent by the Government to the Steam Committee, passed him at the sandheads on her first experimental voyage. As she steamed by, rolling heavily with the burden of her coals, she saluted the Bishop, and received his hearty greetings and earnest good wishes. Those good wishes were scarcely realised on this occasion; but she proved indeed the precursor of those splendid oriental steamers which now bridge the way between England and India, softening the necessary pains of absence, and ensuring, if needs be, earnest sympathy and powerful succour.

In accomplishing these great results the Bishop did his part. His touch went far to remove the vis-inertia which then prevailed, and to set all this noble machinery at work.

THE BEGUM SUMROO'S FUND.—On Nov. 15th, 1833, when the Bishop opened his letters he found one, containing enclosures which seemed to give him the greatest joy. He waved two long thin strips of paper above his head, and challenged enquiry as to their signification. They proved to be bank bills; one for a lac of rupees, and the other for half a lac, sent down from the Begum Sumroo as a gift for the church and the poor.

The Begum Sumroo held an independent jaghire, near Meerut, in the Upper Provinces. Celebrated alike for beauty and talents, she had risen from a simple nautch girl, to be a native princess. In early life her character had been bad, in maturity it was tinged with harshness and cruelty, in extreme age it was benevolent and quiet, though capricious. She was a Roman Catholic. Her revenue exceeded 120,000*l.* per annum, half of which she saved. Her court and palace were at Sirdhana; she maintained three thousand troops, kept an establishment of seven hundred female attendants, frequented the Roman Catholic

church every Sunday, wore a turban, smoked a hookah, was small of stature, fond of show, imperious in manner, and ranked among the notabilities of India. At her death, which took place in 1836, when she was eighty-seven years of age, her estates lapsed to the East India Company; but her immense savings were bequeathed to Mr. Dyce Sombre, the son of her adoption, who was afterwards too well known in England.

Her motive in making the Bishop the almoner of her charity did not very clearly appear. She had intimated her intention soon after his arrival, and some correspondence followed on the subject, through the medium of a Colonel Dyce.

The Bishop's opinion on the subject having been asked, he suggested that a deed should be drawn up by which the interest of one hundred thousand rupees, vested in the Bishop and Archdeacon of Calcutta, should be for ever employed in providing "fit persons to be set apart as ministers and teachers, and to be maintained and supported in their pious labours of reading prayers to the people, explaining the gospel, teaching children, visiting and comforting the sick and dying, and being the friends and advisers of those in affliction." And that the remaining fifty thousand rupees should be applied "for the relief of the poor and of debtors."

Some time elapsed—the Begum was very old—the business lingered—there were many fears in the way. Hence the Bishop's joy at the safe arrival of the money; a joy which no mere personal advantage could have roused. In due time it was invested so as to yield an income of 380*l.* to the church, and 190*l.* to the poor.

This gift was followed by a second from the same source for his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. It amounted to fifty thousand rupees, and was transmitted to England through the Bishop. His Grace directed the money to be invested, and the annual proceeds to be applied to Indian objects through the instrumentality of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

**THE NEW CHARTER.**—In the month of October, 1833, intelligence reached India of the introduction into Parliament of the Bill for the renewal of the East India Company's charter.

This Bill empowered his Majesty to divide the diocese, to

erect Calcutta into a metropolitical see, and to appoint two suffragan bishops for Madras and Bombay.

As it respected his own individual share in this measure, the following remarks appear in his private notes:—

‘I have conversed with the Governor-General, and assured him how anxiously I should endeavour to discharge the duties to be imposed upon me. He was pleased to say that it was a great blessing to India that I had such powers assigned me. Oh, that it may so prove! I would desire to feel overwhelmed with the divine goodness, mercy, and grace; with the responsibilities which may fall upon me; with the perfect conviction of my feebleness, unfitness, and impotency; with a recollection of the uncertainty of life and health; with a sense of the difficulty of uniting many minds and judgments in common measures of good; and yet with faith in that “excellency of the power” of God, which can work his wondrous purposes by instruments the most feeble.’

But on the general measure itself his tone was very different. This may be gathered from a very interesting and important letter to an old friend:—

‘October 22, 1833.

‘How can I tell you my joy at the prospect of the suffragan bishops! How I laboured that plan before I left England in June, 1832! The President, the Chairman, the Archbishop, the Bishop of London, the Secretary of the Board, all were assailed and urged by me in turns. The two Mr. Grants at first thought the whole plan impracticable, but ended (after three months incessant drives, and comparisons of plans, and references, and delays) in the arrangement of a Bill, drawn by Mr. Groom, the solicitor of the Board. Well do I remember Mr. Simeon saying, that if I had been made Bishop of Calcutta merely to carry that measure, and was never to reach India, I should have done a great work. My disappointment, of course, was the more keen when Dr. Dealtry sent me word last August that it had been found impracticable to bring in the Bill that session; and probably that very Bill, drawn and ready in June, 1832, will be passed now. And how greatly is my joy and gratitude to Providence enhanced by the very delay and disappointment! Mr. Grant’s speech came upon me as a thunder-stroke. I wrote off instantly a long letter

under the first impulse of joy. I have now heard from Dr. Dealtry (June 23), to know my wishes as to the men. I have proposed archdeacon Corrie for Madras, archdeacon Robinson for Bombay, and archdeacon Carr, now of Bombay, to be, by my appointment, archdeacon of Calcutta instead of Corrie.

‘I am advising Corrie to proceed to England instanter for consecration, and I propose to meet him on his return, at Madras, and consecrate (if we are permitted) Robinson.

‘My soul swells with thanksgivings and praise to God for this vast mercy, not as it respects my episcopate, but the permanent good of India. But I fear even to write to you of these feelings, lest I should grieve the Holy Comforter; for Satan’s grand assault upon my mind since March 27th, 1832, is elation, joy, natural spirits, eager pursuit of a great object, a soul panting to stretch itself to the length and breadth of my vast diocese.’

The Bill passed Parliament August 21st, 1833, and reached India at the close of the year. Considerable delay occurred in carrying out its provisions; for the expenditure sanctioned for the whole ecclesiastical establishment was limited, and the archdeaconry of Bombay having been recently filled up, the funds did not at once admit of the appointment of both bishops. Eventually however all came round. Archdeacon Corrie, one of those men whose praise is in all the churches, and whom the Bishop deemed for meekness and gentleness of spirit more like his Divine Master than any one he had ever known, was recalled from the visitation on which, with proper allowances, now for the first time obtained, he had been engaged, and sent to England. He returned in 1835, Bishop of Madras. Archdeacon Carr was summoned home in 1837, and returned Bishop of Bombay.

All the dioceses were then filled, and the new machinery began to work. It formed a precedent of vast importance for a spreading church; and has been followed both in Australia and in Africa.

**CHURCH BUILDING FUND FOR INDIA.**—The origin of this fund was singular, and serves to show that the day of small things should never be despised.

In March 1820, a periodical, entitled *Missionary Intelligence* was commenced in Calcutta, for the purpose expressed



in its title. In June 1829, the plan was enlarged; and now it was called *The Christian Intelligencer*. Daniel Corrie was the editor, and continued to be so for many years. When in July 1833, he left Calcutta on his visitation of the upper provinces as archdeacon, he transferred the sole charge of this periodical to the Bishop's chaplain—the author of the present work: and it was carried on by him till September in the following year.

During this period it was enriched by many contributions from the Bishop. Interesting extracts from his English letters were readily furnished, and ecclesiastical information from all parts of India was of course available. As death struck down one and another who had been his valued friends at home, the Bishop took pleasure in recalling their excellencies, and recording his recollections of them, and these were inserted in *The Christian Intelligencer*. Thus in January 1834, appeared "Recollections of William Wilberforce;" in March 1834, "Recollections of Hannah More;" in May 1835, "Recollections of the Rev. John Scott of Hull;" in August 1836, "Recollections of Dr. Ryder, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry;" in September 1836, "Recollections of the Rev. Isaac Crouch;" in June 1837, "Recollections of the Rev. Charles Simeon." All these were very graphic and interesting papers, and have most of them been referred to in the memoirs of those eminent persons.

These details have a bearing upon the subject, for early in the year 1834, amongst other anonymous letters addressed to the editor of *The Christian Intelligencer*, appeared one signed "Delta," (who it subsequently appeared was Mr. Wale Byrn, a young East Indian of piety and respectability) lamenting the want of churches in India, and suggesting a remedy. That remedy was very simple. It involved (1.) A Fund for the erection of churches voluntarily throughout all India. (2.) A monthly subscription of neither more nor less than one rupee. (3.) This subscription to be collected by the chaplain at each station, or by the friends under his guidance. (4.) The management of the whole to be vested in the Bishop, archdeacon, and presidency chaplains. The statistics of the letter were wrong, but that did not affect the principle. The idea was new in India, and might be successful; but there were grave doubts on the other side. A momentary hesitation followed, as to whether the letter should appear or not: and then the

balance inclined to the favourable side. The plan was accordingly submitted to the Bishop; and meeting with his approbation, was inserted in the *Intelligencer*, with a strong recommendation, and a list of names, obtained at the palace, which represented every class in India. The scheme was thus fairly launched, and the response was immediate. At the end of about four months there was a sum of nearly two thousand rupees in hand, and a list of one thousand subscribers. Success was therefore sufficiently certain to authorise the calling together of the official persons nominated as trustees. This was accordingly done. The Bishop, archdeacon, and two presidency chaplains, met and accepted the trust: and the editor of the *Intelligencer*, resigning all further responsibility, was appointed first secretary. Certain fundamental rules were then agreed upon which have required but little alteration since. The Fund has been extensively useful, and continues to this day, as appears by the following short extract from the published Report of the year 1857:—

“There are now one hundred and twenty churches in this diocese (Calcutta), including those in the course of erection; and to sixty-six of these has this ‘One-rupee-subscription Fund’ contributed since its commencement in 1834, sums amounting to eighty-one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight rupees.”

One great advantage possessed by the Fund is this:—that if at any time the public interest flags, it is capable of instant revival by an earnest Bishop and active secretary. He who in the providence of God has taken up the pastoral staff which dropped from his aged predecessor’s hands, and now presides worthily over the Indian Church, has already spoken a commendatory word on this behalf, and has doubtless met with a ready response.”

**MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE AMONGST NATIVE CHRISTIANS.**—The whole law of marriage in India was in a very vague and unsatisfactory state in the Bishop’s time, and encroachments were ventured on which involved serious risk and responsibility. Again and again did he bring the matter before the Government, and again and again was he requested to suggest a remedy and prepare a Marriage Act which might be sent home and passed through Parliament. He wrought

accordingly; the Government doubted: he altered; they approved. It cost him infinite trouble, and after all, led to no result. It is needless to enter on the question now, as respects British subjects at least, because it has been set at rest by the 13th and 14th Vict. c. 40. But as respects native Christians, both marriage and divorce are open questions, complicated by polygamy and heathen courts, and causing great perplexity—not only in themselves, but because a decision given on Christian grounds might be set aside or reversed on legal grounds. Great differences of opinion also prevailed. A number of missionaries of different religious denominations having come together to consider of the matter, resolved, amongst other things, that if a Hindoo, having many wives, became a Christian, it was proper that he should retain them all. A copy of this resolution was sent to the Bishop through the medium of a committee, who, in making a report of their reception, said, that the Bishop “pronounced no decided opinion, but promised to give the matter his best consideration.” The meaning of this was clear enough. The Bishop did not approve of the course which they had pursued, nor of the conclusion at which they had arrived; but he did not choose to speak authoritatively where he had no authority. His purpose and his plan, generally speaking, was to rule each case upon its own merits and by Christian principles, and thus gradually form precedents for uniform action. The episcopal sanction required for adult baptism enabled him to do this in the case of all the Church missionaries.

A few cases occurred which he did decide. He decided that the christian man must be the husband of one wife only, and that wife the first married. “In nothing,” he says, “does true religion more directly benefit society than in the institution of christian marriage. One man united in Holy Matrimony with one wife, the bond being indissoluble except for the cause of fornication, is our Saviour’s blessed rule for domestic purity. The cases of adult married persons, where only one of the parties is converted, are most difficult. A man with two wives, if he become a Christian, must put one, the last whom he espoused, away, and live chastely with the first wife, who is, in truth, his only one in the eye of God. Even if the second wife be willing to become a Christian, the above rule of natural equity is not therefore altered. If the heathen partner, as the Apostle says, decides to go, let her

go, but let the Christian live without desiring a second marriage during the life of the absent partner. No case, I think, can be found in the New Testament of two wives being allowed, unless the absent party have been duly separated and divorced by reason of unfaithfulness, before a competent tribunal."

He decided also, that if two natives had been living in concubinage, and now sought instruction in Christianity, they must be married before they could be received.

And also, that if a child betrothed in infancy became a Christian, and the party to whom she had been betrothed was willing to give a legal bill of divorcement before they came together, she was at liberty to marry any other man.

THE RELATION OF THE CHAPLAINS TO THE GOVERNMENT AND BISHOP.—This question concludes the long series of special duties which occupied the Bishop during the first two years of his residence at Calcutta. The agitation of it caused him more anxiety than all the rest, and brought him almost into collision with the Government.

The position of the East India Company's Chaplains has been already touched upon. It was full of anomalies; and they were subject to authorities which might very easily prove contradictory and conflicting. This suggested matter for serious thought; and it was often discussed by the Governor-General and the Bishop during their morning rides. At length on March 29th, 1833, the Bishop received from Government an official letter, asking him to define the duties of chaplains at military stations, and to give his opinion as to the degree of authority proper to be exercised by commanding officers at such stations. This involved the whole question, and he replied on April 11th in a letter of great length and importance. The full assent of Government to the opinion expressed, and the suggestions contained in that letter, was signified on April 19th; and everything promised an amicable and satisfactory conclusion. But delay occurred, difficulties arose, minds changed, pledges were forgotten, and all the Bishop's reasonable expectations were ultimately disappointed. The matter looked larger when it occurred than it does now—for time has its perspective: and since no result in reality followed, and brevity is desirable, further details may be omitted.

The Indian climate, and the pressure of the varied busi-

ness thus narrated, were now evidently producing their effect upon the Bishop, and though health stood firm, much of his early buoyancy was gone. Change of air and scene, therefore, however inexpedient at first, was now become desirable, and it was well that the period assigned for his residence in Calcutta was drawing to a close, and that his primary visitation was at hand. His movements also were hastened by the serious illness of his daughter, which rendered a sea voyage indispensable.

He intimated accordingly to the Government his intention of visiting the eastern settlements of Penang, Moulmein, Malacca, and Singapore, and from thence stretching across the Bay of Bengal to Madras and Ceylon: and he requested that a vessel might be provided for himself and his suite about the 15th of August. His application having been duly acknowledged, he turned his undivided attention to the preparation of his Charge.

With the primary visitation however, which this Charge inaugurated, another chapter commences, and the present one may fitly be concluded by extracts from the voluminous correspondence carried on during the two years which it embraces.

It may be mentioned incidentally that letters were written every half year to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the President of the Board of Control, and the two venerable societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Propagation of the Gospel, containing for the most part the narrative of his proceedings, and the method he adopted for infusing life and vigour into all missionary operations. These letters are far too long for insertion here, and their contents will have been in most cases anticipated. The attention of the reader, therefore, will be required only to such letters as admit of extracts, and contain matter new or interesting. Such will conclude each chapter in succession.

#### LETTERS TO HIS FAMILY.

*March, 1833.*

‘Business thickens on me immensely and inconceivably. But I delight in it. I am in excellent health and spirits,

but must be ever ready “with loins girt and lamp trimmed,” for at such an hour as I think not, the Son of Man cometh. The hot weather is creeping on. Believe nothing that you hear of me. A thousand exaggerations on the unfavourable or favourable side will be sent over. Every one forms an opinion according to the face of the pentagonal building which he happens to select. God is the only judge.’

‘*Easter Monday, April 8, 1833.*

‘Yesterday, Easter Day, the heat on coming out of church at one o’clock, was like a blazing furnace; but we were in the carriage, closely shut up, in a moment. We have nothing but mercy, goodness, and truth to record—kind friends, immense prospects of usefulness, attentive congregations, a peaceful happy family, the presence of our Saviour, and we trust, His approbation and blessing, which is better than life itself. The collection yesterday at the cathedral was above three thousand two hundred rupees, or about 320*l*. The communicants were one hundred and eighty-six. The attendants at church five hundred and sixty. At the Old Church the attendants were seven hundred, and the communicants about three hundred. At the Free Church, attendants two hundred, communicants seventy. All this is an improvement.’

‘*April, 1833.*

‘Yesterday we had the Governor-General and suite, and the principal persons of the settlement, to dinner. We sat down sixty-two, at eight o’clock, which at this time of the year is the universal dinner hour. By having all the doors and windows open, and punkahs, fifty feet long, going all the time, we were very comfortable. It was a mere ordinary occurrence in this country. All were gone by half-past ten o’clock, and I was on horseback again at five this morning.”

‘*TITTAGHUR, May, 1833.*

‘Here I am sitting after breakfast in my open verandah facing this noble river, which is bursting upon my sight with its boats and native craft on three sides, west, south, and north. On the opposite bank is Aldeen House, where David Brown lived, and the very pagoda which Henry Martyn made his study. A large heathen temple is near. Serampore is further up the river on the north, with the Government house at Barrackpore on this bank. On the south,

other private houses are scattered here and there. The Thames is nothing in comparison of this vast river. The foliage on each bank, and in our garden, is of oriental luxuriance—the betel, the palm, the banian, the bamboo. The only deduction is a constant heat which unnerves, depresses, annihilates the European mind and energies.’

‘CALCUTTA, *May*, 1833.

‘I am put to the full stretch ; for here everything is called in question openly and arrogantly. The experience of nearly forty years in the affairs of different Societies, and errors of the spiritual Church, is of unspeakable moment to me. The mild, and yet, I hope, firm churchmanship, which I have maintained all my life at home, in the face of high-church principles, and no-church principles, is again of infinite importance. Even the mechanical advantage of a loud voice, and the habit of preaching from notes, are a great benefit now. I preach more freely, boldly, and as far as I can judge, simply, than ever I did in my life. The work opening before me is immensely important. I fear to enter upon particulars, lest I should grieve the Blessed Comforter ; and in fact, I cannot give particulars. The day shall declare it.’

‘CALCUTTA, *May*, 1834.

‘All is going on delightfully as to spiritual things, but most agitatingly as to temporal. I don’t wonder Mr. Grant has received the impression of my high-churchmanship, for Lord William has no notion of ecclesiastical matters. Never regard one word you hear. I rejoice in loving all that love our Lord Jesus Christ, but I have taken oaths ! The Caste question is absorbing my attention. Persecutions and reproaches are rising on all hands. I rejoice to meet them. I hail them as marks of coming blessings. My health is perfect. I am just as well now as when I landed, except, of course, deterioration of mind and body. But at any moment, I may fall like others. There will be no interval, no time for consideration ; there is but a step here between health and the grave. So, do not be surprised at anything. I rejoice and praise God for allowing me to come, and I would set out again to-morrow if I had to do so again.’

‘TITTAGHUR, *May*, 1834.

‘The weather is perfectly suffocating. None can pity us but those who know our sufferings. The mind, body, func-

tions, tempers, words, and feelings are all morbidly affected ; and nothing remains but deep-seated principles of religion on which to fall back. There is the rock. The new scene of trials quickens its pace, and towers as it approaches. But it is good for us. Distinction, publicity, noise, intercourse with mankind, station, novel circumstances, authority, *are all* poison to the soul, and have been distilling their venom secretly ever since we arrived. Now come the compensating and humbling dispensations. It is impossible to describe the difficult cases which arise whilst “ruling in the fear of God” a vast diocese like this ; with every body around you as sensitive, and as morbidly peevish as you are yourself. Then to distinguish what is the path of duty—where cowardice begins, and forbearance ends—how to keep down the “old man” in oneself, whilst public order is not neglected in the execution of official duty. All this is difficult. But it is nothing compared with the HEART, which is to be kept “with all diligence,” as out of it are “the issues of life.” All other things would be as nothing if they did not corrupt the heart, weaken the hold on Christ, enfeeble love, and damp holy joy and communion. There seems a universal decay in this dissolving scene, extending to every thing. We need your prayers for GRACE SUFFICIENT.

‘I have given a list of some hundreds of volumes from my Islington library. I long for my miscellaneous literature, my theology, my Fathers, my French Divines, my parliamentary records. I find I cannot go on without my books for continual reference. Add to my list all you think I may occasionally use, especially the Oriental. I want no German nor Spanish, nor Italian, as I have lost those languages.’

#### TO A SCRUPULOUS CHAPLAIN.

‘November, 1832.

‘I reserve my judgment on this particular affair till I have the whole of the case before me ; but you will allow me to say that, unless in the case of excommunication, I doubt whether we can refuse the rites of burial. Nor do I know that it would be expedient or desirable : as any allowed cases of exemption would go to the making each individual clergyman a judge of the spiritual state of the departed, and thus introduce endless confusion. The very fact of the service being used in all but excommunicated instances, renders the danger you anticipate less than it



would otherwise be. Whereas, if certain cases could be excepted, the fearful confirmation given to all others, would be a prominent evil following on the change. I conceive it a safer and more prudent course to let all the occasional offices stand on their obvious ground, supplying, by the ordinary doctrines in the pulpit and in private, the cautions necessary. No more importance would then be attached to them by the survivors and bystanders, than there ought to be in a National Church, where general rules must necessarily be adhered to. But I will give you my more matured judgment on a fit opportunity. In the meantime, let me comfort you under the painful feelings and many sorrows which the ministry of the gospel in a foreign land, and at a distance from the bishop, must occasion. Preach humbly and faithfully, my dear sir, the great redemption by the Son of God. Discriminate clearly and affectionately between the outward privileges of the Church, and the real obedience and love of the sincere Christian. Apply closely and discreetly to the hearts and consciences of men the calls and invitations of the Gospel. Pray much yourself, and exhort your hearers to pray for the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit; and you will find that the general administration of the Sacraments and rites of the Church will not be fatally misunderstood.'

#### TO A CARELESS CHAPLAIN.

*'April, 1833.*

'My mind will remain open to all the statements and explanations you may offer. I came here as the father of the younger, and friend of the senior chaplains. If there have been negligences, or remissness, a candid avowal and determined resolution to enter on a new and better course of duty will be your wisdom, and will gradually establish a fairer reputation for you; for probably you are the last person to know how widely unfavourable impressions have spread. To save the souls of our flocks—to preach to them the spiritual doctrines of the divine Revelation entrusted to us—to set forth a crucified Saviour as the awakened sinner's hope—to exhibit the sacred operations of the Holy Ghost as the author and giver of life—to enforce holiness, the love of God, a heavenly temper, and a spirit of prayer—to urge the various duties of social life, and all the ten commandments, as the fruits of faith and following after justification:—these are the main topics of our apostolical

ministry of the Church, and of the Scriptures on which that Church is founded. And then follows the minister's life and example, which must sustain his doctrine and enforce his exhortation; or all he preaches will be worse than nothing, as our Ordination service strongly teaches.'

TO AN OFFENDING CHAPLAIN.

*'May, 1833.*

'I am aware, of course, that it is not in my power to do much to enforce an efficient discharge of the ministerial functions. Prayer, earnest and mild representations, are my chief instruments. But occasions, at the same time, are not wanting when the faithful, laborious, and truly pious clergyman can be promoted, and those of a contrary description removed to less prominent stations, by application to the Governor-General in council; whilst, for offences against discipline, immediate remedies are provided, of which you are doubtless quite aware.

'But I turn from this painful part of the subject, which is rendered necessary by the style of your letter, to the far more agreeable and hopeful prospect which I trust will open before me in my future intercourse with you. Any one may be for a time comparatively torpid in his spiritual duties, and from the new and strange scenes of an East Indian life be thrown off his guard. The relaxing influence also of the climate demands great consideration. Little, petty, and unkind feelings also, are apt to be generated in a small society. The recollections of England at times oppress the heart and paralyse exertion. The idea of being an exile, looking for a return to our home, is apt to make us less earnest about our own immediate duties. These, and similar impediments arise, for which large allowance is to be made. I beg you, my reverend brother, to spare me any further pain, by making yourself, frankly and nobly, a trial of what you can do, to satisfy the reasonable wishes of the inhabitants of your station. I shall truly be rejoiced to hear of your success in making such an attempt. The moment you take the first step, cheerfully and kindly, others will fall in with your wishes. You will be a happier, because a more useful and respected man. You will soon recover any ground you may have seemed to lose, and God will bless you.'

## TO A YOUNG CATECHIST.

*'April, 1833.*

'I address you myself, that I may show the tenderness of the good shepherd towards the wandering sheep. Your confession and submission are too cold, general, and unsatisfactory. I cannot favour you with a re-admission to the privileges you have forfeited, till I see a contrite heart and a mind touched with a sense of sin. My young friend, God requires a broken spirit. You cannot teach others till you have learned yourself to bow in heart before the Lord. Come then, return unto the Lord. Take with you words and turn to Him. When I receive one line from you, not of flattery or servility, but of genuine penitence and grief for sin as committed against God, I shall know what to do about you. The Lord, even the Lord Jesus, have mercy on you and bless you.'

## TO A MISSIONARY, ON TEMPER.

*'July, 1834.*

'Let me, as I am writing, repeat what I said to you, on the extreme importance of watching over the temper in this irritating climate, so that the "adversary may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of us." Strong minds like yours, and weak ones like —, commonly fail from opposite causes in this respect. The most decided conquest of grace in the heart of man is the conquest over natural temperament. Nor is contempt a whit better than open hostility: because it is more the fruit of pride in ourselves, and is more galling to an opponent.'

## TO A CHAPLAIN, ON THE BURIAL OF ROMAN CATHOLICS.

*'June, 1833.*

'The case you mention requires extraordinary discretion. I should be inclined to inform the Roman Catholic priest—

'(1) That you had written to me.

'(2) That I was anxious to preserve peace and harmony amongst all classes of persons so far as the laws and canons and usages of the Protestant Church of England would allow.

'(3) That our Protestant churches and churchyards were undoubtedly designed for our own communion.

- ‘ (4) That if others were presented for interment, our office ought to be complied with and used, in point of right, by our own clergy.
- ‘ (5) But that for the sake of peace and goodwill, the permission might be granted for the Roman Catholic ministers to perform the service.
- ‘ (6) In which case it must be done in the Roman Catholic chapel, or at the house of the deceased.
- ‘ (7) That the laws and canons will allow of no other course.
- ‘ (8) But that if any grievance is complained of, I will represent it at home, and learn the more exact mind of the Archbishop.
- ‘ (9) That I was unwilling to take up the matter officially at present, hoping that, upon the case being explained, no practical difficulty would remain.

‘Such is the demi-official course which I should be inclined to recommend, so as not to compromise our rights as Protestants, and yet not to light up a flame that might not quickly be subdued, more particularly in military bodies. I shall be glad to hear that no explosion has taken place. A great part of wisdom consists in knowing how to manage in such delicate junctures. In the meantime, your general ministry, my dear sir, your doctrine, your spirit, your life will testify for you, and gain more and more the confidence of the whole station where you are placed. The gospel of our meek and lowly Saviour when fully set forth in all its glory and grace, and when supported by a consistent, liberal, kind-hearted, holy, dignified conduct, attracts esteem and engages love. I commend you and your ministry to the Blessed Saviour.’

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TO THE ARCHDEACON OF MADRAS.

‘ August, 1833.

‘What hard work it is to walk with God, to live by faith, and to maintain an elevated tone of godliness, when the climate unnerves, the habits of the country debilitate, and the natural dejection of the spirits disqualify. I conceive that to be a Christian in India is an effort of grace indeed!

‘I begin to feel what I might have expected before now; the evil of floating rumours. Every public man is exposed to this. Please to believe nothing you hear about me, and pray be as silent as you can; for mouths and ears, and

eyes, are all on the alert to catch me tripping: and trip I do and must, or else lie torpid and useless, with my talent hid in a napkin. I anticipate storms when the first novelty is over, and the realities of the Gospel begin to operate on the Indian public. But so suffered our Master, and so must all His faithful servants!’

#### TO THE ARCHDEACON OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

‘September, 1833.

‘The permission for the young to approach the Lord’s table when desirous of confirmation, is allowed by the rubric. The examination of them privately, and the decision upon their qualifications, all fall within the office and duty of a presbyter. Of course you do not read the Confirmation service, nor proceed to imposition of hands, nor pronounce that apostolical benediction which has ever been accounted (with ordination, jurisdiction, correction of doctrine and discipline, and superintendence) the peculiar spiritual province vested in the office termed Episcopal. Any solemnity which can be given to your examination and admission to the Holy Communion, short of these things, would of course be most desirable at your distance from your diocesan.’

#### ON A COMPLAINT MADE BY A HIGH CIVILIAN AGAINST A CHAPLAIN’S PREACHING.

‘August, 1834.

‘Allow me to remind you how very delicate my position

If I proceed officially—then false doctrine, heresy, suspension, deprivation, are the terms which must be employed. If I proceed upon rumour, I throw suspicion and distress, without possibly the least advantage, into the mind of the chaplain, and those he might suppose to have originated it. The case is difficult. I will do what I properly can. On that, dear sir, I pray you to rely.

‘No article of religion would, moreover, be more difficult to treat legally and by strict canons, than that respecting our “regeneration.” General expressions; want of distinctions for the body of the audience; deficiencies in expounding the nature and importance of the spiritual life; mistakes, or apparent mistakes, in confounding baptismal regeneration, which is true, with the new creation of the moral and intellectual powers issuing in repentance and faith, which is not true:—all this is not easily substantiated before a Bishop in the seat of judgment.

- ‘ 1. Heresy is tangible: the denial, for instance, of the Trinity, the fall of man, the Incarnation, the Divinity of Christ, &c.
- ‘ 2. Neglect of duty is tangible.
- ‘ 3. Vice is tangible.
- ‘ 4. Profaneness is tangible.

‘ You perceive, dear sir, my meaning. I repeat, that I shall do what I can. You are to remember two things: first, that no chaplain is immoveable; and, secondly, that conversion and improvement may visit, by divine goodness, any heart, at any time, by unexpected means.

‘ For the rest, I shall be happy, most happy, to hear from you. Kindness is of amazing virtue. Try what you can do, by heaping coals of fire upon his head.’

## CHAPTER XII.

### PRIMARY VISITATION.

1834—1835.

Bishop's Charge—Voyage to Penang—Scenery—Productions—Population—Confirmation—Singapore—Church building—Schools—Landing at Malacca—Mr. Gutzlaff—Joss-house—Dutch church—Moulmein—Consecration of the Church—Ceylon : its troubled state—Marriage licences—Bible translations—Dutch Proponents—Cotta—Kandy—Ancient temple—King's palace—Bhûd's tooth—Interview with Adigars and Priests—Baddegama—Severe storm—Landing at Madras—Southern missions—Caste question—Tanjore—Conference with the natives—Swartz—Trichinopoly—Final arrangements—Correspondence.

THE Primary Visitation was held in the cathedral on August 13th, 1834 : when twenty-one clergy answered to their names. The sermon was preached by Dr. Mill, the Principal of Bishop's College, and the Charge occupied an hour and a half in its delivery. It had engaged the Bishop's earnest attention for some months, and had been written and re written several times. Some excitement almost necessarily followed : so that when the clergy gathered round him, and he commenced his opening address, by saying—"That in the short space of twelve or thirteen years a fifth Bishop of Calcutta should be addressing his Reverend Brethren from this chair, is a most affecting memorial of the uncertainty of life, and of the mysteries of the divine judgments. As to man, all is weakness and change. The pastoral staff drops from the hand before it is grasped. Measures are broken off in the midst : and we must look to the mercy of God alone for the settlement and future safety of our apostolical branch of Christ's holy Catholic Church in India :"—his feelings were overpowered : all the circumstances connecting together the past and the present seemed to rush upon his mind : his voice faltered : he paused in deep emotion : and was a considerable time before he could recover his self-command. Then, continuing his address, he

riveted the attention of all his hearers, and sympathy gave place to a feeling of deep solemnity.

It will not be necessary here to discuss the many important topics of a Charge which was widely circulated in India, and several times reprinted in England. But a few statistics may be mentioned as illustrating the subsequent progress of things in India; and a few quotations may be made on subjects as fresh and interesting now, as when they were delivered.

The statistics show that at that time the number of chaplaincies allotted to Bengal were thirty-seven; and the number filled up, thirty-two. This told of a considerable increase; for in Bishop Heber's time, the number allotted to Bengal was but twenty-six, and of these not more than half were in the field of labour: whilst in Bishop Middleton's time the chaplaincies were fifteen, and the clergy at work numbered only ten or twelve.

If the whole of India, including the presidencies of Madras and Bombay, was taken into account; then the number of chaplaincies in 1834 was seventy-five: and the number of chaplains present in the field about sixty.

If the professors of Bishop's College and the missionaries were added, this number would approach one hundred and twenty: whilst the number of stations served, or occasionally visited, would be about one hundred and eighty. This was for all India. Whilst in Bengal, the aggregate number of clergy was fifty-eight, and the stations visited, whether large or small, about ninety.

From the topics of general and enduring interest dwelt upon in the Charge, the following extracts may be made, as worthy of remark.

#### THE GOSPEL.

'Repentance for sin, faith in the obedience unto death of the Son of God, holiness the fruit of both by the grace of the blessed Spirit, the ten commandments the rule of life;—this is Christianity. The Church, her ministry, her sacraments, her liturgies, are only channels for these mighty blessings. You are the heralds, expounders, preachers, not of the forms of the Church, but of THE GOSPEL. Everything depends on your understanding and acting on this distinction.'

#### THE CHURCH.

'It is highly important for us ever to remember what a



Church *can* do, and what it *cannot* do. What a Church can do, and what our own does, is to give a sound confession of doctrine, an evangelical liturgy and offices, legitimate authority, the unbroken succession and right ordination of ministers, wise constitutions, canons, and formularies, together with books of sermons or homilies, embodying the preaching she would wish to encourage. These are no slight advantages. And where the State supports such a Church, expands it with the increase of Christian population, and protects with mild laws the decencies of religion and the sanctity of the sabbath, the benefits are immense. These are the means of salvation for souls, a rallying point for the primitive faith, a preservative against weakness, heresy, and love of change, a principle of recovery and resuscitation from declines, a banner because of the truth. All this a Church *can* do. But what a Church *cannot* do, is, to accomplish of herself, much less perpetuate, any one of the spiritual ends of her appointment. She cannot give her priesthood the illumination of grace, she cannot inspire them with the love of Christ, she cannot infuse compassion for souls, she cannot penetrate with her own doctrines their sermons and instructions, she cannot preserve and hand down to succeeding ages the presence and blessing of Christ.'

#### PREACHING.

'Do not be afraid of distinguishing in your own mind—though you should be extremely tender in speaking of others—between what is preaching the Gospel, and what is not. There is one way to heaven, and but one. He that points out that way, preaches the Gospel; and he that does not, preaches not the Gospel; whatever else he may preach.'

#### NATIVE EDUCATION.

'Whatever gives knowledge, and does not exclude, though it may not professedly include, Christianity; whatever is not retrograde from, but a step in advance towards Christianity, will meet our favourable regard. We never fear knowledge. All we dread is the poisoned stream mingling with its flow, and weakening, instead of refreshing, the fainting traveller. If you exclude Christianity *ex-professo*, you deprive the Hindoo of many of the highest benefits he might otherwise derive from it; you block up the main entrance to the Temple of Truth; you deny him, without

asking him the question, and by supposing prejudices which do not exist, the knowledge of the prevailing religion of the civilised world. You leave India to an education which makes fallen man proud, discontented, difficult to govern, and liable to be tossed about for half a century on the sea of turbulence and doubts : instead of giving it one which is meek, peaceable, contented, and allied to English government, laws, literature, and manners.'

#### MISSIONARIES.

'What can exceed the inviting prospects which India presents ! The fields white for the harvest and awaiting the hand of the reaper ! Nations bursting the intellectual sleep of thirty centuries ! Superstitions no longer in the giant strength of youth, but doting to their fall ! Oh ! where are the first propagators and professors of Christianity ? Where are our martyrs and reformers ? Where the ingenuous, pious sons of our universities ? Where are our younger devoted clergy ? Are they studying their ease ? Are they resolved on a ministry, tame, ordinary, agreeable to the flesh ? Are they drivelling after minute literature, poetry, fame ? Do they shrink from that toil and labour, which, as Augustine says, OUR COMMANDER, Noster Imperator, accounts most blessed ?'

After the delivery of the Charge, the clergy, missionaries, schoolmasters, catechists, and students assembled at dinner at the Bishop's palace. The usual forms were gone through, and the printing of both charge and sermon promised ; and then the Bishop threw out two important topics for discussion : first, the shortening of the church services in adaptation to the Indian climate ; and, next, the possible establishment of a body of missionary-chaplains, to come out for a specified time, to be under the Bishop's control, to act as curates to the chaplain as well as missionaries to the heathen, and to derive their income partly from home, and partly from the station where they laboured.

The discussion was animated, and favourable to both propositions ; and though no practical result followed, the evening thus passed pleasantly and profitably.

A farewell dinner at Government House, and a farewell sermon at the Cathedral followed : and then early on Monday morning, August 24th, the Bishop embarked, under the usual salute, and dropped down the river on his first Visitation.

He had applied for the *Enterprise* steamer: but she was not ready; and Government, therefore, engaged cabins in the *Asia*, a large East-Indiaman, which had brought out Mr. Macaulay, the new legislative councillor, and his sister, now Lady Trevelyan.

The passage to Penang was rendered anxious by the illness of the Bishop's daughter, and prolonged by baffling currents, contrary winds, and frequent calms. But it opposed "a dyke to the influx of new business, and gave time for reflection upon the old;" and the result, upon the whole, was invigorating and beneficial. On September 18th land was in sight; and on the 19th the vessel glided into the roadstead, formed by the island of Penang on the one side, and the Queda country on the other. The Bishop landed at once, and before the evening closed, he and his whole party were hospitably received and sheltered in the house of Sir Benjamin Malkin, the Judge and Recorder of the Straits. Nothing could exceed the kindness manifested by himself and his excellent lady during the whole of the Bishop's stay; and after he left, his daughter, having derived no benefit from the sea voyage, and being unable to continue it, found there a home for many months, and remained till increasing illness compelled a permanent return to England.

Prince of Wales' Island, or Penang (from the betel-nut it bears), came into the possession of the East India Company by purchase; and being on the high road to China, was deemed at one time a place of considerable importance. Handsome buildings, good roads, an excellent church and parsonage had been the pleasing results. But when the China trade was taken from the hands of the Company, the glory of Penang passed away with it, and all was now economy, neglect, decay. Still nature retained her exceeding loveliness, and a mixed population of about forty thousand remained. Almost every nation of the East found there its representative and its religion; so that countenances, languages, dresses, habits, food, were all diverse, and mingled in most picturesque confusion. The authorities and chief mercantile persons in the island were Protestants; but there was also a large body of Roman Catholics: the rest were votaries of Mahomet, Confucius, Brahma, and Bhûd. The temperature, never so high or so low as in India, is equable and oppressive. But that which produces a languor indescribable in man, produces a vigour

and luxuriance almost inconceivable in vegetation. All Nature's strange sights are to be met with in different parts of the island: trees of gigantic growth; creepers of wondrous beauty; ferns of most curious and grotesque device; the monkey-plant, with its cup and cover opening to receive a supply of water, and shutting when supplied; the stick-insect lying on the path to be picked up and broken in an idle moment like a withered twig, but for six legs, thin as a hair, undoubling and projecting at the moment of danger, and hurrying it off; the trumpeter, hidden in the grass and sending forth its notes as from the lips of an English child; humming-birds, darting like flashes of green and gold, or half burying themselves within the petals of a flower; the snake gliding from beneath the feet of the startled traveller:—all these are common sights and sounds in that strange island. Pepper, cloves, indigo, coffee, all flourish; but the nutmeg was, at the time of the Bishop's visit, the most choice and valuable product. Each tree stood separate, a model of vigour and beauty, laden with fruit, and yielding to its owner, after seven years' care and patience, a rich and unceasing return. The process is always going on; for the fruit is always ripening, and the owner always gathering: whilst changing seasons and varying prices, added the excitement of speculation to the reality of profit.

All these things produced the effect of enchantment. A few days since the Bishop had been immersed in all the anxieties and cares of office, and now he was free to expatiate in all these wonders of nature.

But the real business of the visitation soon began: and all that could be done, he did. The chaplain was first visited in his parsonage, and the Bishop looked grave when he found attached to it a flourishing nutmeg plantation. Words of caution only were spoken now: but the pursuit was afterwards forbidden. The church was close at hand, and was examined with much interest. A Grecian building and portico, with a lofty spire, spoke for Christianity in this heathen land; and steps were at once taken to check the dilapidations which began everywhere to be manifest. In the interior were three noble monuments. One was a marble group, the size of life, by Flaxman, and represented Britannia directing the attention of a most exquisite Hindoo child to the medallion of Lord Cornwallis; whilst India, figured by a Hindoo mother, sat apart weeping under the

palm-tree. Another group, by Behnes, represented a Malay with folded hands and one knee slightly bent, reading an inscription commemorative of Colonel Malacaster. The countenance of the Malay, his creeze, his slight drapery, his attitude—all were perfect. The third was by Westmacott, and represented in a compartment above the inscription slab, a group of children, bearing the emblems of justice and the weapons of war. It commemorated a former Governor named Bannerman.

The school was next visited, and presented a striking illustration of the confusion of tongues. Representatives of almost all the different nations inhabiting the island were present. The building was large and handsome, and capable of boarding fifty children and instructing five hundred. About seventy were present at the examination. In one class the names of the boys, as taken down upon the spot, were Affatt, Williams, Lloyd, Stewart, Soquay, Affoo, Ayhang, Ethaljee Fooklong, Ram, Abdulrahman. Here, then, were assembled Malays, Welsh, English, Scotch, Chinese, Siamese, Bengalees, Hindoos, and Mussulmen: and yet the master was an old soldier and could only speak English. The effect may be imagined. For some years, till the children picked up a little English, they learned nothing; and it was not easy to suggest a remedy. The mechanical part was better. Many of the children wrote well: for they found the advantage of it, by obtaining speedy employment as clerks. The Chinese were minute models of their race—with narrow eyes, twisted tails, and shrewd expression. They wrote upon a board thinly covered with fine sand. The copy finished and inspected—the monitor gently shook the board, the writing disappeared, and a fresh task began.

On the following day, a meeting of the subscribers was held, over which the Bishop presided. He offered valuable suggestions, and recommended the addition of a female school, and a committee of Ladies.

To make the short visit more effectual, a meeting of the candidates for confirmation was called, to which all parents and friends were invited. This admitted of much familiar and religious converse, and prepared for the due administration of the rite on the following day, when forty-eight young persons were admitted to the fellowship of the Church.

On the Sunday after, the Bishop preached his farewell

sermon and administered the Lord's Supper. He took leave of the congregation, and thanked them for their courteous reception and ready compliance with his wishes. He recommended (1) personal piety; (2) education; (3) churchmanship; (4) Sunday observance; (5) cultivation of pastoral intercourse; (6) horror of idolatry and pity for idolators; (7) example to the heathen world; (8) peace.

On Wednesday the steamer arrived from Calcutta; and on Thursday the Bishop bade farewell to his kind hosts and embarked for Singapore.

Singapore is a free port, and merchants of all nations have their representatives and agents located there. Great changes may have taken place since the Bishop's first visit, and it is to be hoped that great improvements have been made. It was not then famed either for morality or honesty. Whole ranges of houses, communicating by private passages, were given up to gambling; and to buy a thing was not always to get what was wanted.

No church had ever existed; and the attempt to build one, in times past, had given rise to sad dissensions, and caused wounds which were still open and rankling. Rent was paid by Government for the partial use of a chapel belonging to the London Missionary Society; but this was ill adapted for the purpose, even when there was a chaplain to officiate. A Madras chaplain was at this time in residence, but the arrangement was temporary, and included the adjacent settlement of Malacca also. To erect a church, and to provide a permanent chaplain, were therefore matters of the first importance; and prompt action was necessary, for the Bishop's stay was limited to a few days. He landed on Saturday night, and was entertained by Mr. Wingrove, a member of the Council. Immediate notice was sent round the station of divine service and the Holy Communion for the following day, and of a public meeting for the Monday morning. The congregation was large, but the Communion small.

On Monday morning all the influential people in the settlement came together to consider of the erection of the church; and the Bishop having been requested to preside, submitted to them a plan which he had well considered. His presence hushed some doubtful questions; and after full consideration it was agreed that a church should be erected, that a public subscription should be opened, that

grants should be applied for from the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Church Building Fund for India, and that the Government should be requested to redeem their present payment of twenty dollars per mensem, for a fixed sum in aid of the building. If from these sources the amount fell short of the ten thousand dollars required, money was to be borrowed on the security of the pew-rents. All this was agreed to, and above three thousand dollars were subscribed in the room. This sum was afterwards increased to four thousand dollars : a committee was appointed, a site selected, an architect found, a plan approved, and the proper applications made. Everything was thus in good train, and the Bishop was well pleased.

He then proceeded to examine the school. It differed from the one previously examined at Penang, in that four different rooms were assigned to four different languages—English, Tamul, Chinese, and Malay. In three of these rooms, the masters being natives, no sort of religious instruction was introduced ; and in the fourth it was very poor and unsatisfactory.

As at Penang, the young people desiring confirmation were previously assembled : and since a large proportion of the people were Presbyterians, the question was raised as to the adaptation of the Church service to their case. They wished to be confirmed, but doubted about the allusion to godfathers and godmothers. The Bishop decided that in all such cases, the natural parents stood to their children in God's stead ; and that this being previously understood and allowed on both sides, the young people might answer conscientiously, and he would confirm willingly.

He then addressed them earnestly upon the subject of dedication to God, and on the appointed day administered the rite.

An American Missionary applied to him for advice on several points, and amongst others, as to his dealings with the Roman Catholics. He himself was engaged in distributing Bibles, and the priest had threatened to burn every copy he could lay his hands on. The advice given was, that every copy should be tendered as a loan. If then, any third person seized or destroyed it, he would be liable to punishment.

The churchyard having then been consecrated, and the Church Committee once more assembled and addressed, the first episcopal visit ever paid to the settlement concluded.

“Blessed be thy name, O Lord,” such are the Bishop’s notes whilst receding from it, “for having carried me through two branches of my visitation—Penang and Singapore. May I approach the third with humble trust in Thy Holy Name, and the seven-fold influences of thy Holy Spirit.”

When the steamer left Calcutta, it brought Dr. Mill, the Principal of Bishop’s College, in search of health, with his amiable and excellent lady: and they had since formed part of the Bishop’s company, and now proceeded with him to Malacca.

The night of October 10th was closing in before the anchor was dropped some miles from shore. A single boat approached, sent by the Resident—not to mention the arrangements made for the Bishop, but to ask when he would land, where he would go, and what he would do. All this indecision involved delay; and when hour after hour had passed away, it was determined to wait no longer, but to land. The ship’s boat accordingly was lowered, and after some search the mouth of the river which runs up the town was entered, and the landing-place reached. Sleep brooded over Malacca, and all was silence as the party stepped ashore. There was no one to receive, to welcome, to guide, or to entertain. The old white Stadt-house, however, was near at hand. The door yielded to a push, five Sepoys sleeping on the threshold were roused, a bar was removed, the broad stone staircase ascended, a lock turned, and then all stood in a large upper room unfurnished and unwholesome. To open all the windows and trim the ship’s lanterns, were the first steps taken: and then each gazed upon his neighbour and burst into a laugh. “From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step,” said the Bishop, as he sat down upon an empty box.

Ere long the Resident came in with manifold suggestions and offers of service. But some arrangements having been made for the night, the Bishop declined all, and retired to rest.

The morning light set all things right: and by six o’clock he was climbing up the hill to gaze upon the lovely prospect, and examine the ruins of a fine old church which crowns the summit. It was either built by St. Francis Xavier, who visited Malacca about the year 1545, or dedicated to him by the Portuguese after his death in 1552. Many tombs



remain, and many inscriptions are legible, bearing the dates of 1656, 1698, and 1712: one commemorates Peter, a Jesuit, the second Bishop of Japan. Subterranean paths run in various directions, and traditionary stories still linger; one states that on occasion of the signature of St. Francis being required to give validity to an important deed, a hand came from the chapel where he lies buried at Goa, and signed his name.

A programme of all things to be done at the visitation having been at once issued, the Bishop went round to see what was worthy of note in this ancient and curious settlement. He called on Mrs. Gutzlaff, the wife of the famous Chinese scholar and traveller: and smiled to hear of his recent escape from sudden peril. He had been passing in the interior for a native Chinaman—and neither speech nor dress betrayed him. But one day he fell into the water, and a woman seizing his long tail to rescue him from drowning, felt it come off in her hand. The cheat was perceived, and he was obliged to escape for his life.

The Anglo-Chinese College was also visited, and all the process of instruction and printing minutely examined.

A candidate for Holy Orders appeared in the shape of a missionary of the London Society, who from conscientious conviction had joined the Church. His application however could not be received till he had freed himself from all present engagements, and obtained the consent and "God-speed" of his Society.

A large Chinese joss-house was inspected. It was full of images standing in small niches; lights were burning before them; the house was filled with incense; whilst huge diabolical figures sat on the floor and by the door. The Bishop was horrified: "We are in one of the devil's houses," he whispered, whilst hurrying out, "and there he sits!"

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The business of the Visitation followed, as previously arranged. Divine service was performed in the old Dutch Church, which had been offered to the Bishop by the trustees, if he would consecrate it for the service of the Church of England, and obtain the appointment of a chaplain. It was to consider this proposal, that a public meeting, as at other places, had been called. About thirty English residents were present; and their offer being repeated, the Bishop thanked them and accepted it. He promised to do

his best to obtain a resident chaplain ; but till he succeeded, he said he would delay the actual consecration of the building, since it would be selfish in him to perform an act which would preclude all services but those of the Church of England. He would take charge of the building, and appoint his candidate for Orders to conduct service on the Sundays ; and ere long, this temporary arrangement might become permanent. The residents were pleased with the proposal—the best possible under the circumstances—and they engaged to make such alterations in the interior fittings of the building as were desirable and practicable.

A congregation of seventy assembled on the Sunday for divine service — twenty-nine were confirmed — thirty-one communicated : all was affection and solemnity : and at the close of the day the Bishop bade them farewell, being ready to depart on the morrow.

“God grant,” he says, writing home, “that the spices and fragrance of grace and holiness may equal the exquisite odours of this place. But one feels horrified to think that we are in the midst of pirates, murderers, and opium-caters—men of fierce and barbarous usages beyond conception ! Oh, what would not Christianity do for these poor creatures ! It is a comfort to think that the rule of England is merciful and beneficial, compared with that of the Malays, Mahometans, Portuguese, or even the Dutch, imperfect as even our government is. May the spirit of real piety and zeal fill our rulers more and more. I am sure the Bishop has enough to do, as well as the clergy, in beginning everything aright.”

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The steamer now steered for Moulmein, calling and stopping a few days at Penang, to obtain tidings of the invalid ; and in due course the Bishop found himself kindly received and hospitably entertained in the house of Mr. Blundell, then acting for the Chief Commissioner. He was now on the confines of Burmah. Moulmein was part of the territory ceded to us in the last war, and was scarcely cleared from jungle. All was new and strange. The white loose dress of India was changed for an interior tunic of some gay colour or stripe, with graceful external drapery, whilst a smart handkerchief superseded the turban. Priests, with flowing yellow dresses and shaven heads, were very nume-

rous. The temples were full of idols in the sitting or reclining attitude peculiar to Bhuddism, and of gigantic size. In one pagoda, rising high above the town, there were three hundred figures, some of them forty feet long.

The cantonments were large, and occupied by English troops. The 62nd regiment had just arrived, and many distinguished Peninsula and Indian officers were present.

The business of the Visitation was arranged with Mr. Hamilton, the chaplain, and then promptly carried out.

The regimental hospitals and schools were first visited. Alas! fever extensively prevailed: there were more men sick than well: and all the children had died but twelve. The Government school was next examined, and the confusion of tongues, before referred to, was observable. But the master was a shrewd American, and he had called pictures to his aid. He had been one of the band associated with Dr. Judson, who was labouring here amongst the Karens with great success. The Bishop sent the doctor a kind message, expressing deep interest in the work, and inviting intercourse; but from some unknown cause, or misapprehension, it met with no response. Afterwards, however, they became great friends.

The church was then examined and admired as a proof of what great things may be done by well-timed energy and skill. In March, 1833, Mr. Maingy, the commissioner, had called on the Bishop in Calcutta, and detailed the state of the settlement—the buildings that were rising, and the expenditure going on. He was earnestly requested to ask, amongst other items, for a grant in aid of a building for divine service. He complied with the request; put down, in the estimate for Government, the sum of five thousand rupees; and the amount, trifling as compared with other charges, was sanctioned without a word. That five thousand rupees (500*l.*), well managed, had built a handsome gothic church ninety feet by fifty, with a small gallery at the end. The walls were of thick teak slabs; each pillar was a teak tree handsomely wrought and fluted; the roof was thatch; verandahs ran all round; the foundations of a tower were laid; communion rails, pulpit, desk, vestry, were complete; the floor was left unpewed—each worshipper providing his own chair. All was now ready for consecration, and the ceremony was performed on October 25th, 1834: the deeds connected with it being deposited in an

iron chest. The church was called after St. Matthew. On the following day, being Sunday, the Bishop preached, and the whole settlement assembled. Three clergy were assisting. The officers and troops were present. The missionary chapels were all closed. An immense crowd listened to a sermon on the words, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" (2 Cor. x. 4). It was like unfurling the standard of the Cross in a heathen land. The service concluded with the administration of the Holy Communion.

On Monday the confirmation followed, and the usual addresses were delivered.

Social and kindly intercourse filled up all the intervals between these public services. The Bishop was entertained at the Mess, and by all the authorities in turn : and singular indeed he found it to enter drawing-rooms adorned with richly-bound Albums and Court Guides, and to sit down at tables furnished with all the elegancies and luxuries of civilised life, whilst huge rats ran along the floors, motionless lizards clung to the rafters, and the walls of the rooms consisted of unhewn slabs. Such was the settlement when visited in its early days.

On Tuesday morning, October 28th, a large sailing boat was placed at the Bishop's disposal, and carried him down the river to the steamer anchored at its mouth.

'I have been finishing,' he says, 'the last Sunday of my second year's residence in India by preaching my hundred and fifty-second sermon, before five or six hundred persons of all ranks, in the newly-consecrated church of Moulmein. It is a beautiful structure, just such as Augustine built in England at the conversion of the larger cities towards the end of the sixth century. We have been proclaiming the Gospel in the Burman Empire, with China on one side and India on the other : Bhûd, and his monstrous fables, deceiving four hundred millions on our right ; and Brâhuna, with his metaphysical atheism chaining down one hundred millions on our left ; whilst the base impostor Mahomet rages against the deity and sacrifice of the blessed Saviour in the midst of both, with ten or twenty millions of followers. But our DIVINE LORD shall ere long reign : and Bhûddist, and Brahminist, and Mahometan—yea, the infidel, and papist, and nominal Christian throughout Asia, shall unite in adoring his cross.'

These words were written whilst the *Enterprise* was crossing the Bay of Bengal, with her head towards Ceylon. On November 5th the land was seen ; and on the 7th the lighthouse of Colombo served to guide the vessel slowly to her anchorage.

The sun rose majestically behind Adam's Peak, which, though many miles distant, overshadowed the town. From it spurs ran out in all directions. The shore was fringed with cocoa-nut trees. The rich foliage was varied by patches of cultivation. The sweet smell of cinnamon groves perfumed the air. Nothing could surpass the beauty of Ceylon when first unveiled. The Bishop was impatient to land. He grudged official persons their morning sleep, and paced the deck till signs of life appeared, and a boat put off from shore. The Governor, Sir Wilmot Horton, was ill ; but his lady bade the Bishop welcome : and after calling at Government House, and breakfasting with the Archdeacon, he drove to the house which had been engaged for him.

Many urgent matters pressed for settlement, some unexpected, some previously foreseen, but all fraught with embarrassment and difficulty. These may be enumerated and explained so far as to give the reader some idea of the Bishop's labour, care, and thought during the time allotted to the visitation of this part of the island.

First, there were misunderstandings between the highest civil and ecclesiastical authorities : misunderstandings made chronic by lapse of time, bitter by personalities, and complicated by interference. The reference to the Bishop caused him infinite trouble and anxiety. His first wish was to bring about a reconciliation by mutual explanations, concessions, and apology. In this he failed : and in the end was compelled to pass judgment on the case. That this judgment should prove satisfactory to both parties, was impossible : but though it did not heal the wound, it stopped the inflammatory action ; and time did the rest.

There was disunion also amongst the clergy. An official complaint in time past had been sent in to the Bishop, against a clergyman, very worthy, but rather sensitive. An opinion upon the case as thus sent in had been pronounced. The clergyman fretted under it ; and asserted that the complaint against him had not been fairly put, in the first instance. His assertion became known to the congregation amongst whom he ministered, and they rose as one man

on his behalf, and memorialised the Bishop. Here was complication of all kinds, which nothing could remove so well as personal intercourse. The consideration of it, therefore, was reserved for the visitation, and the result was very happy: for when the Bishop's last service in the island was finished, and he was resting in the vestry for a little while, both parties voluntarily came forward, and, without a word, shook hands before him: whilst he silently bent his head in token of approbation, and gave God thanks.

A third matter was of a more personal character, but not less irritating. A young man, highly connected in the colony, and provided with an appointment of some value, sought Priest's Orders to enable him to hold it. A charge, however, hung over him of having written anonymous letters in a newspaper, both personal and libellous. The charge and the denial were alike unqualified: and the proof was manifestly difficult. The whole was a matter of public discussion and notoriety; and the Bishop's decision on the young man's application was looked to on both sides with great anxiety. He waited: and whilst waiting, events occurred which tested the young man's spirit, temper, and prudence. He was found wanting: and the Bishop founded his decision—not on what was past, and was, perhaps, incapable of absolute proof, but on what his own eyes had seen, and his own ears heard. Ordination was postponed.

The next question arose from the improper action of the Government. They had assumed authority to issue marriage licences indiscriminately to all applicants, without any reference whatever to ecclesiastical usages. The necessity of the case was the plea and the excuse. But however valid this might be deemed before the establishment of the bishopric, it was not valid now. Whatever doubt remained on other points, there was no doubt of the dispensing power inherent in all bishops: and the power to dispense with banns involved the power to grant licences. It was, therefore, arranged by mutual consent that all marriage licences henceforth should issue from the Archdeacon's Court in the Bishop's name, whilst the proceeds of a stamp affixed to each would go to increase the revenue and convey the Governor's sanction. Thus the issue of the licence would be legitimate, the authority of the Government would be recognised, and the revenue remain uninjured. A few words thus suffice to narrate, what required many long discussions and letters to arrange.

Widely diverging from this, arose another matter of controversy. There were two different versions of the Bible into Cingalese, and each had many warm and earnest advocates, who desired the mediation and award of the Bishop. Not being conversant with the language, he could only receive evidence on either side. No nation in the world seems to have separated the high and the low, the rich and the poor, by broader lines of demarcation than the Cingalese. The separation extends even to the language. There is one phrasology for the rich, and another for the poor—one for the high and another for the low—one full of fulsome compliments, the other full of rude familiarity. The question had no reference to caste, or any religious distinctions, but appertained to social life and intercourse. Men of rank addressed each other in one set of phrases: common persons in another. Into which should the Bible be translated? To speak of our blessed Lord, as “His high Excellency” in almost every verse of the Gospels, would seem to militate against the simplicity of the original: but to drop the phrase altogether would, to the Cingalese ear, be significant of vulgar familiarity, or even contempt. The complimentary translation had hitherto been used, but now a new one had emanated from the Church Missionary Seminary at Cotta, and urged its claims. The difficulty of the question will be at once discovered. If the complimentary phrasology was to be tolerated when addressed to Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, or “The Lord:” could it be tolerated when addressed to Cain, Abitophel, Demas, and Judas Iscariot? On the other hand, was it possible to speak of high and holy scripture characters in terms which a well-bred Cingalese would shrink from using to a friend? Neither was there any middle course, or the translator would make himself “a ruler and a judge,” to decide who was evil, and who was good—what character was high enough for the language of compliment, what low enough for the language of contempt. This was called the Oba-Wahansey controversy: and thus it came before the Bishop. He knew that he had no authority to decide: neither did he wish to do so: but both parties having applied to him, he recommended that the two versions should be made equally accessible, and that *time* should be the final arbiter. It was of course a Native, and not an English question; and experience would show the leaning of the native mind, and gradually bring about any change that was really desirable in the

native churches. Thus the controversy for the time was stilled.

Another question demanded decision, and admitted not of compromise, or even delay. During the time that the Dutch had held the island, the profession of heathenism was made a civil disqualification. No unbaptised person could be legally married, or buried, or hold office, or inherit property. The necessary consequence was that multitudes indiscriminately flocked to the font: and facilities were required for thus filling the island with baptised heathens. In order to this, certain men, some Dutch, some native, were appointed to reside at different stations, and perform the ceremony (for it was no more) for all applicants. These men were selected by the Government, paid stipends varying from 60*l.* to 100*l.* per annum, and called "Proponents."

When the island was transferred to England, this system, strange to say, was transferred with it: and though the civil disqualification was removed, yet the Proponents and their system remained: so that when the Bishop arrived there were still nine such men in the pay of Government, performing their unauthorised religious services. What was to be done? The Government was not willing to do away with a system which it had found existing, and had engaged to maintain: but it was ready to listen to any proposal the Bishop might make to remove the scandal. Why not then give regularity to that which was confessedly irregular? The salary was there—and the men were there:—why not bestow upon them Deacon's orders, and thus send them forth to teach and to baptise? This seemed the obvious course to be pursued: but there was found to be one insurmountable obstacle to its general application—*the men were unfit*. A careful examination proved that only two possessed the necessary qualifications. On this, then, the decision turned. These two were to be admitted as candidates for Holy Orders, and their admission was to be held up as an incentive and encouragement to the others. None were injured. In any case, the Proponents would hold their offices for life, even though found finally disqualified for Holy Orders: and after death, their places would be supplied by a different order and class of men. Thus the matter was arranged for the time.

It may easily be imagined that the consideration of these anxious matters filled up every interval of time left by the performance of the Bishop's public duties. Those public



duties were announced for general information in a "Supplement to the Government Gazette," and were at once entered on. Two days, from November 7th to November 9th, were assigned for the reception of visitors, and on Sunday morning a sermon was preached in the Fort Church to an overflowing congregation from the words, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ" (Ep. iii. 8.) This was followed on Tuesday by the confirmation of one hundred and eight young persons; the words and the final blessing being repeated in four different languages—English, Cingalese, Portuguese, and Tamul.

On Thursday the Visitation was held, and the clergy entertained at the Bishop's house. The charge was the same as that delivered in Calcutta, with adaptations to Ceylon.

These duties were varied by a visit to the Church Missionary Institution at Cotta, presided over by the Rev. Mr. Lambrick, the senior missionary, whose venerable appearance, long experience, sound learning, and deep piety, admirably qualified him to conduct what might be called a "school of the prophets." The buildings were situated on the banks of an extensive lake, and included a college, a chapel, a printing-press, and missionaries' houses. A whole district, and a wide circle of schools were also attached to the Mission. The Bishop himself describes the effect produced upon his mind by the visit:—

"I must tell you of the exquisite drive we have had through the cinnamon gardens for five miles. Nothing since the garden of Eden, was so beautiful: a vast field of green fragrant bush, with every fibre and branch bursting with cinnamon. But even this extraordinary scene yields to the moral fragrance of this dear missionary station of Cotta, now numbering twelve out-stations, four clergymen, twenty-one native teachers, six hundred average attendants on public worship, twenty-one communicants, nineteen seminarists, sixteen schools, and four hundred and thirty scholars. Our honoured Mr. Lambrick, after eighteen years of steady and holy labour, presides over the whole. Will you believe that I have been examining native youth in the English Scriptures, geography, history, astronomy, mathematics, latin, greek, and hebrew?"

They stood before the Bishop, as he describes, fine young

men, clad in white dresses, and with the hair gathered by a high comb at the back of the head in a manner peculiar to both men and women in Ceylon. Their countenances were intelligent, and their answers very satisfactory. When their examination was ended, they gave place to four hundred younger children gathered in from all the schools, who were addressed in a body. The candidates for confirmation were then separated, for a preparatory exhortation; but it being suggested that the administration of the service on the spot would prevent the necessity of a long walk to Colombo, the Bishop at once assented, and in the evening at divine service, fifty-five young natives were confirmed with a great and solemn effect.

The day of Ordination having been fixed, a start was now made for Kandy, the ancient capital of the island, about seventy-two miles distant; and the journey was performed in a vehicle called the "Kandy Mail," upon a road which was a triumph of engineering skill, and through the most varied and lovely scenery.

When the Bishop arrived at Kandy, he took up his quarters at the "King's House," erected by Sir Edward Barnes. Sir John Wilson, the commander-in-chief, Mr. Turnour, the resident commissioner, and others, gladly received him, and honoured him with many honours. He was poorly and in pain all the time he stayed; but still, in a carriage, was able to move about, accomplish his sacred objects, and enjoy the magnificent lake and mountain scenery. Dr. Mill still accompanied the party, and his knowledge of Sanscrit served him well. The delight of the native priests on hearing him converse in it was indescribable. Many ancient temples were visited. On the outside of one stood a huge upright mass of stone, which being scarped and smoothed on one side, served as a matrix, or ground, for an inscription in raised letters. It was thus, at once, "the pillar and ground" of the truth it professed to promulgate, and afforded a striking illustration of the expression used by St. Paul, when writing to Timothy, about the Church of the living God (1 Tim. iii. 15).

The palace of the former kings of Kandy still remained. The woodwork was curiously carved with hideous griffins; and a species of bird like a cock, the exclusive sign and seal of Ceylon royalty. Adjoining it was the temple, where the relic, called the tooth of Bhûd, is preserved.

Great preparations were made to give all ceremony to the Bishop's visit, and to do him honour. The relic itself is rarely exposed. It is hidden in six cases, one within the other, of precious metals. The exterior case is in the shape of a bell, and stands upon a table in a small dark room, covered with gold chains and strings of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. All these have been offerings in times past, and are now valued at 30,000*l.* by admiring natives; but at much less by sober-minded Europeans. Those who have seen the tooth declare that it is but a small tusk, two or three inches long, and no human tooth at all. Tradition attaches to its possessor the government of the island: and hence the care taken to preserve what has been obtained. The first object of every conspiracy has been the seizure of the relic as a pledge of success.

When the present visit was paid, long rows of elephants were drawn up, forming a gigantic and living avenue, martial music was sounded, crowds of natives assembled, and priests swarmed; but no indications of respect were required, no shoe was taken off, no hat removed: it was simply a visit as to a curiosity, and was thus regarded on one side, and understood on the other.

It was followed by a visit of ceremony from a body of "Adigars," men of high rank and ancient lineage, the princes of the island; and of Bhûddist priests. The priests arrived first, silently and unobserved. Fifty of them stood grouped in the verandah, with yellow robes and shaven heads, waiting the approach of the Adigars. Then they joined in the procession, and entered the room, clustering together on one side. The Bishop, previously instructed, held out both hands to the two men of highest rank, merely bowing to the rest. They shook each hand in both their own: bowed, and assumed the place befitting their rank. An interesting conversation followed, in which Mr. Turnour, the resident, acted as interpreter. Subjects of controversy were not avoided, and the truth was spoken, but all was done with gentleness: and the Bishop's courtesy seemed to be appreciated by all. The interview lasted about half-an-hour.

The business of the Visitation, meanwhile, had not been forgotten. There was no church at Kandy, and when the Bishop preached on his first arrival, the magistrate was

obliged to vacate his seat and break up the court, in order to make room for the congregation. On Sunday the weather was very stormy, and the congregation small. A confirmation was held; and the mission examined with much interest. Every effort was also made to rouse a spirit of church building. But the society was almost exclusively military, and consequently moveable: and the response was not encouraging.

Having done what he could, the Bishop returned to Colombo on Tuesday, November 18th, and then the examination of candidates for Holy Orders commenced, and was continued day by day, whilst the several matters of discussion already referred to were being brought to a conclusion. It was finally held in the Fort Church, and amongst the ordained were Mr. Dias and Mr. Ondatzyc, the two Proponents. The Rev. Mr. Bailey, senior chaplain, preached, and a large company joined in the Holy Communion.

This was the last sacred act at Colombo, and the Bishop at once embarked and proceeded to Point de Galle. At the house of the Rev. Mr. Wenham, the chaplain, he found one quiet day, which he greatly needed. On the following morning he preached a most impressive sermon in the old Dutch Church, which was, like all the old churches in Ceylon, roomy and convenient, but with no architectural pretensions. A second service was equally well attended, and the day closed with pleasant converse and sacred music. Then followed a confirmation, a meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, an examination of the Government Schools, and a visit to an industrial institution for the natives, carried on by Mrs. Gibson.

An expedition to the Church Missionary Station of Baddegama occupied the next day, and shall be described by the Bishop himself:—

‘As we landed from our boat, which had been dragged by twenty-five coolies against the current, we were received on the shore by the missionaries and the archdeacon (who had gone on the preceding day) under a triumphal arch of cocoa-nut trees, beautifully adorned with the leaves and bark in the native manner. After reposing a little at the first abode, we pushed on to the second missionaries’ house, and there beheld on an adjacent height a noble primitive Christian church, with its comely tower, and a verandah thrown

around it, built by the piety of the missionaries and consecrated by Bishop Heber, in 1825. I had intended to have had divine service, and had appointed Mr. Wenham to preach, and meant afterwards to have repeated my Charge to the four or five clergy who had not heard it. But lo! I found the whole church filled from end to end with five hundred dear native children, waiting for the Bishop, with their teachers, monitors, parents, friends. I never witnessed such a sight. I immediately changed my plan, desired one of the missionaries to begin the Litany in Cingalese, and then delivered an extempore address, or sermon, with the interpreter upon the pulpit steps rendering clause by clause. Such an affecting scene almost overcame me. The loud clear responses of the children to the suffrages of the Litany, which Mr. Faught read out admirably with the recitative cadence which the natives always use, was very striking; and when I ascended and looked round, and bade the interpreter turn to Luke 15th, and read the parable of "the lost sheep," I could scarcely proceed with my discourse. My first clause was, "These are the words of Jesus Christ;" my second, "Jesus Christ is the good Shepherd;" my third, "The lost sheep are sinners, all the sinners in Ceylon, all the Bhûddists, all you;" and so on. Thus I proceeded in half sentences for half-an-hour. We afterwards visited the schools, and then at luncheon I addressed the missionaries, and encouraged them concerning their faith—especially urging holy temper, tenderness, patience, watchfulness, and extraordinary discretion in receiving candidates to Baptism.'

At five o'clock the following morning all were on board the steamer, bound for Matura and Trincomalee. The weather was too boisterous to admit of stopping at the former place, and all speed was made to take shelter in Trincomalee. It was but just accomplished, and the finest harbour in the world was but just entered, when a violent storm broke upon land and sea, and raged furiously for some days. Those days were spent in quiet. Within the harbour, which is six miles in circuit, and deep to the very edge, all was calm: and the Bishop was lodged in the admiral's house, on one of the hills which stand round about the harbour, and make it a scene of surpassing beauty.

Part of a regiment, and a considerable population, were stationed here, but there was no chaplain. Everything,



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therefore, had to be done : notices given, candidates instructed, hospitals visited, schools examined, sermons preached, and confirmation administered. This left no idle moment ; and when all was ended, the Bishop would fain have left, and resumed his voyage to Madras. But this the storm forbade ; and not the storm only, but the captain of the steamer also, who reported the boiler damaged for the third time.

This forced delay enabled the Bishop to wind up all the remaining business ; and to distribute, through the medium of the Archdeacon, in various channels, the whole sum of 300*l.* allotted to him by Government for his expenses : bearing those expenses cheerfully himself.

And thus the Visitation of Ceylon ended. It had occupied more than three weeks of incessant labour ; and if the measure of spiritual blessings vouchsafed seemed less than in other places, it was because the “preparation of the heart” was wanting. The Holy Spirit loves not scenes of strife and contention, and here they abounded. Still it was something to have met the evil, and put things in “the way of peace” ; and with this hope the Bishop thanked God and took courage.

He was still, however, a prisoner ; and he fretted in the prison-house. No immediate duty occupied him in the station—the weather confined him to the house—the time fixed for his arrival at Madras was passed—his habits of punctuality were disturbed—and it was hard, whilst looking at the quiet sea within the harbour, to realise what was going on without. He eagerly availed himself, therefore, of a half consenting note from the Master Attendant, and fixed December 2nd for the day of his departure.

No sooner had the steamer put her head outside the harbour, than she was caught by the wind and current, driven far south, and forbidden all possible return. She was an old, worn-out vessel, her fabric shaken, her engines weak, her boilers patched, and with no strength left to bear up under what now pressed upon her. Night came on, the wind increased, the sea rose high, and danger soon became apparent. On the second and third day matters grew worse. A gleam of sunshine permitted an observation to be taken, and it was found that, spite of the straining of the engine on her north-western course, the vessel had been driven ten miles south, and three hundred miles east. She began to leak seriously,



the tops of her high paddle-boxes were often buried in the sea, sails were blown away, spars split, and at length—the boiler burst, and let sixty tons of water in a moment into the hold. The fires were now extinguished, the engine deck was a foot deep in water, the vessel became nearly unmanageable, and all hands were ordered to the pumps. Two of these were found choked with coal dust : and whilst the other two were working, relays of men baled water out with buckets. “I can do no more,” said the captain, “tell the Bishop he had better go to prayers.” He was almost disqualified ; for he, and all the passengers were exhausted with fatigue, want of rest, and extreme sickness : but thus warned, he roused himself, and with “two or three” he cried unto the Lord “out of the depths,” and his “prayer came unto Him, into His holy temple.” As he read St. Paul’s narrative of his shipwreck, recorded in Acts xxvii. 13—36, the roaring of the sea, the groaning of the vessel, and the shouts of the seamen drowned his voice ; but God heard, and gave him all those that sailed with him. Ere long the wind abated, and the sun shone forth ; the water in the vessel was got under, and the boiler repaired ; the fires were lit, and once more the vessel’s head was pointed in the right course. The sea still wrought and was tempestuous, but the immediate peril had passed away. That it had been most imminent, admitted of no doubt. The ship’s log was afterwards copied, and confessed the fact. One leak, at the critical moment, and the vessel must inevitably have foundered, and every soul been lost ; for no boat could have lived in such a sea, so many hundred miles from land. But God listened to the cry of his servants, and brought them out of their distresses : He “made the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof were still.”

Whilst the result was yet uncertain, the Bishop seems to have retired to his cabin, and opening, as he says, his desk for the first time since leaving Trincomalee, made the following entry :—

*Friday, December 4, 1834.*

‘God’s will be done. The Lord sitteth above the water floods, yea, the Lord “abideth a King for ever.” When Jesus had compelled his disciples to go into the ship, the storm nevertheless arose, and they were nigh to perishing. But Jesus was on the mountain praying for them. Jesus

saw them when in jeopardy. Jesus came to them at the critical moment, saying, "It is I, be not afraid."

"In the same Jesus, everywhere present, and working by his never-failing Providence, I would desire to trust. Before Him would I humble myself; His mercy would I implore; confessing my grievous sins, relying on His precious death, and resigning myself into his almighty hands. Lord, save, we perish.

'Afflictions are the portion of the militant church. They humble, lay low, show us our weakness, bring our sins to remembrance, awaken conscience, place eternity at the door. At this moment any increase of storm might expose us to the most direct and imminent danger; whilst, at any instant, Jesus may arise, say, "Peace, be still," and there would be a great calm. This is the moment, then, to glorify Jesus by faith in his power and love, to lie in his hands as clay in the hands of the potter, to be assured that "all is well," to look with more scrutiny into the heart, and to put away every sin. Heaven is a state of holiness; Christ is the most holy Saviour; God is a holy God. Am I then holy? fit for heaven? really sanctified by the truth? separated from every sin? devoted to the whole will of God? Lord! make me so more and more. Give me the Scriptural evidences of a true faith. Shine upon Thy work in my heart.

'But it is on Thy mercy only I rely. I renounce every other refuge to fly to Thy death and passion. Save me as the chief of sinners. Save my diocese. Save my brethren the clergy. Save my children and grandchildren. Save my friends. Save Thy Church. Save the whole world.'

The wind had lulled, and hour by hour the sea grew calm, and the vessel held on her way. On December 9th the land was sighted; and at three o'clock in the morning of the 10th, the light-house at Madras cast its bright beams upon the waters, filling the heart with gratitude, and the lips with praise. The whole distance from Trincomalee was but two hundred and eighty miles, and it had taken nine days to accomplish it.

At dawn of day the Bishop hastened to leave the ship; and, since no preparation could be expected at such an early hour, he resolved to avail himself of a common Masullah boat, which was plying at the ship's side. But landing at Madras is not an easy thing. The coast is open, the

whole line of surf runs very high, and the least carelessness, or want of skill, leads to a catastrophe more or less serious.

Thus it happened in the present case. On board the ship the Bishop was careless of costume. Whatever was most comfortable was worn—the loose black crape coat—no cravat—and a hat retaining nothing of episcopacy but the form. When about to land, however, all this was changed: and something of stiffness may naturally be supposed to accompany the glossy cassock, the starched cravat, the new hat, and the best coat. Thus arrayed, with his pocket Bible and little atlas as inseparable companions, the Bishop stepped into the boat, attended by his suite. All Masullah boats are large, high out of the water, rowed by many men, and guided by a steersman who stands upon the same raised deck on which the passengers, with feet suspended far above the bottom, are seated. Silently the shore was neared, upon which some red and black coats in waiting were now discovered. The swell preceding the breakers was felt, the rowers raised their usual cry—now nearing the beach, and now retiring—now pulling, and now backing their oars—waiting for a favourable moment and an encouraging word. The word at last was spoken: but at a wrong crisis. The first wave excited some astonishment; but the second made a clear breach over the boat, and, in an instant, Bishop, Chaplain, and Doctor, were swept from their seats, and with hats and books were floating in the water which half filled it. A third wave; and all were safe on shore, and aided by sympathising, and yet half-smiling friends. Dignity agrees not with drenched clothes: and whilst guns were firing, bands playing, and troops presenting arms, the Bishop was hurrying away to find shelter and dry clothes in Government House. “A floundering surf,” as he afterwards described it, “finished our calamities with its own petty annoyance.”

After all this, a rest of some days was manifestly essential: and in the interval thus afforded it may be well to narrate what brought the Bishop to Madras, and what anxious matters awaited him. This will involve the whole of what is called “The Caste question,” the consideration of which has hitherto been reserved, in order to obtain a continuous narrative. It will hereafter prove an epoch of great importance in the history of the native church of India.

The first Protestant Mission was established at Tranquebar, on the eastern coast of southern India, under the auspices of Frédéric IV., King of Denmark, in the year 1705-6. Ziegenbalg and Plutschow were the first missionaries, and they baptised their first converts on May 12th, 1707. Soon after, the mission became known to the Church in England, and enlisted its warmest sympathies. In the year 1710, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge made grants in aid, both of money and books; and soon after took a more direct part in its proceedings. The Mission spread, and put out great branches, which reached Vepery, Cuddalore, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Tinnevely. In the year 1824, the whole charge of it was transferred to the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and at a later period the Church Missionary Society entered the same wide field. By this instrumentality many thousand Christians had been gathered into the fold of Christ, and it is the insidious working of caste amongst them, which is now under consideration. It had gradually insinuated itself till, like leaven, it had leavened the whole lump. In other parts of India it was unknown. In Bengal and elsewhere, when a native embraces Christianity, all connection with idolatry and idolatrous usages ceases at once. Caste is at an end; and the Brahmin, Soodra, and Pariah, are "one in Christ." Even Mahometanism admits not of its retention by a proselyte.

And thus it was originally in the southern churches. Caste was unknown to the first converts, and was not tolerated by the first missionaries. There are "Ancient reports" of the mission still extant, of dates varying from 1712 to 1739, which show that a firm stand was then made against the retention and recognition of caste. But in process of time the fields became too extensive to be vigilantly cultivated. The harvest was great, and the labourers were few. Whole districts were left of necessity under the care of native catechists. Discipline became relaxed; and there was no one to raise the warning voice, or apply the required remedy. The result was inevitable.

The barriers which caste had set up amongst the heathen, separating man from man, and family from family, became incorporated into Christianity. Idolatrous usages were retained. Soodras and pariahs refused to mingle in the house of God. At the Holy Communion the higher caste first

drew near, and would not touch the cup if a low caste man preceded them. A soodra priest or catechist, whilst not refusing to minister in a pariah village, would not live in it. And on the other hand, a soodra would not allow a pariah priest or catechist to preach the Gospel to him, or baptise his child. Even the missionaries were accounted as unclean, and a native priest of the higher caste has been known to refuse food and shelter to two European missionaries on their journey, lest food and vessels should be defiled. Christians attended at the heathen feasts; they bore the heathen marks upon their foreheads; they prohibited the marriage of widows; they would allow no marriages but in their own caste; and in no less than fifty ways they were assimilated to the heathen.

Had these been matters touching only on civil ranks or distinctions, no interference would have been needful, for Christianity admits of all social distinctions, and is not the author of confusion in the Churches. But caste is religious in its very origin. Its rules are defined and enjoined in the Hindoo Shaster—the Law—the *Nomos*: a supposed divine revelation sanctioned by their gods themselves. Its contents are partly religious or ceremonial, and partly civil or political: it was to the former only that the soodras clung, and for which they strove. And yet their pretensions, when rightly understood, were almost ridiculous. It was not a question of high race, or gentle lineage. These soodras were of the lowest caste themselves, and formed but to be the servants of all. The Brahmin sprang from the head of Brahma to rule, the chattriar from his arms to fight, the vasyars from his thighs to work, and the suttirer or soodra from his feet to serve. Beneath these came the pariahs, as having sprung from a mingling of castes, and entitled to none. And yet the servile soodra looked upon the pariah with as much contempt as he was himself looked upon by the lordly Brahmin!

Neither was there anything in the system analogous to the civil distinctions amongst ourselves. It was not that a soodra refused to drink water out of the vessel, or draw water out of the well of one who, though a Christian, might be a man of low and dirty habits: it was not that he refused to sit, eat, or receive the Holy Sacrament with such an one: but that he, the soodra, a beggar perhaps himself, or a man of low, dirty habits, refused on religious grounds to draw water, or to eat, drink, receive the Holy

Sacrament, and intermarry with a respectable, educated, wealthy man because he was a pariah. Civil distinctions, in fact, were overpowered by idolatrous caste; and the soodra, however low in position or in reputation, stood apart, saying to the pariah, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou."

The whole matter, as thus explained, was brought before Bishop Heber, when he was about to visit these southern churches. He wrote a letter of inquiry to the Rev. D. Schreivogel, one of the missionaries, which is on record. This letter contains all the suggestions that can be made on the favourable side of the question. In it Bishop Heber referred to the differences of opinion which had heretofore prevailed amongst the missionaries on the subject, to the danger of making the narrow way of life narrower than Christ has made it, and to the tenderness with which St. Paul and the Primitive Church dealt with Jewish prejudices. He inquired as to the extent of the supposed evil, and asked whether caste resembled the distinctions which in Spain separated the old Castilians from persons of mixed blood, or in America excluded negroes and mulattoes from familiar intercourse with the whites. He then mentioned that, in order to obtain full light upon the subject, he had appointed a Select Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and named a day for an interview with his correspondent.<sup>1</sup>

This letter by some means obtained publicity, and was deemed a great triumph by the soodra Christians. Yet it bore its character on its face. It was a letter of inquiry. The Bishop was "in doubt." He dwelt on first impressions, and asked many questions, but gave no decision. Alas! that decision was never given. The letter was written March 21st: and on April 3rd, the Bishop was no more.

The death of the Bishop prevented the preparation of any formal report: but articles of inquiry were carefully drawn up and sent out: and the answers were preserved and bound up in a manuscript volume. In that form, they were submitted to the writer of these lines whilst at Madras with the Bishop, and he made a careful analysis of the contents. From that analysis it appears that sixteen ques-

<sup>1</sup> Heber's Life, Vol. II., p. 399.

tions were addressed to each missionary, arranged under four heads, having reference to—1. The general bearing of Caste. 2. The native churches. 3. The native schools. 4. Social intercourse.

To these questions very full answers were received from twenty-seven missionaries then labouring in the south.

But, in addition to these, it should be mentioned that the Rev. C. Rhenius, who was then in full connection with the Church Missionary Society, had, of his own accord, communicated with his fellow missionaries in all parts of India, and had obtained the opinions of thirty-five of different denominations labouring in Bengal, Bombay, and Ceylon. In his communication to the committee he states the fact, and adds that the unanimous opinion of these thirty-five, on the general question, was in accordance with his own.

So that we have in one view the accumulated opinions of the whole missionary body of India, at that time, on the subject of caste amongst native Christians.

Some of the younger missionaries speak with reserve, as having recently arrived; and profess to give their opinion only so far as their observation has extended. Slight differences of opinion also appear as to the degree in which caste partakes of a civil or religious character: and as to the extent of mischief it has wrought in the missions. One thinks—and one only—that it has done no harm, and that it should still be allowed.

But with this exception (in the case of the Danish Mission), and with these modifications in degree, all are unanimously of opinion that if caste be retained, Christianity will be destroyed. Not only do the arguments preponderate, as Bishop Heber required, but the votes also:—and the conclusion is inevitable.

Amidst the mass of evidence, a few facts come out, corroborative of what has gone before. Some may be given here.

Very recently, a Tamul Christian having travelled from Madras to Tanjore, was summoned before a caste tribunal, still existing there amongst the Christians, to answer an accusation brought against him of having on his journey eaten defiled food: that is, food prepared by a low caste man. He only escaped by taking an oath on the Bible that he was guiltless. But it was too generally understood that in doing this, he had perjured himself.

The fact is recorded of a soodra priest refusing to live in a village with his own congregation, who were Christian pariahs, and going to live in another village where all were heathen soodras.

It was stated that the rules of caste amongst the Christians were quite variable: and that what was held to be unlawful in some places, was held to be quite lawful in others.

The question of ceremonial defilement was illustrated by the circumstance that when the floor of the church was uncovered, men of different castes did not object to sit on different sides of it at public worship: but when, as at Tranquebar, the floor was covered with a mat, Christians of the higher caste would not attend church till it was cut in half, and some space left between the two parts.

It was stated that in some places it was customary not only to administer the sacred elements to the soodras before the pariahs were permitted to approach, but that the concluding prayers were required to be read and the soodras dismissed, before the pariahs communicated. In some places also a separate cup was tolerated, the soodras using one, the missionaries and pariahs the other!

Mr. Rhenius declared that a Tanjore Christian had avowed to him solemnly, that he would rather give up his Christianity than his caste.

Such was the complicated state of things when the Bishop entered on the duties of his diocese: but it must not be supposed for a moment that he was then cognisant of it. The subject had slept for some years. The mass of evidence just referred to had been bound up, and forgotten. The evil wrought silently. He knew that the missions in the South were in a low state: but was by no means prepared for the startling announcement made to him a few months after his arrival, by the official secretary, that no less than one hundred and sixty-eight Christians had apostatised to heathenism during the past year. No harsh treatment, no exercise of discipline had wrought this. The retention of caste was the only cause. As it facilitated the reception of Christianity, so it likewise facilitated the return to heathenism. The bridge between the two had been left standing: and the only conclusion to be drawn was that it must be broken down. Compromise had been tried in vain; decided measures must now be taken.



The Bishop accepted the responsibility imposed upon him by his office, rejected timid counsels, and disregarded future consequences. He looked at the question simply as a matter of right or wrong; and formed his judgment according to the tenor and commands of Holy Scripture. His mind was soon made up; and he retired to Tittaghur to take prompt action. On July 3rd, 1833, he brought into his chaplain's room several sheets of closely written paper: "Read this," he said; "it is on the caste question; and when you have read, tell me whether you think it will do."

The letter was committed to God in earnest prayer, copied, and sent off on July 5th. It was addressed to the Missionaries in the south of India, and the flocks gathered by their labours or entrusted to their care. It opened the whole question, and having discussed it with much calm reasoning, decreed that "the distinction of castes must be abandoned decidedly, immediately, finally;" and that those who professed to belong to Christ "must give this proof of their having really put off concerning the former conversation the old man, and having put on the new man in Christ Jesus."

Some anticipated objections were then answered; the essential characteristics of the Gospel as adapted to the restoration of decayed churches were discussed; and the letter concludes as follows:—

"Full of love to you all, is the heart which dictates these lines. I long to be able myself to visit you, and see the effects of this my pastoral letter upon you. Think me not too harsh, severe, or rigid. God knows the tenderness with which I would cherish you, as a nurse cherisheth her children. It is that very tenderness which induces me to grieve you for a moment, that you may attain everlasting consolations. Faithless is the shepherd who sees the wolf coming, and fleeth, and leaveth the sheep. So would be the Bishop, who, hearing of the enemy of souls ravaging amongst you, shunned, from a false delicacy, to warn you of the danger. Rather, brethren, both ministers and people, I trust that my God will give an entrance to His word, by however weak and unworthy an instrument, into your hearts. Rather, I trust, you will "suffer the word of exhortation." Rather, I hope you will be ready, when you read these lines, "to put away from you" these practices, which weaken your strength, and dishonour the "holy name wherewith you are called."

‘To the grace of this adorable Saviour I commend you, and am,

‘Your faithful Brother,  
‘(Signed) DANIEL CALCUTTA.’

This letter came upon a people dwelling at their ease, and it found the missionaries few in number, and scarcely equal to the crisis. It was not at first made public. The explanation of certain passages was required, and a careful translation had to be made. This led to further correspondence, and the Bishop wrote briefly on November 19th and December 2nd, and at greater length on January 17th, 1834.

The last of these letters was addressed to the Rev. D. Schreivogel and his congregation at Trichinopoly, and went much into detail. It stated also, that after due notice and entreaties, and the lapse of convenient time, all employments, aids of money, and other missionary encouragements, would be withdrawn from all who continued to “walk disorderly.”

When it was found from these letters that the Bishop’s mind was firm and unalterable, the missionaries took steps to make his decision known to their flocks. The smaller stations seemed inclined to follow the lead of others, and as soon as all misunderstandings were cleared away, they acquiesced. But far more difficulty was experienced in the larger stations of Trichinopoly, Vepery, and Tanjore.

At Trichinopoly the Bishop’s first letter was not read publicly in the church; but Mr. Schreivogel assembled the soodras in his house. Having there explained the matter to them, he afterwards circulated the letter. When the second letter arrived, it was translated and read publicly in the church. Only five soodra families were present at the time. Of these, three conformed; whilst the general body not only refused, but withdrew altogether from public worship, and from any communication with the missionary. All was done quietly, however. No disturbance of any kind took place, nor were any complaints heard of insolence on the part of the pariahs, or threatenings on the part of the soodras. After the lapse of a considerable time, the Christian servants of the mission were warned of the consequences, if they persisted in disobedience. Another month was allowed them for consideration. They were then assembled at the Mission House, and on their refusal to conform, were dismissed. Of the whole congregation,

only seven soodra families remained; but divine service and the usual duties of the station continued as heretofore, till the Bishop arrived.

At Vepery, near Madras, the first letter having been carefully translated by Mr. Dent, was publicly read in the church in the month of January, 1834. Its contents had previously transpired. Great crowds were assembled; and after two or three pages had been turned, the main body of the soodras, men, women, and children, rose without remark, and retired from the church. A few who were attached to the mission remained seated, until a message came to them from without, when they obeyed the call, and joined the others. The catechist Adikalam alone remained in church, but he also subsequently declined to conform. It looked like a concerted plan, in order to manifest their disapproval of the letter; but this was afterwards denied. The reason assigned was, that whilst the reading was going on, a pariah man had risen up, left his side of the church, and mingled with the soodras. This affront they could not brook, and left the church accordingly. Five months passed, and then symptoms of wavering began to appear. Some catechists and schoolmasters came forward, acknowledged their error, and promised to conform. They were received into communion with the Church, but their places having been filled up in the mission, they were compelled to wait for vacancies. The children also dropped into the schools. The congregation began again to increase. Five trees in the churchyard which had marked the distinctive burial-places of soodras and pariahs, were cut down without offence. And though considerable shyness and a feeling of alienation remained, yet all was ready for submission and restoration when the Bishop arrived.

Tanjore was the more important place. There were in that mission four native priests, one hundred and seven catechists, schoolmasters, and servants, and seven thousand native Christians. The Bishop's first letter was carefully translated, and read from the pulpit, after a short sermon (Matt. vii. 21), by the venerable Mr. Koldhoff, on Sunday, November 10th, 1833. The moment he had finished reading it, and before the service was concluded, all the soodra men rose up, and one began to speak. One of the other missionaries, who was in the church, came forward and reminded him that he was in the house of God, and that

the service was not finished. There was in consequence a momentary pause ; but a crowd of soodras soon gathered round him, and some clamour was raised. They were told that on the next day they should be heard, but that all interruption of divine service was wrong, and would render them liable to punishment. A paper was then presented to the younger missionary, which he was desired to read. This showed premeditation, and it was refused. Then arose a scene of great confusion and loud tumult. Mr. Kohlhoff was assisted from the pulpit, and whilst this was being done, they gathered round his frightened wife, and grossly insulted her. The missionaries warned them, and then left the church, followed by a storm of groans and hisses. A man outside remonstrated : “ You ought to be ashamed. You act worse than the heathen.” They fell upon him and severely beat him.

Now many of these persons were catechists, school-masters, and pensioners, employed and supported by the funds of the mission. Their conduct could not be tolerated : and two, who had made themselves particularly prominent, were at once suspended. This rather daunted the others, and for some days nothing was done save the inditing of a letter, bidding the pariahs not be lifted up, but continue willingly to be governed by the “ excellent distinction ” of caste.

After some delay, and a communication with the Bishop, as to whether a verbal or a written assent should be required, all the servants of the mission of every class received formal notice that in case of continued disobedience to the regulations prescribed, they would be dismissed. In due time their answers were received.

With singular inconsistency almost all the writers acknowledged the lawfulness of the Bishop’s wishes, and their conformity to Holy Scripture ; but some thought they were unsuited to their country and people ; some felt that they involved a burden too heavy to be borne ; some said that the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak ; some would be unable if they complied to marry their children ; some feared relations ; some asked for delay : all prayed to be excused.

Of the four native priests, one (Nyana-pragasen) conformed, one was absent and did not answer, two refused.

Of the five superintending catechists, three conformed, two refused.

Of the general body, all, with about ten exceptions, who just sufficed to keep life in the mission, refused.

The Bishop was kept acquainted with everything that passed. He advised that individuals should be dealt with, and that the intercourse should be gentle, friendly, personal, and persuasive. He was informed, in reply, that this had been attempted, but in vain, for that all the people were inextricably mingled together, and bound by ties of all kinds: and an instance was mentioned in which inquiry had shown that the family of one dismissed catechist was related, more or less closely, with forty-three other families. To untie such knots was impossible.

The difficulty was increased by the interference of Europeans. Individuals of high rank and in high command could be mentioned, who encouraged the native Christians in their resistance, and assured them of eventual success. Government also began to move. The dismissed catechists and schoolmasters had memorialised the Resident at Tanjore, in the first instance, complaining bitterly of the treatment they had received. They next applied to the Governor of Madras, and, finally, to the Governor-General. The matter assumed an aspect of the utmost gravity; and the Governor-General seemed at one time strongly inclined to interfere. The memorial addressed to him was sent to the Resident, with the margin covered with pencil-notes of inquiry which clearly showed the bias of his own mind. It must be remembered also that the matter was not simply one of discipline as between the Bishop and the native Christians. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was deeply interested, and its approval and support (which were, indeed, most honourably tendered) were indispensable.

It may easily be imagined that all these things pressed heavily upon the Bishop's mind at this crisis. Had he faltered or hesitated, everything would have rushed to confusion; and the influence of the missionaries, the purity of Christianity, the future hopes of the Church, would have vanished in a moment. But he neither hesitated nor faltered.

To the missionaries he wrote as follows:—

*To the Rev. Brethren, the Missionaries in the South of India, especially at Vepery, Tanjore, and Trichinopoly, grace and peace be multiplied.*

‘PALACE, CALCUTTA, March 27, 1834.

‘I have received, dear brethren, your important letters

and reports concerning the affairs of the Native Churches. I highly approve all you have done. The removal of those who refused to yield to the will of our Lord and Saviour in renouncing the distinctions of caste in the Christian Church, as expressed to them by their Pastors and Bishop, I in the strongest manner confirm. They have separated themselves from "the Lord that bought them," they have preferred Belial to Christ, they have resolved to mix the doctrine of the Holy Jesus with the dogmas of a heathenish superstition. Therefore, none of the offices in the Church, none of the funds of the mission, none of the aids intended for the comfort of the faithful, can be any longer conferred upon them. They have been affectionately warned of the greatness of the sin, and of the consequences which would follow their persisting in it, and they have had full space allowed them for consideration and repentance. They must now "eat of the fruit of their own way and be filled with their own devices."

"Those who retain their caste are not properly and truly members of Christ's body at all. They "halt between two opinions." No wonder that so many have relapsed openly to heathenism and renounced even the name of Christian, when they were, in fact, only half Christians before, and were already too much "mingled amongst the heathen and learned their works."

"The removal of such offenders from the Native Churches, painful though it be, is, like the separation of a diseased limb, indispensable to the safety of the body. Such disobedient persons declare themselves to be no longer of the divine fold, but to have chosen other pastures; they cannot, then, complain if "the porter no longer openeth unto them." I confirm, therefore, Rev. Brethren, all the sentences of removal you have pronounced.

"If any should begin to relent, and God should "give them repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth," and they should desire to be "delivered from the snare of the Devil, who have been taken captive by him at his will," you will know how to act. The tender shepherd, who is going after the lost sheep, if he find it, "lays it on his shoulder rejoicing." The blessed Apostle St. Paul bids those who "have been overtaken in a fault," to be restored "in the spirit of meekness." But there must be no compromise on your part.

Even if the blessed Saviour should see fit, in his just

displeasure, to "remove the candlestick out of its place," as regards any of these once flourishing Churches, because they refuse to repent, we must not alter our course. We must not provoke the great Master by new transgressions. Other Churches will be raised up to bow to the Divine will. Thousands and thousands of heathen will, I yet hope, "hear the word of the Gospel and believe." The funds left for the support of Native Churches and Schools will be easily transferred to the same holy purposes in other places; and Christ will be glorified as "Lord of all."

To the native Christians themselves, who had sent him many memorials and letters, he wrote as follows :—

'THE RESTORATION OF YOUR CHURCHES TO THE FAITH AND HOLINESS OF THE GOSPEL is my great object and fervent prayer. The question of Caste is a subordinate one in itself. It is as a symptom that it is important. It proves the diseased and feeble state of the spiritual life amongst you. I have given my judgment against it, therefore, in the most solemn manner, because it is the grand impediment to that deep repentance, that lively faith, that holy love to Christ, that due sense of the value of the soul, that genuine charity to all our fellow-members in the body of the faithful, that utter disregard and disesteem of all idolatrous distinctions and usages, which are essential to Christianity. I entreat you to submit cheerfully, then, to this necessary decision, in order that the power of Christ our Lord may be again known amongst you, delivering you from the miseries of a dark and declining state, and raising you to the holiness and consolations of an enlightened and prosperous one.'

Then, having attempted to remove some of their misapprehensions he adds :—

'Evils enough will remain always in this sinful world to contend against in the strength of Christ. Evils enough will always cleave to our hearts to be watched over and eradicated. But I shall for ever praise God if, by firmness and decision now, this one enormous and unnecessary evil be no longer added to the rest—the evil of a voluntary tie kept up with the pagan world—the evil of a retreat to idolatry left open to the weak convert—the evil of a temptation to a lapse from Christianity to heathenism pre-

sented by perpetual association with unbelievers, and intermixture in their usages, festivals, and vices.'

To the Government he wrote many letters, as the question assumed its various phases. The tenor of them all was firm and uncompromising. He asserted that the matter was one for spiritual cognisance alone, and fell under ecclesiastical authority: that the missions in the south were wholly independent of the Government: that the complaints of the "Tamul Christians" were groundless: that the punishment of some of them was the just retribution for turbulent conduct: that the missionaries were acting under his direction: that he was endeavouring to mitigate evils of long continuance by striking at the root of them: that the funds were not diverted from the mission, but only transferred from disobedient to obedient servants: and that the evil, once removed, religion and civilisation would again have free course.

Government delayed their decision for a long time, and the very delay proved injurious to the settlement of the question. But the ground was taken away from under them. The above reasoning was unanswerable, and left them no pretence for interference. This they finally acknowledged; and in their answers to the memorialists, stated, that the matters of complaint were not such as fell within their cognisance.

The result of all these unsuccessful appeals upon the minds of the Tanjore Christians was, that they seemed to be settling down into a dull, dead, reckless state; and many hundreds, if not thousands of them, were hanging on to Christianity merely by name and outward profession. The Bishop's presence was manifestly and urgently needed; and it will be now evident why he had visited Madras, and what must have been uppermost in his mind during the few days allotted for recovery from his "perils by water." One comfort was vouchsafed to him. On the very first Sunday morning after landing, a letter was put into his hands from Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury. With his usual calmness his Grace discussed this very Caste question now pressing for decision. He approved of all the Bishop had done, and promised to uphold him in such other measures as he might deem necessary for the extirpation of that great evil from the Churches. And this he promised, not only



as Archbishop, but as President of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

On leaving the steamer, the Bishop had parted company with Dr. and Mrs. Mill, who returned in it to Calcutta, and was received into Government House, where, in the absence of Sir F. Adam, every arrangement had been made to promote his personal comfort, and further the objects of his Visitation. Whilst staying at Madras, he delivered sixteen sermons and addresses, held five confirmations, wherein six hundred and seventeen young persons were admitted to the full communion of the Church, repeated his Charge to the assembled clergy, and attended large committee meetings of the different religious Societies. He was also in constant communication with the native Christians of Vepery. Whenever they came, whether singly, or in bodies, or as deputations, they were kindly received, reasoned with, and persuaded. But no concessions were granted. Their restoration was made to turn upon their willing obedience. Twice he preached to them in their noble church at Vepery. But this was to bring the power of the Gospel to bear upon their hearts, and not as yet to form a test of their compliance with his wishes. They were allowed to sit or stand as they pleased during divine service, and to come up as they pleased to receive the Holy Communion. To a common eye no distinction was observable. The whole building was filled with apparently a most devout and attentive audience, receiving the Word and Sacrament in common. But an experienced eye could see the soodras all standing apart during service, and all retiring from the Holy Communion. The evil still existed; and the steps to be taken for restraining it were left till the return from Tanjore.

Towards that place the Bishop now hastened, accompanied by Archdeacon Robinson. Madras was left on December 29th, 1835; on January 10th, at seven o'clock in the morning, the pagodas of Tanjore first appeared in sight; and at a ford over one of the branches of the river Cavery, a large number of native Christians and school children were assembled. The venerable missionary Kohlhoff was at their head, and crowds of heathen stood around. The river was soon passed, and the Bishop immediately alighted from his palanquin; but, before he could salute them, a hymn of praise rose on the morning air, sounding most sweet from

native tongues. When it was ended, mutual greetings were interchanged. The native priest, Nyana-pragasen (the effulgence of glory), eighty-three years of age, drew near and was presented. His long white robe, combining in one garment both gown and cassock, harmonised well with the snowy hair falling on his shoulders, and gave him a most venerable appearance. He took the Bishop's offered hand between both of his, and blessed God for bringing him amongst them; adding a hope, that as Elijah brought back the stiff-necked Israelites to God, so he might overcome the obstinacy of this people.

After a few more kind words, the Bishop bade them farewell, and hastened on to the Residency, where Colonel Macleane and his family were ready to receive and entertain him.

'Here I am,' he says, 'entering into this once flourishing Church, O Lord, in Thy name, and with a single eye to Thy glory and the purity of Thy Gospel over all India. Grant me Thy meekness, Thy wisdom, Thy firmness, Thy fortitude, Thy discretion, Thine address in treating with men. To thee do I look up. As to myself and human power, my heart faileth me. For what can I do with seventeen hundred revolters, and ten thousand uninformed and prejudiced Christians? Lord, undertake for me.' Such were the first secret aspirations of his soul!

At breakfast Mr. Kohlboff came in, and the Bishop embraced him, asking his blessing: "Nay, my lord," he replied, "you must bless me." Discussion followed, and all matters seemed very unpromising. Eighty mission servants were still unemployed. Widows and female pensioners were labouring for their bread. Seventeen hundred soodras had withdrawn from public worship, and never came near the church. Meetings were held in a native house, where Pakeyanaden, the nonconformist priest, officiated. A school had been formed for soodra children. Feeling was much embittered. Pride, obstinacy, and anger were all combined. The state of morals was deplorable. The missionaries were very unpopular. Nothing could be more hopeless than the report of things, so far as man was concerned. After two hours' consultation this became apparent, and refuge was sought in God. All with one accord knelt down to seek mercy and grace, by turns, in this hour of need. The Bishop

prayed, not that he might have his own way and compass his own ends, but that he might be guided to what was for the real good of the Church ; and Mr. Kohlhoff prayed with admirable simplicity to "Jesus Christ."

At five o'clock the same afternoon, a large mixed body of native Christians, with about fifty school-children, assembled in the Residency grounds. Two native priests were with them : the one, as being of very doubtful character, was passed unnoticed ; the other, being respectable, though a strong dissentient, was addressed. The Archdeacon and Bishop's chaplain mingled with the people, conversing with, and welcoming them ; and finally they were introduced to the Bishop. He received as many as could be accommodated, in the room, and the rest stood round the doors and windows. It was an interesting but anxious sight. The Bishop addressed John Pillay, the native priest, and begged him to tell all the assembled Christians that his heart was full of love, and he was most glad to see them. He had come to inquire into their grievances, and to explain the purport of his directions. But, being now tired with his journey, he would hear what they had to say, but not talk himself. All might speak but those whose character was bad : such he would not hear.

John Pillay, in reply, said (speaking English fluently) that they were very glad to see his lordship, and to have him examine into their desolate state. Truly they had been in despair, but now they began to hope on hearing such kind words. But, since the Bishop was weary, they would not at this time trouble him.

The Bishop said he was too tired to talk much, but not too tired to listen.

An old man immediately rose and said he had been deprived of his pension, at the age of sixty-nine years, after having been long employed in the mission.

The Bishop directed his name to be at once taken down, and said he would inquire into the particulars of his case. He felt that to such an old man the deprivation would be a great hardship ; he should feel it himself, and he would deal with the petitioner, if all was clear and right, as he would wish to be dealt with himself.

Another man now rose, as old as the other, but also blind. His story was listened to, and his case dealt with in the same way.

The village doctor followed with his tale : his salary also had been withdrawn.

The Bishop said he honoured medical men : he looked upon them as next to ministers. His case should be considered.

A schoolmaster then rose, speaking quickly and angrily, but in excellent English.

The Bishop took no notice of the haste and anger, but complimented him on his English.

Several others had their names thus taken down for inquiry. The native priest then produced a copy of a petition, which he said he had sent to the Bishop some time back. He wished to know if it had been received. Others pressed forward with similar papers and similar inquiries.

The Bishop said that he had received so many petitions and memorials, that it was quite impossible to answer all. He had no doubt they had been received ; but, to make sure, they should now be read. They were read accordingly ; and then, the interview having lasted two hours, the body of Christians rose, joined in singing a Tamul hymn, made their salaams, and retired.

The interview was satisfactory, so far as it went ; but there was some fear lest conciliation should be taken for concession.

The Bishop told them before they left, that he should preach on the morrow, and bade them come. They said they would gladly come, if they might sit as formerly. They were told that, on this occasion, they might do as they pleased.

The next day, being Sunday, the Bishop preached in the morning to the English congregation. Divine service was in the Mission Church—a hallowed spot, where Swartz and other venerable men had ministered through life, and found a resting-place at death ; where many souls, rescued from heathenism, had been added unto the Lord : and where some of Heber's last loving words had been spoken. In the evening, from the same place, the native Christians were addressed. The service necessarily was in Tamul ; and young Mr. Commerer, who was a catechist, and spoke it admirably, acted as the Bishop's interpreter. Seven hundred and fifty persons were counted, sitting after their manner on the floor of the church, of whom more than three hundred were soodra men and women ; whilst uncounted crowds stood round the doors and windows. The

Bishop's text was, "Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us" (Eph. v. 2); and he dwelt upon two points, the love of Christ to us, and our love to one another. He was very affectionate and very earnest, and the effect was perceptible: the whole congregation was moved. Towards the conclusion, he dwelt upon the character of the "Good Samaritan," as illustrative of the love we should bear to one another. He described the meeting with the "certain man" of the parable; the seeing him in distress; not asking who he was; not dreaming of defilement by contact with him; but meeting the present duty; pouring in oil and wine; putting him on his own beast; taking care of him:—and all because he was in trouble, and because he was a neighbour.

"And what," asked the Bishop, rising from his seat, and with outstretched arms bending over the congregation which sat beneath him; "what did our blessed Master and Saviour say concerning this? What was His doctrine? What was His command? What were His words? 'Go, AND DO THOU LIKEWISE.'" A long pause of motionless and breathless silence followed—broken only when he besought every one present to offer up this prayer: "Lord, give me a contrite heart, to receive the love of Christ and obey his commands." Whilst the whole congregation were repeating these words aloud in Tamil, he bowed upon the cushion; doubtless entreating help from God; and then dismissed them with his blessing.

On Monday the mission churches and buildings were inspected; the room in which Swartz died, and all the other places of interest, were visited; and then a consultation with the missionaries was held, at which it was resolved to invite all native Christians who might wish it to private conversation with the Archdeacon, and Bishop's chaplain, and thus hear their difficulties, and help in their removal.

Meanwhile visits of ceremony were interchanged with the Rajah, to whom much interest was attached as the son of Serfojee Rajah, and the pupil of Swartz. Every possible display of Eastern magnificence took place, but the details may fairly be omitted as beside the present purpose.

And now a most important public conference was held, at which the Bishop himself presided. About one hundred

and fifty soodras were present, and all were at liberty to speak in turn. It lasted three hours and a half the first day, and was resumed on the second. The discussion was serious but amicable, until a man named Devasagyam Pukey, in an allusion to the Holy Sacrament, made use of an expression so coarse and indecent, that the interpreter refused to translate it.

The expression was mentioned to the Archdeacon: and on his report the Bishop rebuked the man, and bade him leave the room. When he rose to go, all rose with noise, clamour, and violent gesticulations, and pressed towards the door. Many left. The Bishop sat quite still, merely saying, "Only that one man was to go." As they crowded round the door, loudly vociferating, one angry man stopped the way, and said, "When it is written in the Scriptures that we are to take the Sacrament with pariahs, we will do it, and not before." He was proceeding with his speech, keeping all the rest motionless, when the Bishop said, "Sit down, that all may hear." All at once sat down. But the conference was virtually closed, and the hopes of general compliance at an end. They had come with minds made up, and plans arranged—not to comply with the Bishop's directions, but to get them cancelled. It was desirable, however, that the utmost calmness should be maintained, and no outbreak caused. The visit was not made without risk. Threats had not been wanting. When they heard of the Bishop's coming, they were reported to have said, "Some of his party will not return alive." An unmoved demeanour was therefore necessary, and every one sat quiet and attentive. The old native priest (Nyana-pragasen) who conformed, now rose, and addressed the remnant that remained:—"You are all my brethren and my children," he said; "I have been instrumental in bringing many of you to Christ. With weeping and sorrow I beg to admonish you. If you will hear me I will go on. If not, I will sit down." He then, with animated gestures, reproached them for their conduct, and bade them pray to God to take away the hardness of their hearts, and bring them to repentance. But they listened angrily, and rudely interrupted him; and since his words seemed to increase the irritation, he was not encouraged to proceed.

The Bishop concluded all by rising calmly, and saying, 'I have borne all, and heard all that has been said, except such words as ought not to have been spoken. The man

who spoke them I sent away. Those who went with him were like men turning their backs upon the truth. I have listened long, and am very weary. You break my heart with sorrow. I came only for your good. Instead of listening to what I say, one tells me one thing, and one another, which are nothing to the purpose. I can only mourn over you before God. It would be far easier for me to gratify you: but what can I do? Jesus Christ tells me one thing; and your habits and customs are contrary to it.

‘A few things only I will add. No one will lose any honour and respect worth having by following my directions; but, on the other hand, he will gain honour and respect, and be far happier. I repeat that the impassable barrier of Caste must be removed. The way of improvement must be thrown open. The law of love must be obeyed. Not that pariahs are to be insolent and rude. Any one that is so must be put out of the Church. They must be taught humility as well as others. The barrier is to be removed from the Church of God; but distinctions are allowed in civil society. With those I have nothing to do. And remember that what must be done will be done gently, and kindly, and gradually. If there has been any harshness in time past, I am sorry for it. Some of the missionaries have been but a short time here, and have not had time to learn the language: but what they do is from love to souls, and it demands your gratitude and obedience. I commend you all to God. Christ has died for you, and you must take up your cross and follow him.’

They then rose to go: but as they went said, “We cannot come to church.” “You will please yourselves,” replied the Bishop, and withheld his blessing.

One of the native priests lingered behind to say that he would conform if he might always receive the Sacrament before the people. This was of course allowable, and his offer was not discouraged. The moment he perceived this, he began to reckon up the arrears of salary that would be due to him from the time he was suspended; and to request that an order might be made for payment. He was, however, bowed out for the time.

On the following morning, divine service was celebrated in the Mission Church, and the Bishop preached; but not more than forty soodras were present. A confirmation in the Fort Church followed, when one hundred and sixty

persons, chiefly natives, were confirmed and addressed as usual. The Fort itself was afterwards examined, with the Rajah's palace, schools, and menagerie. Flaxman's magnificent statue of the late Rajah Serfojee stood in one of the courts, but the natives, thinking the turban somewhat too large, had removed it, and substituted one by a native artist of a different coloured marble, with silk tassels and a tuft of black feathers! The Bishop preached twice in the Fort Church on the following Sunday. The morning service was in English. A manuscript containing a few notes in the handwriting of Swartz, on the text, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28), had been found in the Mission House. It bore date, "Fort St. George, July 12, 1778." The Bishop took it up into the pulpit as his sermon. A few natives who understood English were present, and amongst them one of the dissentient native priests. He remarked afterwards, with tears, to the Resident, "It was the sweetest sermon I ever heard in my whole life." In the evening a Tamul congregation listened to a discourse upon the two masters; the two services; and the impossibility of joining them, from Matt. vi. 24.

Meanwhile, all the intervals between these public duties and services had been filled up with pleasant social intercourse, an examination of every part of the mission, much secular business, arrangements for strengthening the hands of the missionaries, and short excursions in the neighbourhood. Mr. Kohlhoff himself was a very interesting character, as having been a pupil of Swartz, and forming a link between the older missionaries and the younger. He was now advanced in years, with an open, honest, German countenance, somewhat florid, rather stout and short, speaking with a foreign accent, with long grey hair falling over his shoulders; wanting perhaps in power of argument, discernment of character, firmness, and some of the higher qualities of the missionary; but simple-minded, amiable, kind, gentle, and an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. His conversation and his preaching was of "Jesus Christ." "It was not "God commands this," or "God forbids that;" but "Jesus Christ commands this," and "Jesus Christ forbids that." His old master Swartz was often on his lips, and he was full of pleasant reminiscences of him. To all these the Bishop inclined his ear, delighted to draw out one anecdote after another, and enter them in his note-book.



It appeared that Swartz was at once a Father, a Minister, a Judge, and a Master to his native flock. When any of them had offended, the alternative was proposed, "Will you go to the Rajah's Court, or be punished by me?" "Oh, Padre! you shall punish me," was the uniform reply. "Give him then twenty strokes," said Swartz, and they were immediately given.

His habits were most simple; Kohlhoff, when a young man beginning his missionary course, lived with him. His mother used sometimes to send over a few cakes and a bottle of wine. Swartz gave him the cakes, but took away the wine, saying he did not need it. It was kept for the Communion and the sick. One glass of wine a week was all that Swartz allowed himself in middle life; and that was taken between the services which occupied almost every hour of the Sunday. His diet was of the plainest kind. Some tea in a jug with boiling water poured over it, and dry bread broken into it, made a breakfast which lasted about five minutes, and sufficed for young Kohlhoff and himself. Dinner, at one o'clock, consisted of broth or curry, with occasionally a little fry. Some meal, or gruel, at eight, served for supper.

His study was constantly in the Holy Scriptures, which he read only in the original Hebrew and Greek. Each morning his native priests and catechists were assembled at early prayers, and went thence to their daily duties:—"You go there;" "You do this;" "You call on certain families;" "You visit such a village:" These were his directions. About four o'clock, all returned and made their report. He then took them with him, and sitting in the churchyard, or some public place, or in the front of the mission house, according to the season of the year, invited the surrounding heathen to converse, or hear the Scriptures read and explained. He was mild in manner, but very authoritative; and would brook neither idleness nor disobedience. A little pleasant humour mingled with his piety. Colonel Wood, the Resident at Tanjore, was about to give a ball, and Mr. Chambers was invited. He consulted Swartz, who was his great friend, as to the propriety of accepting the invitation. "Come," said Swartz, "sit down, and let us ask St. Paul." He opened the Bible, and read Romans 7th, which shows how widely the pleasures of the world differ from the pleasures of the believer. Mr. Chambers decided at once, and declined the invitation. Colonel

Wood and his lady were much offended, and meeting Swartz soon after, reproached him with having kept back Mr. Chambers and spoiled their party. "I assure you, Sir, I assure you, Madam," said Swartz, "it was not my doing. I did not keep him back. I did not even say a word. It was not me. It was St. Paul. You must blame him."

"Once," said Mr. Kohlhoff, continuing his reminiscences (many of which have found a record in Dr. Pearson's admirable *Life of Swartz*), "a fire took place where Mr. Swartz was, and communicated to a small powder magazine, which blew up. Great fears were entertained lest the explosion should extend to a much larger magazine near at hand. Now," said Mr. Kohlhoff, "there was a wag (wag) and he ran to Mr. Swartz, crying out—'Mr. Swartz, Mr. Swartz, the magazine is going to blow up. We must run away, or we shall soon be in heaven!' 'God forbid!' replied Mr. Swartz: 'God forbid!'—And then, my lord, this wag, this wicked, wicked wag, went about, and told everybody that Mr. Swartz had said, 'God forbid that he should go to heaven.' Ah! he was a wicked wag. He made a laugh at Mr. Swartz."

A few relics of "the Missionary" were found and treasured up: his pocket Testament—a lock of his silver hair—an old chair. This last, the Bishop ordered to be repaired. It was an old Danish chair, with round back and rattan sides, in which Swartz used to sit and study. It found a place in the library at Calcutta, and doubtless remains there still.

On Wednesday, January 21st, the Bishop set out on a visit to Trichinopoly; proposing on his return to make final arrangements at Tanjore. He left the Native Christians there in sore perplexity. They had found him both kinder and firmer than they expected. He had yielded nothing, and hurried nothing. His final departure was at hand. There was little hope that he would change his mind. The tie which bound them to their heathen friends drew one way, the fear of losing their employments and being left without resource, the other. Men of influence amongst them, who had talked loudly, were now silent. Two native priests had conformed. Many were inclined to yield. All these things caused "great searchings of heart."

Meanwhile the Bishop was on his way to Trichinopoly.

He stopped at a place called Muttooputty, the largest station belonging to the Christians on the Coleroon river. It was out of the common track, many swollen rivers had to be forded, the night was very dark, and some of the party were nearly drowned. But there was ample compensation in what followed. Natives from all parts came crowding to the encampment. Their chapel was far too small; so that the largest double tent was prepared for divine service. The cords of it were lengthened, and the stakes strengthened, so as to admit the hundreds who flocked under its shelter. No question of Caste troubled any mind. All sat as they came; and after prayers in Tamul, the Bishop preached from the words "Christ is all and in all" (Col. iii. 11). The Holy Sacrament was then administered to two hundred and forty-seven native communicants. The service lasted nearly four hours, and was repeated in the evening:—the baptismal service being substituted for the evening prayers, and sixteen little frightened infants received into the ark of Christ's Church.

'Never,' says the Bishop, recalling this day, 'had I such grace given me since I have been in Orders, now thirty-four years, as is now vouchsafed; that I, who am indeed "less than the least of all saints," should be permitted to preach amongst the Gentiles "the unsearchable riches of Christ." If God carries me through this series of duties and labours, I may say truly, "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." One such day as we have just passed, is worth years of common service. I really almost wish I might resign Calcutta, and take the See of Madras. These Native Churches require just the care I should delight to give.'

On Friday, January 23rd, he arrived at Trichinopoly, a large and important station, having good roads, handsome houses, two large churches, and at least fifty thousand inhabitants. Here Heber "finished his course."

On Sunday morning the Bishop preached in St. John's Church to a large congregation, and on the next day he visited five hospitals, and examined the Regimental Schools. His comment is as follows:—

'I have preached in the pulpit; I have stood at the self-same altar; I have placed my foot on the very spot which

contains the remains of the holy and beloved Heber. On April 2nd, 1826, he preached here: the next morning he was a corpse, in the prime of life and dawn of usefulness: Such are the mysteries of the kingdom of God.'

The caste-question here again met him, and he hastened to the encounter. The very day after his arrival, he preached in the Mission Church, taking no notice of the soodras, who were present, clustering together as a separate body. For nine months previously, not one of them had been near the church. They had a native priest amongst them, and he, as well as many of the congregation, being possessed of independent property, were apparently determined to stand out. It was necessary, however, that the matter should be at once brought to an issue, for the Bishop had but a few days to stay, and he would return no more. Here, therefore, he resolved for the first time to carry out the purpose he had formed. There was no hope that, in any case, the whole dissentient body would comply with his wishes. The evil lay too deep, the prejudices and habits were too strong. But a nucleus might be formed, round which others might gather from time to time, and to which all new converts might be added. If this nucleus could be formed in each station, and arranged upon the basis of the Bishop's directions:—then time, patience, and watchfulness, by God's grace, would do the rest. This therefore was the Bishop's purpose; and to accomplish it, notice was given of Divine Service and the administration of the Lord's Supper, for the very morning of his departure. All seemed impressed with the importance of the occasion, and the church was thronged. When the Bishop in his robes left the vestry in order to proceed to his seat at the communion table and commence the service, he saw many scattered groups of natives standing apart from the main body of the congregation who were seated on the floor. Fully aware of the cause, he joined one group, and taking two native christians by the hand, he gently led them forward to a vacant place in front, and seated them. His chaplain, following in the surplice, by his directions, did the same. Others who were present, were bid to assist. It was all done quietly and kindly, and no sort of resistance was made. The soodra sat by the pariah, and the pariah by the soodra, and both were intentionally intermingled with many of the authorities and influential Europeans of the

station. When all was arranged, the service commenced; and in the course of it, forty natives came up, without distinction, and were confirmed. Then followed the sermon, from the words "Preaching peace by Jesus Christ" (Acts x. 36). When the Holy Sacrament was about to be celebrated, the Bishop quietly gave directions as to the mode of administration. A soodra catechist received it first, then two pariah catechists, then a European gentleman, then a soodra, then some East Indians. The gentry of the station, having been much interested in the matter, had placed themselves at the Bishop's disposal: and, at the special request of the lady of the highest rank, a pariah knelt and communicated between her and her husband. This facilitated the arrangement; and silently, but most effectually, the barrier which had existed for so long a time was broken down, and one hundred and forty-seven partook of the Lord's Supper, without distinction. A precedent was thus set. This was the nucleus of the Native Church of the future. Every wanderer, every dissentient, might join it: but always in this way and according to this rule. New converts also, and every one who was confirmed, would know what was expected from them. Dead leaves would gradually drop off. These were to be the new buds. Of course many soodras had retired from the church before the Sacrament was administered, and all had been free to do so. But it was found that nine families of influence had conformed, and were well content. These, with the large body of pariahs, were sufficient for the purpose; and the Bishop thanked God and took courage. He preached once more, and made a collection, which Bishop Heber's death had prevented being done nine years before, for the Propagation Society, and then took his departure. He called at the missionary station at Boodalore in his way; and arrived at Tanjore again on Wednesday morning, January 28th.

No great change had taken place during his absence. Minds were wavering. The precedent set at Trichinopoly was at once known, and something similar was anticipated; but what would be the result, none could foresee. An Ordination (the first ever held in Tanjore) gave breathing time. It was held on Saturday, Jan. 31st, when the Rev. Messrs. Thompson, Jones, Simpson, and Coombes, were admitted to Priest's orders; and Mr. Irion, who had long been in the service of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, act-

ing on Lutheran orders, was, at his own desire, admitted into the Deacon's orders of our Church. The archdeacon preached an admirable sermon; and, at the Bishop's desire, the East India Company's chaplain of Trichinopoly, the Rev. I. C. Kohlhoff a lutheran, the Rev. Mr. Müll of the Danish episcopal church, Nyana-pragasen the native priest of Tanjore, and his own domestic chaplain, joined in the "laying on of hands." The service was in English, and the whole station was present. Many hundred natives also crowded the church, and seemed deeply impressed. The Bishop asked the aged Mr. Kohlhoff after the service whether he was over-fatigued. "No," was his reply, "this is the day the Lord hath made. We will rejoice and be glad in it."

Sunday, February 1st, was appointed for the native service. It was the last time the Bishop could meet them, and would serve to show the effect produced by all that he had done.

The day began auspiciously by the receipt of a letter from the native christians at Vepery, signed by seven in the name, and on behalf of all, confessing past errors, and promising unfeigned and unconditional obedience for the future. The morning prayers were read in Tamul at eight o'clock; and at half-past ten all were assembled for the sermon and Holy Sacrament. They seated themselves as they pleased; a few sat apart; but the greater number were mingled together. About six hundred were present. The Bishop did not interfere, as at Trichinopoly. After the litany he preached from the words, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" (Matt. viii. 26.) The whole congregation seemed to remain for the Holy Sacrament; for though some had retired, yet the church looked full. The Resident and ladies of his family first approached—then some soodras and pariahs intermingled—then some Europeans—then natives and Europeans mingled—then natives and East Indians mingled—then one or two missionaries and natives. All was voluntary, and all was perfectly understood. The only remaining peculiarity, and that was fairly allowable, and perhaps desirable, was that amongst the natives, men and women communicated separately—the men first, the women after. The whole number of communicants on this occasion was three hundred and forty-eight. Of these, sixty-two were Europeans, and two hundred and eighty-six native christians, amongst

whom forty-three were soodras from Tanjore and the neighbourhood. Here, again, God gave success. The number thus conforming certainly was small, as compared with the many non-conformists, but it was sufficient for a precedent. It afforded a rallying point; and the Bishop was content. The result was better than at one time he had anticipated. Henceforth all depended on strengthening the mission, watching over new converts, and instructing the rising generation.

‘A nucleus is now formed,’ he said, ‘as I hope, in all the stations for a sound and permanent Christian doctrine and discipline. One of the grand artifices of Satan is, I trust, discovered and laid bare. The new converts before they are baptised, and the catechumens before confirmation, will readily submit from the first, to the undeviating rule now established. The whole congregation will be treated with the extraordinary tenderness, which the habits of India for three thousand years, and their own low state of Christian faith require. It will suffice as to them that all overt acts, as respects the Church and the public worship of God be discontinued. For the rest we must wait. In proportion as new missionaries come out, and true christianity revives and spreads amongst their flocks, they will understand the grounds of my conduct, and rejoice in the paternal, though strong, resolution which dictated it.’

The next morning was spent in committee, and all matters of detail were finally arranged. Every petition was read and discussed. Six pensioners were restored, not for conformity, but because of age, blindness, and infirmity. The recipients of the Rajah’s yearly bounty were not to be interfered with; but in recommending fresh names to him, those who conformed were, *ceteris paribus*, to be preferred. Six conforming soodras were immediately restored to office and pay. All who followed their example before Easter, were to be dealt with in like manner; whilst all who delayed beyond that time, were to be received into the Church indeed, but not reinstated in office.

Thus the Bishop had done what he could; and if no further discussion appears in this volume, it is because the Caste question belongs henceforth rather to the history of the Indian Church, than to the Life of its first Metropolitan: He was shortly after freed from all control and

all responsibility respecting it, by the arrival of Bishop Corrie, to take charge of the diocese of Madras. Different opinions on such a complex subject there will always be, and different modes of treating it will suggest themselves to different minds. But the above narrative has been given at length, in order to expose the magnitude of the evil, and in the hope that no false charity, and no short-sighted policy will ever be permitted to build again the things that have been destroyed. Caste may still perhaps remain, but it never should be tolerated; or like a parasite, it will sap the very life of the goodly tree to which it clings.

The Bishop delivered a Charge to the missionaries before he left Tanjore. But this will fitly introduce a new chapter, and may be preceded by extracts from some of the correspondence which took place during the year 1834—35.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM JOWETT.

*Calcutta, April, 1834.*

‘I can assure you it is sweet to retrace former days with Mr. Pratt and yourself and my older friends. I need all help: and transcendently that GRACE, that seasonable grace, which alone can really help. Yes, my beloved friend, seventeen months’ residence at a distance of sixteen thousand miles from England, her religious privileges, and her church, have sufficed to endear to me old friendships.

‘Your letter is amongst the most welcome I have received, because it is one of the most honest, and the most really simple and friendly. It does me good. I want to be reminded. I want to be stirred up. I want the comparison of minds in other latitudes. It is a strong and fatal temptation to be placed by age and circumstance of station, out of the reach of admonition, and that perfect freedom of caution and advice which we all need; and then most, when we think we can dispense with them.

‘I well remember what you have cited from me as reported of my old tutor, the Rev. I. Crouch, “that he never knew how to congratulate any one on any new station till he saw how he behaved himself in it.” And I may add to this the saying of Fenelon to Harlai when made



archbishop of Paris, "This day, when you are receiving the congratulations of France on your appointment, is very different from that when you must give an account to God of your administration."

TO THE REV. J. PRATT.

'OFF CEYLON, *November, 1834.*

'As long as my hand can move shall I write with delight to my old friend and tutor, and now brother in the Gospel. Tenderly do I recal all the scenes of my youth when I first came to you as a pupil in 1798, and earnestly do I remember the example and advice of Mr. Cecil and yourself. I ever trace to that connection, under God's blessing, the right direction of my mind and studies when I entered college: as I trace to Mr. Scott's sermons and writings the guidance of them for the two preceding years. I pray you write to me from time to time. Now is the hour of temptation and trial to me. Now I have to act in circumstances of which you can have little conception—complicated, new, unexpected.

'I am labouring to understand my dispensation, as Mr. Cecil would say. I am labouring to detect my most dangerous points. Two things I am sure of:—To preach the gospel of my blessed Master must be right; therefore, I lose no opportunity of setting forth with all boldness the name and grace of Jesus; his person, incarnation, atonement, glory, kingdom, love, obedience. The other is to keep the heart:—this again must be right; to keep it with all diligence, above all keeping, as that which commands the issues of life. In other matters doubts as to the particular course of duty will arise. They are generally governed much by particular circumstances, particular obligations and relations. But the mighty universal doctrine of Christ is everywhere the same, and the tender conscience, the broken heart, the watchfulness of the soul before God, are everywhere equally difficult and indispensable.'

TO A JUNIOR CHAPLAIN.

'CALCUTTA, 1834.

'You are seldom long from our minds and conversation. We are encompassed here with difficulties of all kinds. The

three great spiritual adversaries have under their control many, many others. Sanballat, and Tobiah are everywhere. But Christ is greater than a thousand such foes. Preach, pray, live, in the spirit of Christ more and more. Allow me to remind you of the great vigilance needful to lay the foundation of good church habits and associations, which are, abstractedly speaking, just as good as others; but which are endeared to us, and bound indeed upon our consciences by the blood of our martyred Reformers, and the vows of our Ordination. I speak in love, and only generally, as I would wish you to speak to me, if our circumstances were altered : my business is exhortation.'

#### TO A SENIOR CHAPLAIN.

'CALCUTTA, 1834.

'Happy shall I be to visit your station the moment duty will allow. Preach a crucified Saviour, my dear friend. Be grave, dignified, consistent in your whole carriage. Walk with Christ. Live near the cross. Let all your sermons be dipped in the heart, and bedewed with prayer. Plead with souls. Look up to the Holy Spirit for success—and expect it.'

#### TO A CHAPLAIN ENGAGED IN CONTENTION.

'CALCUTTA, 1834.

'I must once more urge you to peace and submission. It is our office, honour, duty. The world expects it of us. I entreat you to address a line of apology for whatever has passed to disoblige the Commanding Officer of your station. Make no explanations, enter into no particulars: but in a candid manner express your regret if any thing has unintentionally given him offence. You perceive, dear Sir, what an amazing deal of trouble, a slight omission of etiquette has occasioned. Let this be the last. Win with kindness and attention the respect and regard of the Brigadier-General. Let all your communications be such as become your respective positions in the station; and let me have the comfort of knowing that your distant scene of duty is as remarkable for peace and harmony, as I fear it has been for the contrary.'

TO THE REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN, NEW SOUTH WALES.

*Calcutta, August, 1834.*

‘Your forty years of labour amongst heathens and Christians put to the blush my few months’ of residence here. I honour you in the Lord. Your letter of May 2nd, just received, delights my inmost soul. You ask if Mr. Wood would have a prospect of obtaining ordination if he came to Calcutta. I answer, yes, yes, yes. Send any one with your deliberate judgment of his talents, piety, competent knowledge, respectability, and attachment to the Church; and your name shall be a passport with me. Two things only are necessary, a title, and means of support after ordination. My next Ordination will probably be Trinity Sunday, 1835, if I live to return from the present division of my Visitation. And now may the Lord, even the Lord who bought us with His own blood, bless, comfort, and sanctify us in our distant scenes of duty. I suppose the archdeacon’s absence occasions his non-concurrence with you in the application for Mr. Wood.’

## CHAPTER XIII.

### PRIMARY VISITATION—(*Continued*).

1835—1836.

Missionary Charge—Departure from Tanjore—Vizagapatam—Visit to the temple of Juggernaut—Arrival at Calcutta—Divine service at Government House—The Archdeaconry—The Missionaries—Controversy with the Church Missionary Society—Select Vestry—Calcutta districts—Assistant chaplains—La Martinière—Daily life—Visitation resumed—The Syrian churches—Conference with the Metran—Cochin—Goa—Bombay—Old Faqueer—Correspondence.

On the 2nd February, 1835, the Bishop delivered his "Missionary Charge" at Tanjore. Eleven clergy, five students, and about one hundred native catechists and schoolmasters (who were occasionally addressed through an interpreter) were present. As might have been expected, the Charge bore an exclusively missionary character, and aimed at raising the general standard of piety and devotedness. Written amidst incessant engagements—the day occupied with preaching, and the night with travelling—the body oppressed with an enervating climate, and the mind with the "care of all the churches"—it was a wonderful proof of power and energy, and abounded with wise suggestions and prudent cautions. A little time would have improved, because it would have softened it. The impression of scenes passing at the moment before the eyes was vivid; the subjects discussed were extremely delicate; the minds dealt with were very sensitive: and hence some of the statements were deemed too strong, and some of the expressions unintentionally gave pain. All this, however, will force itself into notice in due season, and extracts from the charge will not be necessary here. It was printed at the request of Mr. Kohlhoff, who rose immediately after grace was said at dinner (or rather, did not sit down again), and with folded hands, and great simplicity, as the representative of all present, addressed the Bishop. He said the

missionaries had been long groaning under the miseries of Caste, but had no power to put it down. The missionary Gerické had called it "the great battery of Satan." It was too strong for them. But God had sent the Bishop to destroy it. In order that his good advice might be remembered, he prayed that the Charge might be printed. The Bishop promised compliance; and it appeared as an addition to the primary Charge, then passing through the press.

The Bishop parted the next day from his most courteous and obliging hosts, and leaving the Residency at Tanjore, retraced his steps to Madras; stopping at Myavaram, a station of the Church Missionary Society; at Cuddalore, a station of the Propagation Society; at Porto Novo, a town rising into importance by its iron works; and at Pondicherry, interesting from its historical associations. He arrived safely at Madras on Saturday, February 14th, 1835, "having spent," he says, "the happiest six months in my life: so much do I love missionary work."

Ten days were given to Madras; every instant of time being occupied with anxious discussions, important committee meetings, the completion of his Charges in the press, an ordination, sermons, and the interchange of visits with the Nabob of Arcot. The steamer having arrived to fetch him, he embarked early in the morning of February 23rd:—

'It was very affecting,' he says, 'to take leave of the dear archdeacon and the clergy on the beach. Every one had sallied from his home at five o'clock, and some had come seven miles to say farewell. I find I have delivered seventy-five sermons and addresses during this Visitation of six months; of which forty-five were at Madras, in the ten weeks spent in that archdeaconry. The truth is, I never worked so hard—never: and never did so great an emergency present itself. To God only be the praise for attendant success.'

. The steamer touched at Vizagapatam and Pooree. Of the former the Bishop writes:—"I scarcely ever saw so beautiful a spot. The town lies in the bosom of a lovely valley, flanked by giant rocks, a river or backwater opening between them, and breaking or preventing the surf: a beach

smooth as Ramsgate sands; a crowded population covering the shore; European soldiery drawn up to receive us; guns firing the usual salute. The chaplain resides three miles from cantonments, and we were soon there. Mr. Chester had been curate of Cripplegate, London; he knew and had frequently heard me. The colonel also had often been an auditor at St. John's; whilst Mrs. General Taylor, where I am most comfortably lodged, was reading a long letter from Mrs. Maclean, the lady of the Resident at Tanjore, about me, as the steamer came in sight.

'Thus watched and known, how humbly should I walk, how consistently, how fearfully, how honourably! God help me. I cannot now meet Sir Frederick Adam as I hoped. But I have had an occasion of good here which I could not have looked for. A station of three or four hundred Europeans, two sermons, intercourse with the chaplain, testifying for Christ where no bishop has ever yet been, confirming fifty-seven young people, encouraging the few pious and devout Christians:—all this was done in twenty-four hours. God be pleased to bless.'

The visit to Pooree occupied the same period of time, and gave opportunity for the same services, varied only by an examination of the temple of Juggernaut, which is close at hand. The Bishop was much moved by the sight.

'I have visited the valley of death,' he says; 'I have seen the den of darkness. Juggernaut has been trodden with these feet, and seen with these eyes, after thirty or forty years' hearing and reading about it. Oh! Buchanan, how well do I remember thy pious indignation, when, nearly thirty years since, thou didst visit this foul and horrible scene. My soul is moved within me, even to trembling. The dread pagoda is situated in the vicinity of this station, called Pooree. Never did the language of Scripture as to idolatry appear to me so pregnant with inspiration, as since I have seen the dire effects essential to heathen worship. Put out the Bible: and Greece and Rome, with all their abominations, would again fill the world.'

The steamer then sped on towards Calcutta, and on March 2nd, the Bishop was safely sheltered in the palace:—

'Thus ends,' he says, 'the first part of my visitation;

six months and seven days; six thousand five hundred miles; eighty sermons; additions made to my first Charge; a second Charge written, and both carried through the press at Vepery; health improved; friends made, I trust, for life; and above all, the immensely difficult task of purifying the native Church. *Deo sit gloria in sempiternum.*

The first thing taken in hand by the Bishop on his arrival, was the preparation of two important and confidential letters to the venerable Church Societies. A full account of all that he had done was given, and an urgent appeal made to them for help. The state of each separate mission was described, and the number of labourers in the field. They had been already increased in various ways, but many more were needed:—

‘All that has been done,’ he writes, ‘since the Caste question was stirred, two years since, is a mere commencement. The present missionaries are unable to stand their ground and make their way. They must be supported, and that speedily, or all will assuredly fall back. I pity those few holy men. I have necessarily done them injury for the time. The natives turn upon them all their anger, and misrepresent their most innocent actions. All this will pass away, if they are strengthened in numbers, and can make head against the evils which I have denounced, but not exterminated.’

Having thus done his part in removing past evils and providing for future efficiency in these important missions, he turned his attention to current duties.

Calcutta soon oppressed him. “The first week here,” he says, “has worn me down. The temperature is foggy, damp, hot, and suffocating, quite different from the clear, dry, cool, exhilarating air of Madras. Then the discomposure of events, the pressure of duties, the perplexity of questions, the approaching change in the Government, the number of friends gone or going home, my own weak wavering sinking heart, a faith feeble as a broken rush, love extinct, bodily power prostrate, what we call ‘spirits’ gone. To Thee only, O Lord, can the helpless fly for succour—to Thy Grace only have recourse! Most gladly ought I rather to glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”

The change of government, thus spoken of, had reference to the approaching departure of Lord William Bentinck. His health had seriously failed, and not having been effectually restored by the retreat to the Neilgherry hills in the presidency of Madras, an immediate return to England became imperatively necessary. For some time he had been incapacitated from attending divine service—any prolonged attention producing serious attacks of giddiness. The following extract has reference to this.

*‘Monday, March 10, 1835.*

‘Last night I had a most affecting duty. I performed divine service for the first and last time in Government House. A drawing-room was fitted with a high table covered with crimson cloth, seats were arranged on each side of the room, all the court was assembled—aides-de-camp, public and private secretaries, physician—in number about twenty. My chaplain read the evening prayers (we were both robed), and I preached from the words, “Come unto me all that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.” (Matt. xi. 28.) I used Swartz’s sweet notes as at Tanjore. I spoke and told out “the whole story,” as Joseph Milner would have expressed it—addressed the conscience—called on the infidel (such were present) to consider his ways—invited the superstitious (such were present) to the simplicity of Christ—and commended the Governor-General and his family and suite, to the blessed Jesus during the voyage. They were affected to tears. After the prayer at the conclusion, I pronounced the benediction, and gave it a personal application by going round and laying my hands on the head of each kneeling worshipper, and then returning to my seat and concluding it. The Governor-General and Lady William came up to thank me after service; but they were almost unable to speak for tears. Who can tell what good may be done? I suppose it was the most affecting scene ever witnessed at the departure of a Governor-General.

‘My own soul is subsiding more and more into God. The excitement of India is gone by, the novelty has ceased, I have run through the first series of duties, human schemes and hopes are exhausted. Now, blessed Jesus! I return to Thee. Do Thou, and Thou only, work in me, and by me, and for me, and through me. Be Thou only glorified. Display Thy grace in the effects of Thy glorious Gospel on the hearts of men!’



The time of the Governor-General's departure was now close at hand; and the day before H. M. Frigate *Curaçoa* sailed, application was made to the Bishop to administer the Lord's Supper in private at Government House. He willingly complied, and described what passed in a letter dated Tuesday, March 17th:—

‘I have performed the solemn service. None were present but Lord and Lady William. After the Communion they sat down and talked over with me the main things affecting my department. Not a word was said of the sad business of last June. But everything in matters of detail was conceded to me that I could possibly wish. I then embraced each of them, and bade them farewell.’

He then retired to Tittaghur for a few days' respite, and the following are some of his reflections on things past and present.

‘TITTAGHUR, *March 26.*

‘I complete this day the third year since my appointment to this see. I have just been reading Mr. Grant's letter of March 27th, 1832, written on that occasion. I am now sitting in my beautiful flower-house, with the fine morning sun rising, the air cool and refreshing, the noble Hooghly on my right, and the gardeners at work around. The goodness of God overwhelms my mind. No temporal sorrows have I but my dearest daughter's ill-health and absence. Unnumbered mercies stimulate me to gratitude. Dear Henry Martyn's pagoda study on the other side of the river meets my sight, the echoing voices of the poor natives in their dinghies on the stream meet my ear, with the birds warbling praises to their Maker. Everything calls on me this day to gird up the loins of my mind. Time glides away like the tide which is before me. Time, in India—time to a Bishop in India—time to one nearly fifty-seven years of age—is “short,” indeed! Oh, for grace to redeem it! On looking back I see what temptations, what secularities, what hurries, what decays of spiritual feeling, what inward diseases have gained ground. I can truly confess, “My feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped.” One thing I see is, the benefit of humiliation and disappointment. The mass of perplexing vexatious duties since I returned from the South is inde-

scribable. "I am verily set in the plague, and my soul is among lions." "This is thy hand: and thou, Lord, hast done it."

Amongst the "perplexing vexatious duties" thus mentioned, four were prominent, and require serious notice. They had reference to the Archdeaconry, the Missionary Charge, the Church Missionary Society, and the Select Vestry.

The Archdeacon Corrie was now absent, having obeyed the call to England, from whence, in due course, he returned as Bishop of Madras. The duty of official correspondence with the Government, during the Bishop's absence, which would have fallen to the archdeacon, had been consigned, as was usual, to the senior presidency chaplain. The Bishop tacitly acquiesced in this, though he withheld his sanction, being steadfastly purposed to break through the system of routine which assigned a vacant archdeaconry to a senior presidency chaplain, and unwilling, therefore, to excite expectations, which in this case certainly would not be realised. The archdeaconry was now considered vacant, and the sweets or bitters of office, had apparently excited an appetite for it. Indirect applications having failed, a direct application for the appointment was made to the Bishop by the senior presidency chaplain. This being refused courteously, but decidedly, a claim was set up; the Government was applied to, and the Court of Directors memorialised. A petition was also circulated for signatures amongst the clergy; the aid of the press was called in; and all Calcutta was agitated by discussion and party spirit. The Bishop waited till the proper time had come, and then offered the archdeaconry to the Rev. T. Dealtry, the chaplain at the Old Church, Calcutta, and now Bishop of Madras. He accepted it, and was installed in the autumn of this year. The fire then died out for want of fuel; but it left its embers smouldering.

The disturbance about the Bishop's missionary Charge, now printed and in circulation, was caused by the missionaries themselves. The Bishop, when addressing the body assembled at Tanjore, and warning them against the dangers of secularity, pursuit of petty objects, and family jobs, had added these words:—

‘Perhaps not one in twenty of those who come out from Europe in all the protestant societies, with the best promise, and who go on well for a time, persevere in the disinterestedness of the true Missionary.’<sup>1</sup>

With this sentence, three missionaries belonging to Church societies in Calcutta thought proper to be offended, and they sent in a long memorial containing a protest. They were informed at once that it could not be received; that as presbyters they were bound to respect their Bishop’s words of counsel and caution; that they were at liberty to form their own opinion, and that the Bishop was at all times accessible to an expression of it:—but that a formal protest was irregular and inadmissible. A frank and full apology came instantly from one of the missionaries. He had been misled, and acknowledged his error. The same acknowledgment came also, though more tardily, from the two others.

But the matter did not end here. The dissenting missionaries in Calcutta deemed themselves aggrieved, and they now entered the arena, and required an explanation. They were invited to the palace, and assured that the statements made in the Charge had no personal or local application. They asked for a written exemption for their own body; but this the Bishop declined to give. He advised them, however, to let the matter drop, and not do anything to fix a charge upon themselves, which, in truth, ranged over the whole field of missions, and was the result of thirty years’ experience and observation. The discussion was quite friendly, and appeared satisfactory at the time; but, subsequently, “Minutes” of what passed were drawn up with an evident view to publication; and, in spite of an official intimation that they were not correct, they were published. This did not tend to the promotion of that kindly feeling which is always so desirable in missionary work.

But a much more important result followed the publication of the Charge, and one which necessarily leads to the consideration of a question in which every colonial diocese is interested—the relation in which a Bishop stands to the Church Missionary Society. This question, so far as the Bishop of Calcutta was concerned, looks backwards and forwards, but may most properly be introduced here. The

Life of the Bishop would be incomplete without it; and the "happy issue" to which it was brought in the good providence of God makes reserve the less necessary.

Before the establishment of the Indian Bishoprics, the Committee of the "Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East" exercised exclusive control over all missionaries in their employ. Their power to select, support, locate, remove, dismiss, were all unquestioned: and in process of time this power had been delegated partially to Corresponding Committees abroad. When Bishop Middleton arrived in Calcutta in the year 1814, he deemed that his Letters Patent took no cognisance of the missionaries, and gave him no control over them. Their position, therefore, remained unchanged. They were treated with personal courtesy; but neither summoned to his Visitations, nor protected by his licence.

Bishop Heber's jurisdiction having been enlarged, the missionaries were at once placed by him on the footing of the other clergy. They officiated under his licence, and thus became amenable to his authority; but the extent and limits of the authority, thus interposed, were left undefined.

Bishop Heber died; Bishop James died; Bishop Turner died; and the matter was unsettled still. Not only was it unsettled, it had become entangled.

The clerical secretary of the Church Missionary Society at this epoch was the pious and amiable William Jowett: but the lay secretary and the ruling mind was Mr. Dandeson Coates. Most men of that day will remember his tall, thin figure, his green shade, his quiet manner, untiring industry, and firm but somewhat narrow mind. Whilst Mr. Jowett was writing kind and gentle letters, Mr. Coates was stamping upon the committee of management the impress of his own decided views; and the lay element, paramount for the time at home, soon became predominant abroad. Ecclesiastical persons were superseded—corresponding committees re-organised—independent action encouraged. The effect was soon apparent. Both the East and West<sup>1</sup> were troubled, and one of the first things the Bishop of Calcutta had to do, when entering on the duties of his diocese, was to allay existing irritation. He did not cause—he found it. Thus he wrote to the acting Archdeacon of Madras:—

'CALCUTTA, *March 14, 1833.*

'For the Church Missionary Society I cherish the most affectionate regard. But it is impossible for me to approve of such particular acts of the Committee at home, as may militate against the principles of the Church, or infringe the just respect due to the clergy. Nor can I think with satisfaction of a state of things in which a Church Committee is unsupported by the clergy of the Church resident in the place. So far I am bound to acknowledge that your complaints, dear sir, are not without cause. I regret that you and your fellow Chaplains should have been removed from the Committee, and I shall rejoice when the time may arrive for your being again invited to take your seat. At the same time, I have no power to replace you; and the sacred cause of Missions is so important, and the merits of the Church Missionary Society, on the whole, so exalted, that I would earnestly exhort you to forbearance and conciliation.'

And thus to the Archdeacon of New South Wales:—

'CALCUTTA, *July, 1833.*

'It seems that some unintentional misunderstanding has arisen between the Corresponding Committee of New South Wales, the Committee at home, and yourself. But I trust you will agree with me that in the vast work of Missions, we must open our arms wide to all who are in the communion of the Church, and overlook negligences, or errors, or even considerable mistakes. I beg of you the favour to forgive any omission of attention, which may have induced a coldness between you and the Committee, for my sake and the Gospel's.'

..

The character of the Madras Corresponding Committee, as recently re-modelled by orders from home, may be gathered from a letter written by Archdeacon Corrie, the most amiable and charitable of men. It was the result of personal intercourse, and was written to Mr. Dandeson Coates himself, in February, 1834:—

"They appeared to me very little inclined to uphold the system of Church Government to which we are pledged.

At this very time they refuse a 'title' for Holy Orders to Mr. Coombes, the student sent up by the former committee, though somewhat irregularly, to Bishop's College, where he has pursued his studies diligently, and approved himself both for piety and attainments to the present Bishop, and I may add, to myself. Yet the Madras Committee, although he had been two years a catechist under Mr. Rhenius with their cordial approbation, require him to go again as a catechist, before they will give him a title. The fact is, as far as I can judge, the majority, though men whom I 'love in the truth,' have contracted views of the Church, and are scrupulous rather than conscientious: so afraid of doing evil, that they scarcely dare to do good; and when an object spiritually good in their view comes before them, they care little whether it be attained by the rules of the Church of England, or any other."

It was not surprising that a Committee, thus constituted, should act independently of all ecclesiastical authorities; and yet their Missions in the South had been for some time in a terrible state of confusion. Mr. Rhenius, the most prominent and influential of their missionaries, had publicly attacked the Church, and that whilst still continuing at his post, and retaining his hold of the Mission. His principles and position involved necessarily many delicate questions touching Ordination, Church services, and Church property; and this would have seemed above all things to require that friendly episcopal interposition, which on the application of the Propagation Committee, and in the case of the caste question, had been attended with such beneficial and decisive effects. But no such course was pursued. The Committee at Madras almost ignored their Bishop, never asked him to accept office, and persevered in independent action. Moreover, the Parent Society tacitly endorsed their proceedings; and at the end of two years sent out the Rev. John Tucker to be their representative and Secretary.

The Bishop had been much troubled with all this, but waited and held his peace. On Mr. Tucker's arrival, he wrote once and again to invite friendly communications, and hoped for a gradual recognition of Church principles, on the part of the Committee, and a gradual return to harmonious action. Little progress, however, was made, and when, as already related, he went down to Madras

in 1834, he was very uncertain as to the course he ought to pursue. He found no encouragement there, to examine into the missions at Tinnevely ; and this, together with the lateness of the season, prevented the extension of his visitation to that place.

It was on his arrival at Tanjore, that the pamphlet published by Mr. Rhenius against the Church was first put into his hands ; and there he learnt fully the sinister effect produced by it, and by the personal influence of its author, upon the Church principles of some of the Tinnevely catechists and converts. In his Charge, therefore, and in the subsequent "Dedication" to the archdeacons and clergy of the diocese, he spoke strongly of the evils he had discovered, and the necessity laid upon him to bear testimony against them.

'I discovered,' he says, 'a system at work in the extreme South (where I supposed the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, though the senior was a Lutheran, were continuing to follow our general doctrine and discipline), in direct opposition to our Protestant Episcopal Church, by the members of which they were sent out—a system so ruinous in my judgment to the holiness and peace of the new converts, as to threaten a subversion amongst them of Christianity itself.'

And again, when cautioning the European, East Indian, and native catechists and schoolmasters whom he was addressing, he says :—

'Those of you who may be stationed in the province of Tinnevely, be very cautious. Do not enter into controversy with other catechists and schoolmasters. Pursue your own duty quietly and humbly. If anything is said to draw you aside, make no answer, but report it to the missionaries. Keep close to your own Church, but say nothing of the disorders you may see or hear of. Commit everything to God.'

• And again in the general account of his proceedings, he said :—

'I trust I have left everything, so far as the Missions of the Incorporated Society at Vepery, Cuddalore, Tanjore,

and Trichinopoly are concerned, in a train of peaceful improvement and restoration. The other case farther south, came upon me by surprise, in the neighbourhood of Tanjore and Trichinopoly.'

These remarks, which, as referring to the real extent and nature of the evils at work, were strictly true, elicited a letter from the Madras Committee, which offended the Bishop, and widened the breach. The real point at issue had reference to the extent and effect of the Bishop's licence upon the Church missionaries; and his reasonable wishes on this head may be expressed in his own words:—

'Let the lay business,' he says, in a letter of February, 1835, 'the station, the money, the outlays, the buildings, the return of missionaries, their outfit, the care of their wives and children, be with the Lay Patrons, or their delegates, the Corresponding Committee. But surely the approbation of the stations, and the superintendence of the spiritual duties of the licenced missionaries, must appertain to the Bishop and his archdeacon as his representative.'

And again in December, 1835:—

'I shall endeavour in patience to possess my soul; where I am wrong, to get right; and where I am right, to wait for God. So far as I understand things at present, the Church Missionary principle, now contended for, extinguishes the Bishop's office. All I ask for, is superintendence, control, jurisdiction in spiritual things over all persons licenced by me as Ordinary to perform spiritual functions in my diocese. Lay patronage I touch not—temporal authority I touch not—location of missionaries I touch not—removal, dismissal, suspension from support I touch not. But I ask for reasonable grounds to be laid before me, when I am called to act by granting a licence, just as a Bishop in England asks for reasonable grounds when a spiritual person is presented to him for a licence. No curate can be licenced without such inquiry and approbation. Such is the order of things in England. Much more should something resembling this take place in a new diocese in planting of new churches, in the propagation of that Gospel which it is the most special duty of the Bishop to superintend.'



‘And as to the second branch of the question—Surely a Bishop has claims for that information on the manner in which his spiritual persons or clerks perform their spiritual duties! Surely he must visit, inspect, inquire, examine; or how is he to administer confirmation—how approve the baptism of converts—how watch the canonical proceedings of the reverend clergy—how stop error or check enthusiasm—how animate and encourage! But I wait.

‘I have found all through my ministry, that things soon get right, if I can but keep myself calm, and wait for God. They only become irreparable when obstinacy, pride, by-ends, worldliness, self, and departures in heart from Christ lie at the bottom of the wound and fester there. Who ever reached the crown of glory without bearing the cross which leads to it. Not one.’

These, and points like these, were urged calmly and forcibly in many letters; and much as the Bishop loved the Society and sought to do it good, he steadfastly refused to compromise the rights inherent in his office, and intrusted to his charge. The controversy had already lasted for three years, and having become too complicated for settlement abroad, it was referred to friends at home. Three were selected:—Dr. Pearson, Dean of Salisbury, Dr. Dealtry, Rector of Clapham, and the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow; and they were placed in communication with the Bishop’s son on the one hand, and the Church Missionary Society on the other. After much serious discussion, and the interposition of a wise friend, the Society finally conceded the point at issue, and suggested an arrangement, which the three referees approved. This arrangement was communicated to the Bishop in the month of December, 1835. It met with his cordial concurrence, and was subsequently embodied by him in four rules, which the Society have ever since retained amongst their published documents.

The communication from the Society in England was accompanied by a letter from the Earl of Chichester, its President, apologising for past apparent, but not intentional estrangement, and inviting the renewal of friendly and confidential intercourse. To this the Bishop gladly and readily responded, and his feelings were expressed in the letter of acknowledgment he sent to his three friends:—

‘SIMLAH, June 13, 1836.

‘I return now to the full tide of affectionate intercourse with the Church Missionary Society in all its ramifications, which I only felt compelled for a time to suspend, because my superintendence was rejected.

‘I have committed a thousand errors in the manner of doing things, God knoweth. But in everything relating to the Society there was such careful consultation and deliberation, that I fully expected TIME only was wanted for my principle to be, as it is, admitted in its amplest form.

‘I thank God, my Saviour, that I was enabled to abstain from acting, and to remain quiet, calmly enduring in my own breast everything, and doing all I could still for the Church Missionary Society, that I might not hinder the Gospel of God.

‘I have still to look to your kindness to keep an eye over things till the machinery has worked for some time as harmoniously as I fully trust it will.’

The sound of contention was thus hushed at Madras, and all things were set right at home; but, meanwhile, difficulties had arisen in Calcutta. Time was, when under the wise and gentle management of Archdeacon Corrie, no ripple had appeared upon the waters there; but the Corresponding Committee, selected by himself, had been content to register his experienced decisions, and to carry out his prudent counsels. But all this was now changed. Corrie was gone; and men of high standing and office had taken their seats in the Committee, bringing with them all that independent and self-reliant spirit learnt at the Sudder Boards and in the Secretariat of India. Their motives were pure, their conduct disinterested, and they were nominally Churchmen; but they knew little about Church principles, and forgot that they were working a Church Society. They preferred acting without the Bishop, to acting with him. Internal differences arose during his absence on visitation. The clergy on the Committee were not superseded, but overborne. Archdeacon Dealtry ceased to attend. Complications arose from the determination to erect a Head Seminary in avowed opposition to Bishop's College; and, moreover, the Corresponding Committee, outstripping the Parent Society which it professed to represent, repudiated the

arrangement just made, so far as it respected the Bishop's licence.

When he arrived in Calcutta, all these fresh difficulties had to be met and disentangled. Much forbearance was shown, many conferences were held, long letters were written : and the result was so far good, that a despatch prepared by the Calcutta Committee for the Parent Society, remonstrating against their supposed concessions, was changed into an address to the Bishop soliciting such explanations of his licensing power, and such assurances touching its exercise, as he might be pleased to give. These explanations and assurances were at once given : and they were in due course transmitted home, where they commended themselves to the Parent Society, and were admitted as *Addenda* to the rules previously agreed on. They did their part also in soothing the minds and winning the confidence of the Calcutta Committee, and a friendly feeling was creeping on, when in the early part of 1838, a fresh root of bitterness sprung up. A few words will suffice to explain the cause, and conclude the whole subject.

A missionary in Deacon's orders had been sent out from home, with special directions to labour in Calcutta, under the Bishop's licence, and in due time to apply for Priest's orders. The Calcutta Committee on his arrival, discouraged his application for a licence, and directed him to go up to Burdwan, and commence his labours there. The young missionary disliked this location, pleaded his home directions, showed some temper, and declined compliance. The Committee, grievously offended, straightway withdrew all countenance from him, and left him to follow his own devices. He applied to the Bishop; and as a spiritual person, sent into his diocese, sought for a licence, and for Priest's Orders. The Committee upon this were officially applied to. They neither objected nor assented : but justified the course they had pursued, and stood upon their right to judge independently in all causes concerning all persons. The Bishop, having satisfied himself of the personal fitness and good character of the candidate, licensed him to officiate in Calcutta, and shortly afterwards ordained him Priest. The matter was, of course, referred home by the Committee : and the Parent Society having intimated disapproval of the course they had pursued, the greater part of them at once resigned. It was not necessary : for in the interval, the glad tidings from Krishnagur had moved all hearts and

bowed all wills, and constrained to union and co-operation. They, however, persevered in their resignation. A new secretary and a new committee were immediately appointed; and from that moment to the present, no interruption has occurred in the harmonious and successful working of the Calcutta branch of the Church Missionary Society. Modifications of the Rules and the Addenda may become necessary from time to time, and this will be easily accomplished under the present wise and able management of the Society, but the above narrative records the solution of the most difficult of all Missionary questions, viz.:—How a voluntary Church Society may recognise the just claims of the Bishop, without compromising its own independence. There were many helpers and many hinderers whilst the process was going on: but the problem is safely and satisfactorily solved.

The other question which has been referred to as causing much trouble at this time, was the Select Vestry, which had assumed the management of the cathedral, and the distribution of certain charitable funds connected with it.

Dr. Middleton, the first Bishop, had felt the inconvenience greatly. He had no authority in his own cathedral. He appealed to Government, and in January, 1819, Government responded to his appeal, and directed all authority in the church, now become the cathedral, to be handed over to the Bishop. But nothing moved in obedience to this command; and such a storm was raised by public meetings, private quarrels, the Calcutta press, and the enemies of the Church and the Bishop, that the Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General, was daunted, and purchased peace by a promise to apply for an Act of Parliament to regulate the matter at home. The Act was never obtained—perhaps never really applied for, and the matter slumbered, till Bishop Wilson roused and grappled with it. For three years he had borne quietly the inconveniences of his position. He was held responsible for all that occurred in his cathedral, and yet he had no power to control it. Oratorios were given, public female singers engaged, collections made, and servants dismissed by an irresponsible body who had no legitimate authority, and yet acted independently and without his cognisance. He was unwilling to submit to this any longer, and began the movement by requesting a sight of

the records and deeds held by the Vestry. Though there was some hesitation in complying with this request, it could not in common decency be refused. The documents applied for were accordingly sent, but as a simultaneous act, the Vestry filled up the places vacant in their body and stood on the defensive.

The result of the examination of the documents was immediately made known to the presidency chaplains by the Bishop; and was followed by an official application to Government, requesting that his true position in the cathedral might be authoritatively defined.

The several steps which followed have lost their interest, partly by lapse of time, and partly by the transfer of the Bishop's seat to the new cathedral of St. Paul, which reduced St. John's once more to the level of an ordinary church. It will suffice to say that by the energetic and decided measures of Sir Charles Metcalfe, who had now succeeded Lord William Bentinck, as Governor-General, all opposition was overcome. The Select Vestry was dissolved, the charitable funds transferred to the Supreme Court, and the Bishop's authority in the cathedral definitively established.

The troubles which have been thus enumerated and discussed, occurring in the path of duty, brought their compensations with them, and were accompanied by many alleviations. Much kindly intercourse was maintained, and the Bishop went everywhere, preaching with much acceptance the gospel of the grace of God. Several points also of great importance to the interests of the Church were accomplished, with only that measure of difficulty which waits upon every "new thing." An increase in the number of chaplains by the addition of a new class of "assistant chaplains," was devised: a plan for dividing Calcutta into districts for all ecclesiastical purposes was completed.

But the matter of prime importance which characterised this busy and eventful year, was the arrangement of a scheme of education for the Martinière School.

The history of "La Martinière" (for such is the name of the establishment) is, in brief, as follows:—A certain General Martin, one of the Indian adventurers of early days, amassed an immense fortune, and spent it in "riotous

living." By birth he was a Frenchman, and by profession a Roman Catholic. But he knew and cared little about religion: and, in reality, had none. His last Will gave sad evidence of unforsaken sin, and utter ignorance of "the things that accompany salvation." But it showed he had a conscience. After various bequests of a nature to be easily imagined, the whole residue of his property was bestowed in charity, which, as he says, "all religions joined in recommending." Part of this residue went to his native city of Lyons, and part was assigned for the entire maintenance and education of a certain number of children in Calcutta. The amount thus assigned was very large at the time of his decease; and it had been since increased, first by the accumulations of nearly thirty years, and, next, by the decision of a Court of Law in France; so that, after all preliminary expenses had been incurred, and a building erected in Calcutta at a great cost, nearly sixteen lacs of rupees, or about 160,000*l.*, remained intact for the support of the institution. The whole was left without reserve. All that General Martin desired was that the children should be apprenticed when their education was completed, or married when arrived at a proper age: that every year a small premium and medal should be awarded to the "most deserving or virtuous boy and girl:" that at an annual public dinner, "a toast should be drunk in memorandum of the founder:" that on each anniversary of his death a sermon should be preached to the children in "the church" at Calcutta; and that the Institution should bear on its front a suitable inscription, and be called "*La Martinière*." All matters connected with the investment of the money, and the scheme of education, were left entirely to the discretion of the Indian Government and the Supreme Court.

A long time elapsed before anything was done. The funds were committed to the Supreme Court, as being the official guardian of all charitable bequests; but for thirty years no steps were taken, and no scheme of education devised. This delay arose partly from indecision as to the proper course to be pursued, and partly from a rapid and melancholy succession of deaths in the judges.

At length, in the year 1825, some movement was made by Sir Charles Grey, which was afterwards extended in 1832, by Sir William Russel. He had these few guiding points:—

- ‘1st. The testator having appointed a Protestant government to carry out his Will, had thereby gone far to give the institution a Protestant bias.
- ‘2nd. By the mention of an annual sermon he had clearly no desire to exclude religion.
- ‘3rd. By directing the children to attend “the Church,” in Calcutta (there being then but one), he seemed to express a willingness to connect the school with the Church of England.’

The bias of the testator's mind was confessedly slight; but it was all one way, and it controlled the first decision of the Supreme Court. Sir William Russel sanctioned the expenditure of 17,000*l.* upon the building, which was to include the erection and fitting-up of a church or chapel for divine service. He then decreed the appointment of the Governor-General, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Bishop, the Members of Council, and the Advocate-General, as *ex-officio* governors, and gave them authority to elect annually four others, who, when elected, should have equal authority and power with themselves. He directed that “a clergyman in Holy Orders” should preach the annual sermon; that twenty girls and thirty boys should be maintained, educated, and put out in life; that other children should be admissible on the payment of a certain sum; that a secretary should be appointed; and that all matters connected with the education of children, the selection of master and mistress, the discipline and internal management of the school, should be left entirely to the discretion of the governors. This decretal order was signed W. O. Russel, John Franks, and Edward Ryan; and bears date Oct. 22nd, 1832.

When the Bishop first arrived then, at the end of October, 1832, all seemed in a fair train for connecting this great institution with the Church of England, and enabling it eventually to do for India, what our public schools have done for the mother country. This was the impression on his mind when he accepted his own nomination, and it was confirmed, when shortly after, the choice of the four elected governors fell on the Rev. Dr. Mill, Principal of Bishop's College, and three Church laymen; and when the sub-committee appointed to draw up a plan for the general instruction of the children, comprised Sir Edward Ryan (chief justice, in succession to Sir William Russel, deceased), Dr.

Mill, and himself. The tacit understanding, indeed, was so clear and decided as to the status of the school, that, with the cognisance of the Governor-General and Chief Justice, the Bishop wrote to England to secure the conditional services of a clergyman of high standing, as head master and chaplain.

But all this bright prospect gradually faded away. The educational controversy arose in England, and was reproduced in India; and the Bishop soon found the chariot wheels begin to drive heavily.

The first trial of strength took place at the next election of the four annual governors, when Dr. St. Leger, the Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic, and Dr. Charles, the Presbyterian Chaplain, were elected. Soon after, the secretary, Dr. Garden, drew up a scheme of education, framed on the basis of a generalised Christianity, where all differences were fused, and no church recognised. The Bishop strongly deprecated this, and asserted that to teach Christianity effectually without either catechisms, forms, or creeds, was impossible. He threw his objections into the form of a long and valuable letter, which was circulated amongst the governors, and produced a strong effect. At a subsequent meeting, the numbers on either side were equal: but the vote of Mr. Macaulay, the then Legislative Counsellor, was still in reserve, and proved eventually sufficient to turn the scale against the Bishop. It was, however, finally agreed, that the education should be based upon the general principles of Christianity, guarded by all the ancient creeds and confessions, as held in common by the English, Scotch, Roman, Armenian, and Greek Churches.

This being settled, the Bishop's mind turned at once to the difficult task now imposed upon him, of framing, in conjunction with the Vicar-Apostolic and the Presbyterian chaplain, a catechism and form of worship for use in the school within the prescribed limits. The Committee met daily in the palace for this purpose, the only other person present being the Bishop's chaplain, who acted as secretary. The proceedings necessarily occupied much time. Every step had to be deliberately weighed, every book to be circulated and read. The Vicar-Apostolic had never read our Liturgy. Neither the Bishop nor the Rev. Mr. Charles were familiar with the Roman Missal. A variety of catechisms had to be examined. All minutes of proceedings, when fairly copied, had to be sent round for the perusal and signature of each



member. Every one felt that a considerable degree of responsibility rested upon himself, and acted accordingly; but nothing could exceed the openness and candour which characterised the proceedings throughout.

In due time the fundamental truths, held in common by the five main divisions of Christendom, were agreed upon, and a catechism and form for family or private devotion were prepared: whilst it was arranged that on the Sundays the children should be taken to their respective places of worship, and that both the Authorised and Romish version of the Scriptures should be admitted into the school.

The drawing up of the required documents was assigned to the Bishop, and when they had been circulated and approved by the committee, and presented to the governors with a Report, the whole was concluded.

As little harm was done as possible; but compromise is after all a thankless task, and thus all parties found it. The Vicar-Apostolic was recalled by the General of his Order (the Jesuits), and charged with having conceded fundamental principles, and improperly indulged in social intercourse with the Bishop. The Presbyterian Chaplain, Dr. Charles, was called to account by his brethren in Scotland. And the Bishop met praise which he did not desire, and censure which he did not deserve. When the Committee of Council on Education published their famous minute of April 11th, 1839, which proposed a scheme of general education for all parties, it was supported by an able and widely circulated pamphlet written by their secretary. In it the case of La Martinière was cited, and the conduct of the Bishop of Calcutta highly commended. The debate which shortly afterwards followed in the House of Lords proved still more conclusively that his motives were neither appreciated nor understood; and a pamphlet was written by his desire, called "La Martinière," to remove misapprehension and explain his views and conduct. He did not repent of what he had done; but he wished the circumstances of the case to be made known, in order that all interested in the matter might perceive under what pressure he had acted.

The school was in due time opened. A succession of admirable masters (selected chiefly on the recommendation of Sir Edward Ryan) have presided over it; and the Bishop

watched its progress, at first with a feeling of anxiety, but afterwards with confidence and interest.

A few details of daily life will now be given, in order to relieve these narratives of important business. They are gathered from a series of journal-letters written by the Bishop to his children at home, which were begun regularly about this time, and continued to the close of life. The instant one letter was filled, it was despatched, and another begun. Wherever he went, the unfinished sheet went with him. At any spare moment the entry was made. Every event was related at the time, and in the manner it occurred. His whole heart was thus opened; his family were made sharers of his joys and sorrows; and five hundred and twelve folio letters, minutely written, gradually accumulated, to which this biography will owe much of its interest and value. Should the brief specimens (for they can be only brief) presented from time to time, excite in the minds of many readers a desire for more, it is quite possible that these their desires may be gratified hereafter.

The extracts now to be given will commence at the time of the Bishop's arrival in Calcutta from Madras.

'*April 6th, 1835.*—It is curious how Sir Charles Metcalfe is bringing back the old *régime*. Instead of inviting the native gentry with the Europeans, he appoints a separate audience, and, wearing their turbans, they all have to take off their shoes before they enter the room.'

'*April 12th.*—I have been re-reading the letter of advice which I sent to the honoured Bishop Turner, in 1830. It will be a constant memento for me. It was a curious circumstance that, two years after writing that letter in answer to his earnest request for my advice and counsel, I was myself made Bishop. It is curious also that, in June, 1818, my "Defence of the Church Missionary Society" was cut out by the censors (who then superintended the Indian newspapers) from the proof-sheet of the *Calcutta Morning Post*, on the ground that it was "displeasing to the Sec.:" that is, I suppose, to Bishop Middleton. And now the author of that "Defence" is Bishop himself! The editor of the *Morning Post* at that time called the other day, and told me this, and gave me a copy of the "Defence," of which two hundred and fifty were separately struck off; and this copy is now in my desk.'

'*April 20th.*—I am bereft for a time of my chaplain, who has just gone down to Penang, to see my beloved daughter. I was walking through their four deserted rooms with melancholy feelings yesterday morning, and could only cast myself at the footstool of mercy for support and guidance. I have been reading the correspondence between Knox and Jebb. Knox himself is the curiosity—wrong, undoubtedly, but remarkable throughout.'

'*May 5th.*—In our eight churches (including the mission-aries) there were on Easter Day, this year, two thousand eight hundred and ninety-one attendants: and seven hundred and eighty-two of them were communicants.'

'*June 1st.*—My poor dear daughter arrived at the Ghât about one o'clock yesterday, and landed at half-past six. The excitement threw her into faintings, which lasted for an hour. The kindness she has received from Sir Benjamin and Lady Malkin, at Penang, is quite indescribable. She has been away from Calcutta more than nine months. And now may my soul be humbled before the Lord. May I bow to His holy will. I need this discipline. All is ordered. Even this additional distress of husband and wife passing and missing each other at sea—and in all probability very near Penang—was appointed by our great and all-wise Physician. Oh! if my soul would but learn the divine lesson!'

'*July 12th.*—This Sunday begins with melancholy impressions; my dear child gone on her way to England; her husband, returned from Penang, accompanying her to the Sand-heads; my house deserted; grief and anxiety my lot; no one to comfort me! But I turn myself to the fountain of living waters. Broken cisterns can hold no water. The eternal fountain of joy in God is ever the same. May all afflictions indispose me more and more for the turbid comforts of the creature, and quicken more my thirst for the unmixed and vivifying streams of ever-flowing happiness in the Creator.'

'*August 24th.*—A letter from the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" overwhelms me with gratitude to God. The Society votes me a third 500*l.* to give away, and 500*l.* a-year in books for two years; besides a variety of other grants. The kindness with which they treat me is extraordinary. I see in this a talent committed to me of a high order. So also the "Propagation Society." Oh! for grace to employ, and occupy with these trusts.'

'*CHINSURAH, Sept. 11th.*—I am making another short

visit to this large station. It is five o'clock in the morning, most glorious and sweet! An extraordinary trouble attends even this short movement of thirty miles. I could not come here without a carriage, three horses, and fourteen servants; and if my chaplain had come with me, half-a-dozen more must have accompanied him. One English servant would be almost worth them all. It is the universal custom, arising from the climate, the cheapness of labour, the languor and feebleness of the people, and the wretched, absurd, and unalterable distinctions of caste. The chaplain at Chinsurah, Mr. Rudd, could not find a single boatman to take down a live turkey to Calcutta. Dead turkeys they would have taken, but not a live one.'

'*Sept. 14th.*—It is half-past eight o'clock in the morning. I am in a bholeah, or cabined boat, on my way down to Calcutta, having just landed at Tittaghur, and inspected the packing up of my goods. To-morrow it will no longer be mine. After an occupation of two years and a-half, it is melancholy to take a long, and perhaps final farewell of a spot where I have spent many most pleasant and profitable hours. Indeed I owe, under Providence, much of my health to this charming retreat'

'*CALCUTTA, Sept. 15th.*—The three days I spent at Chinsurah remain with a soft and pleasing recollection on my mind. The contrast between that interval of peace, and the hostility of Calcutta is indescribable. The moment I returned, long attacks in the newspapers about the arch-deacourry and the select vestry met my eyes. Then came the hurry of visits, anxious questions of duty, and a mind distracted and thrown off its balance. Oh! the Grace needful to fill public situations with meekness!'

The hour of relief was now close at hand; and having held an ordination and preached a farewell sermon, at which the Governor-General, the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Fane, the new Judge, Sir Benjamin Malkin, and an immense congregation, were present, he embarked on board the *Hattrass* pilot vessel; and Tuesday, October 18th, 1835, found him gliding down the river, resuming his visitation, and writing the following reflections:—

'It is nearly three years since I left the *James Sibbald*, in 1832, and now I am resuming a visitation which will occupy half of that period, should health and life be con-

tinued. The prospect is overwhelming to the petty reach of human judgment. But to leave one's self to an infinite mind is consoling. God knoweth the way that I take. Oh ! that I may be purified by the orders and events of His providence, and come forth as gold. The deep afflictions into which I have been brought will be overruled, as I trust, to these highest ends. They have come on in the way of duty ; they have sprung from my best-considered and most useful proceedings ; they have arisen from the unreasonable opposition of those who ought to have supported me. Thus they come, as to myself most especially, from the hand of God. The clamour, misrepresentation, calumny, disunion amongst the clergy, invectives in newspapers, that I am going through, it is not easy to conceive. Two things are topics for thankfulness :—the Governor-General supports me nobly ; and all the leading people in the Presidency concur in his approbation.'

The *Mattrass* was a brig of one hundred and eighty tons, placed at the disposal of the Bishop by the government, and commanded by Captain Clark, a courteous and experienced pilot. The party consisted of the Bishop, his chaplain, Dr. Allan Webb, and Mr. Cœmmerer, the young catechist already mentioned, who was about to be ordained on the scene of his future labours in the south. It was proposed to close the year at Bombay, and to fill up the short intervening period by a visit to the Syrian Churches, and Goa, on the coast of Malabar. From Bombay the visitation would stretch over the upper provinces, and close at Calcutta, about April, 1837.

The usual variations of currents, calms, and squalls, with the usual alternations of sultry heats and refreshing breezes, attended the progress of the comfortable little vessel, whilst proceeding down the Bay of Bengal, rounding Ceylon and Cape Comorin, and ascending the Malabar coast towards Quilon, the desired haven. But a brief account of the Syrian Churches, which it was proposed to visit, will be more interesting than the mere details of a voyage without accident or adventure.

The number of Christians scattered over the province of Travancore, on the coast of Malabar, has been variously estimated at from one to three hundred thousand. They attribute their conversion to the apostle St. Thomas. Hence,

all the early converts in the south of India were, and are still called St. Thomas's Christians. That a holy man of that name did visit India in times preceding all historical record, and that his efforts for the conversion of the natives were wonderfully successful, admits of little doubt; but there is no proof sufficient to identify him with the Apostle. All traditionary records, however, affirm the existence of a large body of Christians from the earliest times. In the first century the Gospel is said to have had "free course" amongst the pearl-fishers of Ceylon, and the rude cultivators of Malabar. At the Council of Nice, in the fourth century, a "Metropolitan of Persia and the great Indies" appeared, and affixed his signature to the roll of Bishops. In the sixth century, Cosmas, surnamed "The Indian Traveller," whose work was translated by Bernard Montfaucon, and inserted in the "*Nova Collectio Patrum*," tells of large bodies of Christians with whom he had come in contact, and who had many clerks, and a bishop from Persia. In the ninth century, one Mar Thomas, an Armenian merchant, appears upon the scene, as a protector and benefactor, if not an instructor of the Christians. King Alfred, of Britain, is also commemorated as having, from combined motives of a secular and religious character, sent an embassy to the East. His ambassadors bore gifts to the shrine of St. Thomas, and returned laden with a rich cargo of pearls and spices.

But all these events, and all these personages, are seen through the mist of tradition, and appear vague, shadowy, and undefined. It is not till about the year 1501, that the mist rises; and in the clear light of history, we see a fleet of ships belonging to the King of Portugal, and intent upon extending his Indian conquests, anchored off the coast of Malabar. The native Christians, recognising the tie of brotherhood, flocked to the shore, and sent deputies on board to claim protection against their heathen neighbours. The intercourse which then took place made known the fact, for the first time and beyond all doubt, that there had long existed, and existed still, a body of Indian Christians who differed materially both in doctrines and in practice from the Church of Rome; who owed her no allegiance, knew nothing of her claims, condemned the use of images, denied purgatory, auricular confession, and extreme unction, allowed the marriage of priests, and shrunk from the adoration of the virgin.

From this period, then, the aggressions of Rome may be dated: and they never ceased till by the instrumentality of Archbishop Menezes in 1599, her whole corrupt body of doctrine was substituted for the primitive faith, and her fetters rivetted upon the ancient Syrian Church.

But Menezes found no successor like-minded with himself; and the bigotry, pride, and avarice of the Jesuits ruined their cause. Dislike first arose; then disaffection; then revolt. A leader was soon found: and in the year 1655 the incubus began to be shaken off, and old customs to be resumed. Whilst Rome retained her hold in many places, she was entirely rejected in others; and hence, without going further into detail, it is easy to trace, from what has been said, the origin of those differences which are perceptible at the present day. The ancient Syrian Church still exists everywhere, disclaiming all allegiance to Rome, but leavened seriously with much of her doctrine, and continuing unhappily many of her practices. Whilst the Romish Church, still standing by her side, continues to teach all her well-known errors, and to exhibit all her idolatrous superstitions.

Dr. Buchanan visited these Churches in 1806, and had much friendly intercourse with them, as detailed in his "Christian Researches." He was followed by Bishop Middleton, in 1816. Bishop Heber corresponded with the then Metran (or Bishop), and projected a visit, which was prevented by his death in 1826. The incidents connected with Bishop Wilson's intercourse have now to be added:—for on Nov. 15th, 1835, he landed at Quilon, and preached his first sermon from Luke xi. 12, 13.<sup>1</sup>

The situation of Quilon upon what is called "the backwater," constitutes its great peculiarity. This backwater is formed by a succession of long inland lakes, running parallel with the sea for nearly one hundred and fifty miles, for the most part separate, but in a few spots connected with it. It is the great highway of the country—sometimes expanding into a breadth of many miles, sometimes contracting into

<sup>1</sup> All further particulars of the origin and history of the Syrian Churches may be learnt from a work by Michael Geddes, chancellor of Sarum, written in 1694; from "Indian Conferences," translated from the Dutch, in 1719; from "*Histoire du Christianisme des Indes*," by La Croze, librarian to the King of Prussia, in 1723; from Buchanan's "Christian Researches;" from "Dr. Middleton's Life," by Le Bas; from Archdeacon Robinson's "Last Days of Heber;" from Hough's "History of Christianity in India;" and from Kay's "Christianity in India."

channels of a few feet. The banks are clothed with cocoa-nut trees, and studded with villages. All traffic is by water: and vessels of every description, gliding in every direction, give life and animation to the foreground of a picture, which is rendered impressive by a background of lofty mountains. The country owes allegiance to the Rajah of Travancore, whose palace is at Trivandrum. A Resident represents the British government; and in his spacious house, situated on the backwater, the Bishop was kindly received and courteously entertained.

Quilon was but the entrance gate to the Syrian Churches, so that on the third day, after the Bishop had preached, and held a confirmation and ordination, a movement was made into the interior under the guidance of Captain White, the representative of Mr. Casamajor, who was ill. Several boats were provided, each rowed by twelve or fourteen men, who shortened the journey and lightened the labour by a variety of chaunts and songs, sometimes on historical subjects, sometimes in praise of the Sahib, and sometimes a simple "titti zitti e la." Crocodiles in countless numbers sank down silently into deep water as the boats approached; the paddy-bird and heron rose up in the air with their plaintive cry; whilst nests hanging suspended from the branches of the trees, told of the gliding foe in the jungle. Here and there stood miserable huts, the abodes of miserable slaves:—for slavery exists here, and it has its privileges. Attached to the soil and sold with it, they refuse, of right, to be separated from it; and when of late years a missionary freed his slaves, they all, with one accord, appealed to the Rajah against the act as a breach of their privileges, and an encroachment on their rights in the soil.

As the party drew near to Allepie, a station of the Church Missionary Society, the bell was heard sounding sweetly over the waters and calling to evening service. Though weary with a journey of sixty miles, the Bishop preached to a congregation of about three hundred native Christians, and then at once retired to rest.

The Church missionaries, in the province of Travancore, were labouring amongst the heathen; but their position with respect to the ancient Syrian Church was very delicate. They could not but see the abuses which had crept in, and desire to correct them; but a gentle hand and master mind was requisite for this. The reformation of a Church must at all times be a gradual, difficult, and thankless task; and



the temptation in the present instance undoubtedly was to draw converts from it, rather than to strengthen the things that remained, and which were "ready to die." Moreover, the position of the missionaries was very anomalous; and every point of contact threatened collision. A large grant of land had been made by the Rajah to Colonel Munro, when Resident, to serve for the erection and part maintenance of a college, for the instruction of the young Syrian catanars, or priests. To this college, the Church Missionary Society largely contributed; and the Metran promised that all candidates for orders should pass through it. The management of the land appertained to the Syrians; the instruction of the young catanars to the missionaries. It is easy to see how differences might arise, as indeed they had arisen, on both these points; and how requisite it was that the wisdom of the serpent should be combined with the harmlessness of the dove. Unfortunately the reputation of the present Metran complicated the whole matter. His character was more than doubtful in many respects: but there was no proof forthcoming, no suitable tribunal, and consequently no remedy. Much of this was already known to the Bi-hop, and some correspondence had taken place. The Metran had written to complain, the Bishop had written to advise. But even here embarrassments arose, for his letter had not been allowed to reach its destination. Now, however, that he was on the spot, information of all kinds was available. The charges brought against the Metran, and which touched upon morality and honesty, seemed but too true; yet any call for interference on the part of the authorities (for which there were precedents) seemed undesirable, and liable to misconstruction.

The state of the catanars, or native priests, gave rise also to serious consideration. They had considerable influence over the minds of the people; and some of them were learned—some were pious men. But the general tone of religion was low, and the ignorance of many deplorable. The agreement as to the college had not been kept, and hence the standard of learning had not been raised. A fee of twenty or thirty rupees, paid to the Metran by every candidate for Orders, was a temptation to ordain, which in his poverty he could not resist. More were ordained than the necessities of the Church required. Thus the catanars became poor; for the resources of each church, sufficient for the maintenance of the few properly attached to it, were not sufficient

for the maintenance of the many, sent by the sole will of the Metran. The funds available remained the same: the number to be supported by them increased without limit. Even young children were ordained. Half the pupils in the college—boys of twelve and fourteen years—were deacons, and bore the tonsure.

Hence a further evil. The clergy were thrown upon the people for support; and a custom had obtained, which, though profitable, was not originally sanctioned by their Church:—viz., prayers for the dead. Their poverty perpetuated this error, even if it did not introduce it.

Nor was this the only error resulting from their intercourse with Rome. There were others. But then none of them were fixed indelibly upon the church, as by a Council of Trent. Reformation was quite possible. There was no pretence to Infallibility. The views of the church on main points were sound. The Scriptures, when translated into the vulgar tongue, were hailed with joy, and read with reverence. Married catanars lived happily and respectably. Where the belief of one approached transubstantiation, the belief of another diverged from it. There was nothing to forbid hope, or to check friendly church intercourse. If all things were not pure—there was nothing to prevent purity. And on the whole, it was resolved to pay all respect to existing authorities, to remove stumbling-blocks gently out of the way, and to persuade, if possible, to a voluntary correction of the abuses which had crept in. In case, by the blessing of God, such a result should appear, the Bishop was prepared to raise, or endeavour to raise, a large fund in the way of endowment, which might supersede fees, and render prayers and masses for the dead unnecessary.

With these views matured, the Bishop moved on from Allepie towards head-quarters. He had been much interested in the new people and new scenes surrounding him. The town of Allepie was very thickly peopled; the men were finely built, comparatively fair, and with a general appearance of cheerfulness and independence; the women very inferior in personal appearance, and but half clothed. The tone of morals was very low; the traffic chiefly in timber; the language Malayalim. After a few days' stay, and the performance of all necessary duties, the Bishop bade farewell to the Rev. Mr. Norton the missionary, and his kind family, and proceeded on to Cottayam. Here was

the College; here the Metran; here Mr. Bailey, the pious and experienced head of the mission; and here, then, the real business of the Visitation commenced.

When the morning of November 19th dawned, two of the ancient Syrian Churches in the immediate neighbourhood of the mission premises were unveiled to sight, and afforded an opportunity for examination, which had been long desired. A glance into the interior of one of them was followed by a courteous invitation to enter, spoken in excellent English by a catanar, whose name was subsequently found to be Marcus. These Syrian Churches, both as to their exterior and interior, presented a certain degree of similarity with one another, and were constructed on a thoroughly primitive model. Neither tower nor spire were visible; but chancel, nave, porch, and cloister were found in almost every case. Over the cloisters at the side, galleries ran, which provided homes for the resident clergy. The floor of the interior was generally of hardened clay, or paved with stone. No seats were provided; and the idea of pews had never reached the coast of Malabar. A gallery generally extended over the western end of the church, part of it partitioned off in rooms. An arched chancel, raised several steps, and much narrower than the nave or body of the church, occupied the eastern end. In it stood the high altar, more or less decorated with paintings of a poor kind, and with desks on either side. Sometimes the cross was seen; never the crucifix. A lamp suspended from the roof was always burning. A bell, hung sometimes within the church, and sometimes without, called the people to their devotions, and occasionally mingled with them. Such was the general appearance of churches, which primitive Christianity doubtless modelled, and successive generations had reared.

When the first visit, just referred to, was paid, some priests were preparing to perform their early mass. The flour for the wafer was mixed, and warmed into substance in the sight of all present; the service was in Syriac, which none of the people, and but few of the catanars now understand: and the general external forms and gestures of the Romish Church appeared to be pretty closely followed.

From the second church, commonly called "The Big Church," which was also visited, a picture of St. Thomas had



SYRIAN CHURCH AT COLLAY 21



been removed : "lest," as the catanars said, "the ignorant people might worship it." The subjects of the small paintings, in squares, behind the altar, were scriptural. This was the first introduction to the Syrian Churches.

After breakfasting with Mr. Bailey and Mr. Peet, the missionaries, and before the commencement of family prayers, forty sweet little Syrian girls, clothed and taught by Mrs. Bailey, came gently in, and took their seats upon the floor. Two catanars also entered, as to a familiar home. The verandah of the house was crowded with servants. All listened with deep interest, whilst the Bishop expounded, through an interpreter, the twenty-third Psalm.

At ten o'clock, he put on his robes to receive the Metran : and soon after that hour a procession was seen to leave the college, wind through the cultivated paddy-fields in the valley, and ascend the hill on which the mission-house was elevated. The palanquin of the Metran, the red umbrellas of the attendants, the white dresses of the catanars, and the flutter of a little group of hangers-on, formed a most picturesque spectacle. The Bishop awaited his visitor at the door. He was a good-looking man, about fifty years of age, with a tendency to stoutness, the appearance of which was much increased by the dress he wore—a cassock of figured lawn over crimson satin, and a tippet of embroidered cloth stiff with gold. He had a mitre on his head, of red and green velvet, tipped and edged with gold. A cross, studded with rubies, hung upon his breast ; an ornamented bag was held in his hand ; and a silver crosier was carried and held by an attendant priest behind his back. The beard was long and grey, the moustache thick and black. The expression of his countenance was weak and feeble. He had a cunning twinkling eye, and a stiff uneasy gait. He was evidently ill at ease, and doubtful "whereunto all this would grow."

The catanars, who accompanied him, wore a long white loose dress over white trousers, with a scarf of the same thrown over head and shoulders. Their crowns were shaven, and they generally had long beards.

The usual introductions accompanied the reception of the Metran, and the usual unmeaning compliments of the East were followed by arrangements being made that the Bishop should preach on the following Friday and Sunday in two of the neighbouring churches. The hour of one o'clock was

named to return the Metran's call, and then with very little ceremony, he took his leave.

At one o'clock, all entered their palanquins and proceeded to the college, and were at once taken up to a library full of valuable books, presented by the Church Missionary Society. The Metran now wore a loose undress of crimson, with a leathern girdle, and a curious skull-cap. He was courteous, but embarrassed, and compelled for all matters of information to refer to the attendant malpan, or college tutor. The conversation turned partly upon their ancient Syriac manuscripts; and several specimens were exhibited. They were fairly illuminated, but possessed no intrinsic value. Their liturgies were numerous; and all masses. The following extracts were taken at the time from one in most esteem, and the translation is inserted, as showing the form of words used for the consecration of the elements at the administration of the Holy Communion.

*Priest.*—By His coming, may He make this bread the quickening body, saving body, celestial body, and the body of the Lord God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and life eternal to those who partake of it.

*People.*—Amen.

*Priest.*—May he make also this mixture that is in this cup, the blood of the New Testament, the saving blood, celestial blood, the blood that saves both soul and body, and the blood of the Lord God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins and life eternal to the partakers of it.

*People.*—Amen.

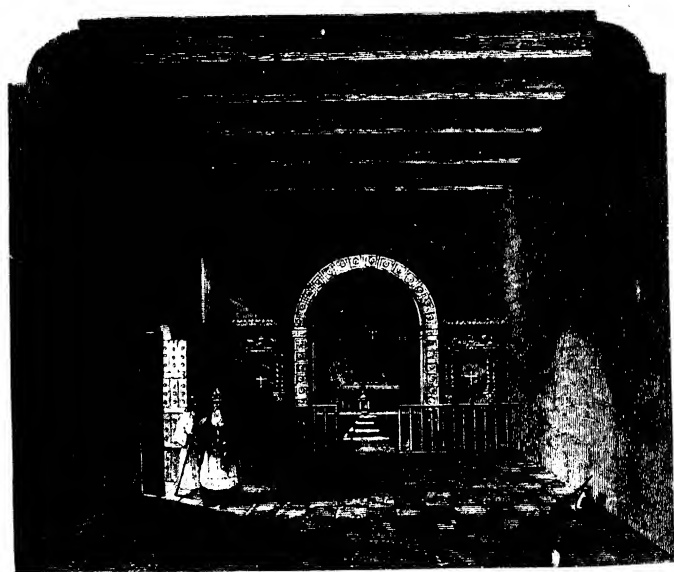
This is not transubstantiation, though it looks like it. All this may be, and yet the elements retain their natural substances.

After making these extracts, and taking leave of the Metran, the students in the college were examined. About forty were present, of whom thirty-five were deacons. They answered well all questions on Scripture history and simple points of doctrine. The younger classes were passed by, for want of time.

The next day, Friday, Nov. 20th., was set apart for divine service at a place called Puthupalli, ten miles distant. The church was beautifully situated on the river side, with a little jetty, a wooden cross, and a flight of steps. Festoons







INTERIOR OF THE SYRIAN CHURCH, AT COTTAYAM, WITH METRAN  
AND CATHAR

of evergreens and brilliant little flags betokened a kindly welcome. The interior of the church was lit by hundreds of small lamps fed with oil ; but it was intensely hot ; and when the Bishop found that the illumination was simply to do him honour, he requested that the lights might be extinguished. Hands everywhere were lifted, and in a minute all the lights were out. Divine service then commenced, and our morning prayer was read by the missionary, in Malayalim. When it was concluded, the Bishop began his sermon ; to which the congregation listened with the deepest interest for the half hour it lasted ; and then one and another came up with their salutations of peace. One old man was introduced, who, on being asked, said his name was Philippus. He was delighted on being reminded of Philip the Evangelist. The Bishop was then taken to see the vestry, and the rooms over the cloister in which the catanars attached to the church resided. He partook of milk and eggs ; and then departed, returning home amidst thunder, lightning, and rain.

The first interviews with the Metran had been merely complimentary ; but the next day (Saturday) was fixed on for a conference and exposition of the Bishop's general views. He was attended by his chaplain, the two missionaries (Mr. Bailey interpreting), and the official assistant to the Resident. The Metran was accompanied by ten or twelve malpans and catanars. On his arrival, he was ushered into the Bishop's private room, and there informed of the several topics which were to be discussed at the conference. This was done in order to show him all due respect ; and he repeatedly expressed his gratitude for it. The Bishop addressed him with much earnestness, and urged how important his assent and consent would be for the good of the Church which he represented : but he wavered, shuffled, looked round, seemed to feel the want of support, and expressed pleasure when it was proposed to adjourn to the other room where the catanars were waiting. Notes of what passed were taken at the time by the Bishop's chaplain ; and when the Metran more than once seemed to notice the fact with uneasiness, the Bishop told him that every word was being put down as spoken, and that an exact copy should be given him when the conference was ended. This promise was fulfilled ; and a full account of all that passed is at Cottayam to this day.

The Bishop spoke as to a free and independent Church, and was very careful to repudiate the idea of any authoritative interference. He suggested six different points which appeared to him worthy of their consideration. First, That the Metran should, as a general rule, ordain those only who had passed through the college and obtained certificates of learning and good conduct. Secondly, That the accounts showing the produce of the lands and other property belonging to the church should be submitted annually to the British Resident, so that none should be misappropriated, alienated, or lost. Thirdly, That in order to promote the comfort of the catanars and preserve the purity of the faith, a permanent endowment should, if possible, be substituted for uncertain fees. Fourthly, That schools should be established in connection with every parochial church. Fifthly, That the catanars should expound the Gospel each Sunday during divine service to the people. And sixthly, That prayer should be offered, not as now, in Syriac, which few could understand, but in Malayalim, which was known to all.

The suggestions were received with courtesy and apparent acquiescence, by the Metran : but no opinion was pronounced and no decision given by him. He promised to consult the Church, and make known the result to the Bishop : and after some interesting but desultory conversation, the assembly broke up, and every one returned to his own home.

The Sunday morning called all together again for the performance of divine service. It was according to the Syrian form, and was read part in Malayalim and part in Syriac. At the churchyard gate the Bishop was received by the Metran and catanars—the former begging to be excused attendance at the prayers, as he was fatigued by a service he had just ended. He promised however to be in time for the sermon. The church was crowded with a dense mass of people, all standing : whilst hundreds waited without. The priest who was about to officiate, robed in the chancel, putting on a cope of crimson and yellow damask, which fell in broad folds, and had a showy, if not rich, appearance. The assisting deacons had dresses of the same colour, but of coarser materials and ruder construction. Mass was then performed, and though it was impossible of course to follow the words of the service, yet in externals

there was evidently an approximation to Rome. The wafer was consecrated and elevated ; but there was no prostration or adoration. On the contrary, the priests and the whole congregation joined in a chorus, or rather shout of praise, to which the large church bell, hung in this case within the building, added its loud clangor. The noise was deafening : and the Bishop was much discomposed. In the midst of the service the “kiss of peace” was sent round. The officiating priest first took the hands of the assisting deacon between his own, raising them to his lips and forehead. The deacon conveyed the kiss in a similar manner to the senior catanar : he to his brethren : they to the laity : the laity to one another. And very interesting it was to watch the little ripple thus created in the sea of human beings, as it passed down the body of the church, and subsided at the extremity.

Service being ended ; the Metran in his place ; the lights extinguished ; and all hushed to silence :—the Bishop gave out his text from the address to the Angel of the Church at Philadelphia (Rev. iii. 7, 8). The crowd was too great to admit of sitting down. All stood therefore during the hour that the sermon lasted, listening with intense interest. There were fifteen hundred or two thousand persons present, besides the Metran and forty-one catanars.

When the sermon was finished, the Metran drew near, and thanked the Bishop, saying, “What you have preached is what we want.” He then led him by the hand to the church door : and the congregation dispersed.

At five o'clock on Monday morning, the boats were once more manned, and hastening towards Cochin, a stirring town, thirty-five miles distant, and built as it were on a strip of sand about three miles wide, the sea before, the backwater behind. Mr. Ridsdale was missionary here and acting-chaplain, and he received the Bishop into his house. Amongst the residents were several who remembered the visit paid by Dr. Buchanan, in the year 1806-7. They spoke of him as quiet in manner, and somewhat reserved, walking about a great deal, and wearing a white cap under his hat. Bishop Middleton was borne in memory also, and one gentleman present had been employed by him to translate several Syrian works, and amongst them an Apocryphal book called “The Infancy of Jesus ;” but what had become of the translation he knew not.

Deputations from the White and Black Jews of Cochin also called to pay their respects to the Bishop, and were visited in their respective synagogues.

On Tuesday, Nov. 14th, divine service, with a confirmation for seventy-five young persons, was held in the church at Cochin; and the last day for the Bishop's stay in these parts had then arrived. It was set apart for a visit to Caranyachirra, Udiampoor, and several other of the Syrian Churches in the northern part of Travancore; and for an interview, if possible, with the second Metran, a subordinate officer, who is first consecrated and then dismissed to some remote part of the diocese, till death or avoidance calls him into action, and vests him with authority. The churches were visited, but the residence of the second Metran could not be reached. The fatigue and exposure attendant on the attempt were very great. All suffered; and the Bishop for a short time was very unwell.

Some rest was essential; and happily it restored the Bishop, who met with all his scattered party, and stepped on board the *Hattrass*, lying off Chetwa on the coast, on the 27th November, 1835.

'I must pour out my heart,' he says the next day, 'ere the impression is weakened, now that I have completed my visit of ten days to the Syrian Churches.

'And first, I owe humble praises to Almighty God, that He has granted me to see the two spots I most eagerly desired, but never thought I should be allowed to visit—the southern scenes of Swartz's labours, and the Syrian Churches. I have also been permitted to visit them each in the most critical juncture: and have, I trust, been enabled in each to lay the foundation of important service. I was yesterday well enough to write out my sermon on Rev. iii. 7, 8, which Mr. Bailey will immediately translate into Malayalim, and circulate, when printed, amongst the two hundred and fifty clergy, and one hundred thousand laity of the Syrian Church. The Resident will, moreover, immediately meet the senior missionary, and see the Metran, and put things in train to meet my wishes. God only knows what events may happen; but never in my life, I think, was I permitted to render a greater service than to those dear Syrian Churches. But, hush my soul! lest thou rob God of his glory.'

The *Hattrass* is now speeding on her way to Goa; the



SYRIAN CHURCH AT CARANYACHIRRA



only remnant of the once wide-spread dominions of the Portuguese in India, and the head-quarters of Romanism. The Bombay Government had officially announced the Bishop's visit, and requested that he might be received with courtesy; and the authorities did even more than they were asked to do—they added kindness to courtesy. The Bishop soon landed, was conveyed up the river, and comfortably lodged in the Government House.

But the glory of Goa was departed. Insurrection had paralysed the State, and decay had undermined the Church. There was a Government *de facto*, but not *de jure*; and all the ecclesiastical establishments were reduced to the lowest ebb. The Bishop had even been warned of danger, and dissuaded from the visit; but he found, in truth, that "the revolution" had rather opened Goa to him, than closed it against him. He found access everywhere, and was astonished at the magnificence of the buildings and the beauty of the scenery. If Calcutta is a city of palaces, old Goa is a city of churches; and no time was lost in viewing them. The day selected was favourable. It was the festival of St. Francis Xavier, and the church erected to his honour was thrown open, and magnificently adorned. The priests were attired in their most gorgeous dresses, the choral music was exquisitely performed, and the military display was very imposing. All the authorities were present; and each lady, gracefully enveloped in the lace mantilla, sat in her own chair, or knelt on her own little square of exclusive carpet. A quiet gallery was appropriated to the Bishop, from whence he watched the service with painful interest; and when it was over, proceeded to the examination of the building. It was immense in size, and superb in design; but the most interesting feature, and one rarely seen to such advantage, was the chapel dedicated to St. Francis, and containing his body. The authentic records of his life are wonderful. Descended from the noblest of the land, he fraternised with the poorest; and, in the prime of life, left all to promulgate the faith in India. He was the first Jesuit missionary. Shrinking from self-indulgence, and courting sufferings, he lived a dedicated life, and died a martyr's death. So far as the number of his converts were concerned, his success was marvellous. By his own account he baptised ten thousand heathens of the province of Travancore in a single month, so that at length his lips were unable to pronounce the formula, and his hands to perform



the office. Thence he visited the straits of Malacca: and after ten years' labour in those parts, he formed the grand design of entering and evangelising the Chinese Empire. On his way thither, and in the island of Sancian, as it is said, he met his death, and closed a course of unwearied labours and entire self-renunciation, unparalleled in the annals of his Church. Would that it had been for the promulgation of a purer faith!

In his mortuary chapel, the Bishop now stood, gazing upon its lofty arches, and admiring its beautiful proportions. The walls were covered with exquisite Italian paintings, and the chapel was brilliantly illuminated with wax candles. The tomb itself so nearly fills the chapel, that but one spectator can pass round at a time. Its pedestal is formed of variegated marbles, finely wrought and polished. At the height of about six feet, four bronze sculptures are inserted in the four sides, depicting various scenes in Xavier's life. Above are rich ornaments, and sculptured niches, beautiful both in design and execution. The whole is surmounted, at the height of about twenty feet, by a silver coffin in which the body of the saint reposes. There was a time when it was exhibited to the people, on this festal day, but the exhibition led to tumults, and has long since been discontinued. The coffin is now secured by three locks, the diverse keys of which are kept—one by the King of Portugal, one by the Archbishop of Goa, and one by the Viceroy; and all must agree ere it can be unclosed. The utmost skill and cunning of the silversmith is lavished upon its exterior; and when each figure, scroll, and flower chased upon the pure and glittering metal, reflects the light of a hundred tapers, the triumph of Italian art is indeed complete.

Many of the other churches were also examined. With Buchanan's "Christian Researches" in his hand, the Bishop wandered over the magnificent cathedral, stood upon the ruins of the palace of the Inquisition, endeavoured to get access to the interior of a nunnery on the plea of age and office, lingered long in the church of S. Gaetano, and finally rested in the monastery of St. Augustine. The following entry was there made in his journal-letter. It conveys his first impressions whilst yet fresh and vivid:—

‘OLD GOA, CONVENT OF THE AUGUSTINES, *December 3, 1835.*—Here, in the very building where Dr. Buchanan in 1808 wrote those touching memoranda about Goa, which filled England afterwards with indignation at the Inquisition, I am sitting with mixed feelings of admiration, grief, and joy. I see some effects of that eminent man’s labours. A few years after he wrote, the Inquisition, by the interference of England, was abolished; and in 1830, the entire building was levelled with the ground. I have been walking over the ruins, and it was with difficulty I was pulled up the mounds of overgrown fragments. I looked round on the vast masses with wonder at the mysteries of Providence in the overthrow of this monstrous usurpation. The dungeons were inaccessible, and indeed the long, dank, wild herbage springing up all about, rendered the separate divisions of the building indistinct. It seems to have been a quadrangle, with an interior court and cloisters. It adjoined the cathedral and archiepiscopal palace; and is an emblem now, as I hope, of the fall of the kindred establishments of an apostate church in Europe.

‘This was, as Dr. Buchanan well expresses it, the city of Churches. In 1590, there were one hundred and fifty thousand Christians in communion with the Church of Rome. Now the number of communicants in the cathedral and different parish churches is about two hundred. As the power of Portugal sunk before the Dutch in 1660, and was at length annihilated by the British supremacy, Goa gradually lost its influence. It then became, or was discovered to be unhealthy. Thus it was deserted, and so remains.’

The public Entertainment given by the Authorities concluded the day, and afforded the Bishop an opportunity of returning his acknowledgments for the courtesy with which he had been received.

Friday, December 4th, was fixed on for leaving Goa, and paying a hasty visit of seventy miles to Belgaum, a large and important military station, which the Bishop was unwilling to pass by. The journey was attended with much inconvenience, but no accident; and on Sunday morning, he addressed nearly one thousand European troops in the station Church. The change of climate was wonderful, and within the walls of the fort, English flowers and fruit were thriving beautifully—a sight rarely, if ever, seen

elsewhere in India. The Sunday services were followed by a Confirmation and Holy Communion on the Monday, and then, from the dinner table of H. M. 20th Reg. all the party entered their palanquins to return to the coast, and re-embark in the *Hattrass*, which was lying off Vingorla. In five more days the anchor was cast in the harbour of Bombay, and the Bishop was received by his old friend Sir Robert Grant, the Governor. He landed quietly and early on the Sunday morning, and drove at once to church, preaching from Luke iv. 18. The church of St. Thomas (now the cathedral) presented a venerable and ecclesiastical appearance, and the congregation was very large. The Bishop was invited by Sir Robert and Lady Grant to take up his abode with them, and the sixteen days of his stay were divided between Malabar Point and Parell, the two government houses. He greatly enjoyed the familiar intercourse thus obtained; but the distance from Bombay itself was considerable in either case, so that the effect was rather that of a visit to the Governor than to the clergy, and the intercourse with them, though most friendly, was casual, and rather hasty. Here, however, under the thoughtful and prudent administration of Sir Robert Grant, and the amiable and gentle discipline of the Archdeacon, there were no disputes to settle, nor any embarrassing questions to discuss. Bombay was at peace, and all that was done tended to edification. The usual sermons, confirmations, school examinations, public and committee meetings took place. The morning ride began, and the evening party closed each day. Twice every week, the Governor gave a public breakfast (such was his custom), and this enabled each one who had the entrée, to pay his respects to the Governor, and at the same time leave a card for the Bishop.

The superior natives also gathered much about him, and had free access. One day a Greek of high repute in Bombay came to pay his respects and to beg a blessing. After much converse, he knelt down, whilst the Bishop laid his hands upon him, and blessed him.

Two Parsees and a Hindoo also, of great wealth, and speaking English admirably, came for religious converse, and endeavoured to identify their faith with his:—

“There is one, and but one omniscient, omnipresent, and omnipotent God,” said the Bishop. “Exactly so,” was the

reply. "That is our religion : that we believe." "God has made a revelation of himself to man," added the Bishop.

He has : we fully believe it," was the ready assent. "God has himself become incarnate in our nature, and manifested himself in the flesh." "Quite true : he has." Thus these grave men claimed agreement with Christians as to the unity, revelation, and incarnation of God ; and when pressed upon the subject of idolatry, declared that they only worshipped God through the figure of fire, or imagery. To the Bishop's remark on Jesus Christ being the light of the world and the only Saviour, they listened in silence.

One wealthy Parsee gentleman invited him to visit his house, and he found it fitted with all the conveniences and luxuries of European life. Valuable paintings, large mirrors, luxurious couches, profusely decorated the reception rooms. A wedding was going on. It had already lasted ten days, and was to last twenty more. During the whole time, the house was open, the feast was spread, and loose garments were provided for each invited guest, which courtesy and custom required them to wear. The bridegroom was a clumsy boy of fourteen years old ; the little bride a pretty girl of ten, covered with ornaments. The marriage was real ; but the establishment would not be set up for some time to come. The whole was a striking illustration of the Scripture parable.

A place where the Byraggies, or religious mendicants, resort in crowds, and which was accounted most holy, was also visited. An immense tank was surrounded by low open buildings, abounding with idols. Huts of mat, scattered here and there, sheltered such devotees as made the place their home ; whilst crowds who paid merely a passing visit to the place, were bathing in the tank or worshipping the favourite idol. One man of peculiar sanctity was pointed out. After travelling all over India, and visiting every sacred shrine, he had settled here for life. Attracted by the sound of visitors, he crawled from his hut, and presented a hideous spectacle. He was quite naked, with the exception of a filthy blanket thrown over his shoulders, and a rope tied round his loins. His body was covered with white ashes, and his face smeared with cow-dung. Blood-shot eyes glittered, as it were, in deep dark caverns ; a long beard and moustache were twisted up and fixed to his chin and cheeks by cakes of mud ; one arm was stiffened

by long retention in the same position; to the upturned palm of the hand was tied a flower-pot with flowers in full bloom; whilst from each finger, in spirals of five or six inches long, hung down nails the growth of many years. Pride shone through all his filth. Joseph Wolff had been to see this man as he passed through Bombay on one occasion. "Who are you?" he asked. "I am a God." "You look much more like a devil!" was the quick response. "Begone," said the devotee with scorn, "take yourself out of my sight."

Whilst gazing on this piteous spectacle, a large party of worshippers entered the quadrangle. "Whence come you?" was inquired. "From Rajpootana," was the reply. Such is India! so hard the bondage; so strong the delusion; so wearisome the service.

The temple of Elephanta was examined, and subsequently the still more famous caves of Karlee, Ellora, and Ajuntah; but these are too well known to need description, and when the usual portion of correspondence has been introduced, this chapter, so full of busy and of varied scenes, must close.

#### TO SIR BENJAMIN MALKIN.

*'At sea, 1835.*

'You will find one of the works I have lent you, "Knox's Correspondence," intermixed with a good deal of doubtful matter. It is very interesting, clever, ably written, with many fine criticisms and remarks upon life and manners; but there seems a new school of divinity opening, which I do not like, because it is not scriptural, and, therefore, can never work well in the long run. It is all very well with Mr. Knox and Bishop Jebb; but what will the mass of our clergy do with a Justification borrowed from the Council of Trent, and set up against Luther's notion, and, as I verily believe, St. Paul's? What is to be said of a scheme of Providence, which represents error and idolatry as a guardian and casket for truth—popery, for example, the casket and protection for evangelical doctrine, and suited better than protestantism for a rude age?

'My dear friend, we must beware of the danger of new-fangled doctrines, however plausibly recommended by the

association of much truth and piety in their inventors.' So in our station in society: we are ever in danger. Calcutta presents a strange admixture of good and evil. The scientific spirit which passes by Christianity in its philosophical schemes, is afloat. Men are ashamed of the Gospel: The pleasure-hunting spirit which swallows up all our leisure in vanity, and would generate in India the theatrical contamination of England, is also abroad. Public persons, like Lady Malkin and yourself, must make your stand. A Bishop is allowed of course to be a little particular. But a Judge will have a battle to fight.'

TO THE REV. F. CUNNINGHAM.

'CALCUTTA, *July*, 1835.

'I am greatly obliged to you for all the information you give me, and all the hints you drop. Rely upon it the reports you hear about my extreme Churchmanship are all unfounded. I am precisely the same in my principles and way of going on, as when I wrote against archdeacon Thomas in 1818. But of course no one believes this. The tax we pay for any station of moment is the misrepresentations and prejudices we have to encounter, and which are various as the passions of men. It is necessary for me, now I have the care of doctrine and discipline, to stand forward in my duty amongst my pastors, and bear the consequences. God must judge between the Bishop and his oaths of sacred duty to Christ and the Church. But I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kind suggestions. It is the truest exercise of friendship. I profit by it as much as I can.'

TO THE SAME.

'TITTAGHUR, *August*, 1835.

'All the tidings you send me are most welcome. I love to see your handwriting. I love your affection and your dear wife's. I love your honesty. I love your disinterested determination to write whether I can answer or not. Yes, dear Brother, my dangers and temptations are great indeed. Break down I must, if my friends, like Aaron and Hur, do not uphold me by their prayers. Well do I understand the remark of Fénelon, "I cannot control

the diocese of my own heart; how then can I manage the hearts of the clergy and flocks committed to me?" Well, we must struggle on, "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Depend upon it, you know little of the difficulty of the Christian life in England, compared to what we do in India. Faith here has no earthly props. She stands alone amidst the waves.'

#### TO TWO CHAPLAINS,

*On the recurrence of a disagreement between them.*

'CALCUTTA, 1835.

'It is with very serious distress of mind I have received a letter from the junior Chaplain of your church, dated April 6th, complaining of an irregular observance of the rules I took the liberty of suggesting nine months since.

'The chief thought that occurs to me from a very long past experience of my brethren at home, if I may venture to intimate it, is, to avoid the interference and meddling of any third person between you. Two brother clergymen can scarcely fail of understanding one another; but if relatives or friends are allowed to come in, with whatever good intentions, mischief is almost sure to ensue. Understand each other, explain to each other, open your apprehensions to each other; but shun the representations and feelings which any third party may interpose.

'This is the chief thought that occurs to me, on a general view of the cases of joint ministers, and without the least knowledge that the slightest occasion for it exists, or ever has existed in your own.

'A subordinate suggestion, if I were called upon to make one, would be, that when any occasion of apparent misunderstanding occurs, you should wait till it has been fairly and fully explained: you should just allow, that is, a week or two of calm to intervene, in order that a friendly correspondence may be established, and precipitation avoided.

'To attend to little things, which fall under the rules I suggested, trifling as they may be—inconsiderable, microscopic—is a third still more subordinate point of wisdom. Little things had better be done right, as well as large things: and, if little things are neglected, they often swell to large ones.

'But I am ashamed to offer these reflections to brethren

of such piety and standing as those whom I now address. I would only say, it is impossible for me, and would be obviously improper to attempt again to enter into the details of duties between my reverend brethren. I cannot, however, avoid suggesting to them the prodigious evils that bickerings and misunderstandings create in their large and important flock, the certain diminution of their own comfort and usefulness, and the fearful scandal given to the worldly-minded and unbelieving. The Apostle Paul's holy example—his patience and forbearance, especially to the Corinthian Christians—together with his readiness to bear everything for the Gospel's sake, may well be studied by myself and you, my honoured brethren.

'I am unwilling to intimate to you, which yet I must do after this second appeal to me as Bishop, that it will, I fear, become my duty to consider, should disagreements continue, how far I can recommend the removal of one of you to a new and therefore less irritating sphere of duty.'



## CHAPTER XIV.

### PRIMARY VISITATION—(*Concluded*).

1836—1838.

Bombay Charge—Kirkee—Poonah—The march—The escort—The camp—Ahmednuggur—European troops—Aurangabad—Little group of Christians—Mhow—Nemuch—Nusseerabad—Ajmere—Jyepoor—Day at the palace—Thugs—Delhi—Meerut—Mussooree—New Church—Journey across the Himalayah Mountains—Simlah—"Sermons preached in India"—Return to the plains—On the Sutlej—Lodianah—Kurnaul—The city of Delhi—Visit to the King—Agra—Bareilly—Cawnpore—Church Building—Futtehpoore—Allahabad—The Pilgrims—Pilgrim tax—On the Ganges—Arrival at Calcutta—Krishnaghur—Burdwan—Departure of Dr. Mill and Bishop's Chaplain—Death of Sir Benjamin Malkin—Journal—Correspondence.

THE Bishop had intended to make his primary Charge suffice for the archdeaconry of Bombay; but it had been printed, and the official delivery of an address, already well known, was manifestly inexpedient. Hence the preparation of a second (or if the missionary Charge at Tanjore be reckoned, a third,) Charge became necessary, and, as an addition to multifarious duties, it was attended with much anxiety and labour.

The clergy were summoned for the 23rd December, and on that day the Charge was delivered. The topics were to a considerable extent local, but the state of the Syrian Churches was described in a graphic and forcible manner, and a series of valuable thoughts were suggested for the encouragement and guidance of the clergy. It was afterwards printed at their request.

This duty performed, immediate preparations were made for a long journey through the upper provinces of India. It was of importance to reach the Himalayah Mountains, and obtain shelter there, before the hot weather set in, and this involved a succession of one hundred marches, and a journey of fifteen hundred miles, through countries in many parts unsettled, and by no means safe. From the Commis-

sariat stores of the government, elephants, camels, hackeries or country carts, and tents, with their attendants, were furnished willingly; but each one of the party had to provide for himself servants, bearers, palanquins, horses, and all the many contrivances essential to comfort, and indeed to health, upon a long land journey in India.

The camp was gradually formed and sent forward, whilst the Bishop, bidding farewell to Bombay and the many kind friends who had ministered to him there, paid a rapid visit to the great military stations of Poona and Kirkee. Both these were renowned in the history of India. At Kirkee, two thousand British soldiers discomfited a host of thirty thousand Mahrattas. An isolated and lofty hill rises from the plain, forming a magnificent pedestal for two temples, the one ornamented with black marble, the other glittering with gold. On the parapet of one of these, the Peishwah sat, and saw his last hopes vanish with his beaten troops.

These stations now formed the head-quarters of a military division; and three English regiments, some artillery, and a large body of native troops, were cantoned there. The number of Christians was nearly four thousand, and two chaplains ministered to them.

On New Year's Day, 1836, the Bishop wrote to his family as follows:—

‘A happy, happy new year to my dearest family! A Bishop’s and a Father’s blessing rest upon you all! Be encouraged in the good ways of the Lord. Let us grow in grace, and in the knowledge (which includes in inspired language, faith and love) of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Let deep, unaffected, heartfelt humility before God, silence, dread of human applause, a willingness to be unknown, a sole reference to the approbation of God the great final Judge, an independence of the frown or flattery of the religious world, be our constant aim. May all this increase in us this new year; immensely difficult as each part of it is.’

Divine service was performed at Kirkee on this day: and five hundred soldiers crowded the inconvenient room used for a church, and heard the Bishop preach from Romans xii. 1. Regimental schools and libraries were then inspected; hospitals visited; and the sick comforted. A site for a church was also selected, and plans suggested for the building.

The next day was given to Poonah, where a church stands well, and looks handsome. When first erected it was wondered at by the natives of Central India. "What," they said, "have the English really a religion! This is the first outward sign of it that has yet reached our eyes." The Bishop preached in it to an overflowing congregation. Other sermons were delivered day by day, and the impression made upon all classes was very striking. The confirmation followed, and put the seal to it. But what most delighted the Bishop was the effect produced upon the two valuable men, who, at this time, filled the office of chaplains. He held earnest converse with them on some things which he thought might be improved in the exercise of their spiritual functions, and his affectionate exhortations met with a grateful response, and produced a lasting effect.

Meanwhile the camp had been pitched in the neighbourhood, and all was now ready for the march to Simlah. On January 4th, the Bishop, accompanied by Archdeacon Carr, his chaplain, captain, and doctor, commenced his patriarchal life. Two hundred and seventy persons accompanied him, and formed a motley group of all ranks and callings. First came the soldiers, horse and foot—the former as a guard of honour, but still calculated to render good service—the latter as a defence in a district full of thieves. Without such precautions in this part of India few could escape being pillaged. A naked man, with hair shaved close, and skin dark as the night, would glide beneath the cords, cut an opening in the canvas, and strip the tent. All would be conveyed away so silently and imperceptibly, that the inmates, however numerous, would be unconscious of the wrong till the morning light revealed it. Nay, instances were common, of the very sheets of the bed being taken from under the sleeper. A tickling feather sufficed, without awaking, to cause a restless movement, and this admitted of a pull. Then came a pause; after which the process was repeated again and again, till the object was attained. And if from any sudden cause the sleeper awakened, and discovering, attempted to seize the thief, a greased body, and a sharp dagger fixed outside the elbow, ensured escape. A party who came across the Bishop's route afforded an illustration of all this. They asked to be allowed to pitch their tents close to his guard of soldiers for the better security. They were willingly allowed to do so; but in the

morning there came a message to beg for clothes, since husband, wife, child, and nurse, had been robbed of almost all.

But besides the troops thus needed for honour and for safety, each individual of the Bishop's party was provided with a full set of bearers (since no relays were to be met with in these parts) for carrying the palanquin, and running into stations for the Sundays: whilst each hackery, elephant, camel, bullock, and pony, had one or more attendants, with wives and families accompanying them.

Soon all things fell into order. Each person in the encampment found his proper place, and moved on, day by day, without friction. Long before dawn the summons to arise and depart was heard; and if the sleeper hesitated, the tapping at his tent-pegs, and the collapse of the canvas covering, presaged a catastrophe. A cup of coffee was ready at his call; his horse stood at the tent-door; and in due time he joined the single file, which followed the troopers and the guide, and kept close together, lest, from the high jungle on either side, a tiger should make his spring. Five or six miles were thus slowly passed; and when the sun arose, the Bishop finished the march of ten or twelve miles in his palanquin, and the others on the gallop. Arrived at the new encampment—a second set of tents, fac-similes of those just left, stood pitched in the same external order as on the day before; whilst the proper occupant, on entering, found his table, chair, book, writing-case, and pencil arranged precisely as when sleep had closed his eyes on the previous night. All remained the same, but in another scene, and under another sky. Some hours after, the elephants, camels, and carts came up, bringing the second set of tents. Then daily food was sought; followed by the morning rest, the midday meal, and the evening stroll.

Thus the Bishop marched through this part of India. It will not be necessary to follow him step by step; but only to mark points of interest and importance as they occurred.

The first large station reached was Ahmednuggur, interesting, as still showing the breach made in its walls by Wellington's great guns. As Colonel Wellesley, he took both fort and town; and from thence went and fought the battle of Assaye. Handsome cantonments for troops, chiefly artillery; bungalows pleasantly situated, and bright with flowers; were arranged outside the fort. The chaplain, the

Rev. J. Goode, was absent; but Mr. Jackson had hastened forward to act on his behalf. Schools, hospitals, libraries were at once examined; two sermons were preached in the only room available, on the Sunday; and a confirmation was held with divine service on the Monday. The claims of the Temperance Society were also strongly urged. The necessity of the case compelled it in this, and every other military station. Spirits, fiery in themselves, and inflamed still more by spices, are so cheap and so easily obtained in India, that the temptation to many proves irresistible. In vain noble reading-rooms are built; in vain large and interesting collections of books are made: these suffice not to stay the plague. The midday sun forbids (for the most part) exercise in the open air, the long hours pass slowly to the idle man, the authorised allowance of spirits begets the taste and suggests the resource, and the habit once begun—the noble British soldier soon becomes a wreck. The Temperance Society offered itself as a palliative or remedy: the Bishop generally found commanding officers anxious to secure his recommendation of it to their troops: and, henceforth, it was one subject borne in mind during all his visits. At Ahmednuggur his appeal was very successful: and many at once came forward and took the required pledge.

Thus, having done his best, during four days, to leave a blessing behind him; he passed on, and soon entered the territories of the Nizam.

He was met by a large body of troops sent to the frontier to do him honour; and was escorted by them to Aurungabad. This was the famous city of Aurungzebe, a place of great renown and extensive commerce. It was especially celebrated for the manufacture of rich brocade, and beetle-wing muslin: and was once seven miles in circumference. But the space is greatly contracted, and the glory all departed. Amidst heaps of grass-grown ruins, and fragments of fallen temples, one building of exceeding beauty remains intact. It is the mausoleum of white marble, erected by Aurungzebe to the memory of his favourite daughter. In its tapering minarets, its faultless domes, its noble arches, its exquisite proportions, its rich surrounding foliage varied with running water, and its ornamental interior, it rivals the Taj Mahal at Agra. The cantonments of the British Contingent were at some distance from the town: and here the Bishop was received by Captain Twemlow and his amiable

lady. The number of Europeans did not exceed thirty. There was a neat church and burial-ground ; but no chapel, no divine service, no observance of the Sabbath, nor any other Christian ordinance.

Before Divine service commenced on Sunday morning an interesting circumstance occurred. A little group of natives stood within the camp, seeking permission to join the Christian congregation on its assembling, and asking baptism for their little ones. They recalled the memory of the few in Israel, who had not bowed the knee to Baal ; for, though the single missionary station in the presidency of Bombay (Nassuck) was not far distant, and its Church Missionary (Mr. Farrar) had recently visited the camp, yet in his work he had found small encouragement, and made no converts. Whence, then, this little company, consisting of four men, six women, and their children, all professing and calling themselves Christians ? They had journeyed from the south of India, and had been originally Roman Catholics. But, meeting an old Dutch woman from Ceylon, she had taught them a more excellent way. They separated themselves at once from what they were convinced was unscriptural and erroneous, and now held fast the faithful word. Two of them were servants to a military officer just appointed to Aurungabad ; and being all related, with a common bond of union, they had refused to part, and had journeyed in company. Each Sunday their custom was to meet and edify one another. They had a Hindustâni prayer-book, and the nature of its services was singularly well known. Hearing of the Bishop's arrival, they sought baptism for their children. Questioned on the subject of the Eucharist, they said, with much modesty, that whatever change took place at consecration, they thought the elements retained their substance of bread and wine. Inquired of as to their mode of performing divine service amongst themselves, they described a perfectly correct practice, which left out the Absolution and the Benediction, as appertaining, they said, to a minister.

The Bishop was delighted when this little group of respectable, well dressed, and well instructed Christians were brought to his tent. He welcomed them to church, admitted them to Holy Communion, and baptised their children.

About seventy persons were assembled at the time of

divine service, as previously announced : amongst whom were mingled some Roman Catholics and a few heathen. The effect produced by the Bishop's strong and faithful words upon minds totally unaccustomed to hear the Gospel, and isolated from all Christian communion, was diverse and curious. Some were quite alarmed at hearing idolatry denounced and Christianity proclaimed :—"What will the Nizam say when he hears of it?" Such was their uneasy inquiry. The old Colonel commandant had no such fears. But he had not heard a sermon for twenty years, and was perfectly certain that all the Bishop said (the text was "Walk in love," and the sermon had been often preached in India) was directed personally against himself ; he consequently refused to attend church again, or to bid the Bishop farewell. Another officer, in authority, but of a different cast of mind, expressed the utmost astonishment. "I came out," he said, "as a boy of fifteen. I have been many years in India, and have been tossed hither and thither. I have been stationed here some years and have not heard one sermon preached. I never listened to such words delivered with such power. I had no idea in my mind of such manly eloquence. I cannot express my feelings."

Whilst the Holy Sacrament was administered, it was painful to see the effect of long disuse. When the sentences were read and the usual alms solicited, none knew what was wanted, none were prepared ; and, though a noble sum was afterwards sent, the whispered explanation, made necessary at the time, could meet with no response.

This total forgetfulness of Church customs and Christian duties was not a singular instance. Another may be mentioned here, though not occurring at this time or place. The Bishop, whilst continuing his visitation, had halted, and pitched his tents near the open house of a civilian. He was an Englishman of high family and good repute, but far separated, by his location, from all christian associations, and christian usages. By the Bishop's side at breakfast, his Bible and a few other books were always placed ; and, as was his wont, he asked permission to have family prayers, when the meal was ended. Receiving a tacit, though somewhat wondering assent, he began to read and to expound : but, whilst doing so, the hookah in his host's mouth was not withdrawn : the vigorous smoking still went on. The Bishop said nothing and took no notice ; but when the reading was concluded, and all knelt down for prayer, and

the drawing of the smoke and gurgling of the water still continued, he was obliged to stop and say that they were praying to God, and that such conduct was irreverent and improper. Then, with unfeigned surprise, the hookah was laid aside, and the knees bent. The young man evidently thought the Bishop was doing some strange thing, in which he had no concern. Such is the effect of a total suspension of Christian ordinances! How important, then, the effect of such a visitation as this, to keep alive the flickering flame, and feed it with pure oil!

When the Bishop left Aurungabad, he earnestly exhorted the residents to meet each Sunday in God's house, to offer up the prayers he marked, and read the sermons he provided. He also memorialised the Government that an application should be made to the Nizam to defray the expenses of an occasional visit from a Chaplain to the Christian officers in his employ. When this was referred, however, to the Governor-general, the answer was that "it would form an inconvenient precedent." "Ah," said the Bishop, when he heard it, "our Government is un-christian and anti-christian still." And thus those few sheep were left alone in the wilderness.

Proceeding northwards, the fortresses of Dowlatabad and Asseerghur were visited with wonder; and no spot of interest was passed unnoticed. The Emperor Aurungzebe's tomb, at Rowsas, beautiful in its simplicity; the Ajuntah pass, with its marvellous fresco caves; Boorhampoor, on the river Taptee; Itnairah, with its terrible jungle, breathing pestilence, and harbouring tigers; Mundlairsar, eight degrees hotter than any other part of India, with orangeries yielding fruit of concentrated sweetness, and peas growing eleven feet high:—all these and many other famous spots were visited in passing; and on Saturday morning, Feb. 6th, after leaving the camp, and making a dâk run of thirty miles, the Bishop with his chaplain entered the large frontier military station of Mhow.

The Presidency of Bombay was now changed for the Presidency of Bengal. Archdeacon Carr returned. The regulations of the service required that the captain of the escort should be superseded. Many of the Bombay servants also begged their dismissal. So that a "fresh departure" had to be taken, and a country, manifestly unpopular, to be



entered on. Here also a letter from Bishop Corrie was received, deprecating any further progress in advance, hinting at serious dangers, and recommending a return. But if there was an unsettled country before, there was the unhealthy jungle behind, where several of the camp followers had mysteriously disappeared, and all the party, except the Bishop, had suffered from repeated fevers; there seemed also no reason why a plan deliberately arranged and undertaken should be changed: the Bishop was in perfect health: he was where he had proposed to be, and at the time appointed; if the visit round this part of India could not be accomplished now, it never could. On the whole, it was determined to persevere in the original design; modifying it only so far that by a rapid dâk run, in and out, more time might be given to the successive stations, and the progress of the camp be uninterrupted. The Bishop's own comment is as follows:—

‘The Bishop of Madras has sent me an earnest entreaty to return to Calcutta by sea from Bombay, and not venture on the journey to Delhi and the hills. But by this I lose all the advantage of the last three months. I turn back upon my steps before any adequate cause appears. I leave the Upper Provinces to be visited some other time with increased risk and inconvenience. All here, however, with whom I consult, so fully agree, that I am quite at ease *in foro conscientiæ*, and have resolved to go on, whatever Providence may appoint for me. I am with God.’

At Mhow, the Bishop was entertained in the house of the Rev. J. Bell, the chaplain. Two sermons were preached in the church on Sunday. Visits were received, and hospitals, schools, libraries inspected on Monday. The consecration of the church, and another sermon, occupied the Tuesday—the offered service of a body of Freemasons being willingly admitted. The confirmation was held on Wednesday morning; and in the evening, the Bishop and his party paid a short visit to Indore, the residence of the Holkar of the day;—the term Holkar being a designation, like that of “Pharaoh in the olden time, and signifying that the seat upon the musnud appertained to one whose family was of “Hol,” a village in the Deccan. In the noble house appropriated for the Residency, the Bishop was most agreeably entertained by Mr. Box and his lady; and enjoyed his

intercourse with hosts so cheerful, able, and experienced. On the Friday, English service was arranged for a little company of eight, and the Holy Sacrament was administered to all kneeling round the same table, and joining in the post-communion. The service was sweetened by its rarity.

The course pursued at Neemuch and Nusseerabad, the next stations visited, did not materially differ from that pursued at Mhow, and need not be narrated. As the Bishop advanced, he obtained a better insight into the real state of morals amongst the Europeans. He did not know all; but he knew enough to give him pain; and to put an edge to his discourses. He endeavoured to raise the tone of religion and morality everywhere; and to find employment for those who were well disposed. Old plans of usefulness were revived, and new ones suggested. The hands of the Chaplains were strengthened, and irregularities checked.

The Deccan, Malwa, and Candeish, had now been passed through, and Rajpootana was entered on. The countenances and general bearing of the natives were entirely changed. All wore an air of complete independence. Each chief dwelt in his own castle, leant on his own arm, and carried his own sword. Nothing but England's power kept the peace.

The magnificent remains of Chittore had been thoroughly examined; also Dunaira and Dablah; and now Ajmere was visited—a city clinging to the mountain side, and flourishing under British protection. It is supplied with sweet water from a noble tank or lake, on the banks of which a hundred ghâts, mosques, and country palaces produce a most superb effect. One of the holiest spots in India, to which Ackbar in the height of his glory paid thirteen pilgrimages from Agra, is at Ajmere; but certain conditions, such as putting off the shoes, being insisted on, the Bishop refused to visit it. A singular Jain Temple however—the interior full of lofty slender columns, elaborately wrought, and supporting graceful arches—the exterior carved and enriched with Arabic inscriptions from the Koran, inspired admiration, though standing in the jungle, and falling into ruins. Such are the wonders of India when the beaten track is left!

The Bishop next approached Jyepore. It was a powerful and independent state, rendered notorious by a tragedy then rare in India, but now, alas, only too familiar. One

day the Resident, whilst in the act of mounting his elephant, after attending the Durbar, was cut down, and three severe wounds inflicted on him. Before the foul purpose could be accomplished, however, deliverance came. The murderer was seized, and the Resident, Major Alves, was hidden in a palanquin, and hurried off by his staff; but one gallant young civilian, foremost in the rescue, who had imprudently lingered behind, was surrounded by an ignorant and excited mob, and killed. Troops from Nusseerabad were summoned on the instant; and the anger of the British Government hung like a dark thundercloud over the city for many months, whilst the matter was investigated. The Rajah was but a child, and the Ma-jec, or Queen-mother, was supposed to be guiltless. The Prime Minister was the person accused and arrested; for how could such an attempt be made in the very precincts of the palace, where he was supreme, without his cognisance? And yet the inquiry proved him to be innocent. The whole was the plot of an ex-minister to displace and ruin a successful rival. The attack was planned by him, and the assassin hired, in order that his rival might be implicated and removed, and he himself restored. Such are the means for bringing about a change of Ministers in India!

This being satisfactorily proved, it was necessary to reinstate the accused but innocent Rawul in office; and the presentation of the Bishop to the Ma-jec, in Durbar, was deemed a fitting occasion.

On March 18th, the Bishop and his suite were conducted to the Durbar on elephants and horses. One eighth part of the city, full of noble buildings, was covered by the palace, which on this occasion was thrown open for inspection and refreshment. Court after court, and chamber after chamber, were examined. All was painting, mosaic-work, and marble. One court was devoted to astronomical observations, and was filled with huge erections and transit instruments. In the gardens were temples, fountains, and summer houses of all descriptions, shaded with trees, and gay with flowering shrubs. Inclined planes (no stairs) led up from story to story of the principal building, till the summit was reached, and a view of the whole city obtained. Even the Harem was opened for inspection, the inmates having for the moment been removed elsewhere. Their rooms were small, but adorned with talc, stained glass, and gilding. The usual attendants accompanied the party, and

led them finally to a garden-house where breakfast was prepared. Tables were spread near a small reservoir of water, round which arched cloisters ran, and in which fountains of red water played. After breakfast the Bishop began to read Heber's account of his visit to Jypore, and as he read, each place was recognised. The palace and scenery were still the same; the figures in the foreground only had been changed. For now a group of women gathered in the cloisters; and whilst the sun glittered on their spangled dresses, the tinkling of little silver bells upon their feet harmonised with the clear voice and sweet notes of a singing child, and mingled with the falling waters of the fountain. The whole constituted a fairy scene, widely diverse from past life and its realities!

Soon in another apartment of the same garden-house, huge bearded men, the Lords of Jypore, with sword and shield, began to assemble, and were introduced by turns to the Bishop.

'They were,' he says, describing what passed, 'in most splendid dresses, each with his round shield, sword, and dagger. I begged to look at one of their shields; they made me a present of it instantly. I replied that I was a minister of peace; and taking out my Greek Testament, and handing it to them, said, "that is my shield." They turned over the sacred pages with curiosity and surprise. I then showed them the pictures in one of Heber's Journals (vol. 2nd), and my little book of maps. They wished to see London. I opened the "World," and placed my pencil on it. I then spread out a map of India, and pointed out Jypore. I then gave them a sheet of paper filled with texts from the New Testament, written in Hindustâni, but they could not read the character.'

The Durbar opened about noon. It was held in a large room, hung round with silk purdahs of rich colours and divers patterns. A thick carpet overspread the floor, on which all sat cross-legged and covered.

The Ma-jee, as a female, did not appear, but conversed through some small circular holes in the wall of separation. Her voice was low, but clearly heard, as she expressed to Major Alves her joy at his recovery, and her gratitude to the British people for saving her country from confusion. She also, with many complimentary expressions, congratu-

tulated the Bishop on his safe arrival, and bade him welcome.

The Durbar now began to fill; for, heretofore, it had been a private audience. As the Rajpoot chiefs appeared one by one, their names were called out by the master of the ceremonies, who greeted each with the sovereign's name with a "Maharajah, salaam!" All were splendidly attired. About fifty of the highest rank were seated, and about two hundred stood behind. The Ma-jee now spoke only to an eunuch; whispering compliments, which were repeated in her name. Suddenly a file of men appeared, bearing large trays full of rich presents of jewellery, cashmere shawls, rare muslins, and Indian curiosities. Five were laid before the Bishop, three before his chaplain, and two before the doctor and captain; and it was announced, in addition, that an elephant waited the Bishop's acceptance at the gate. It need scarcely be said that eyes sparkled somewhat at the sight, and that there would have been very little difficulty in accepting these offerings of good will, on the part of those at whose feet they were laid. But the Resident interposed, and in their names begged to decline the gifts. "Such was the custom," he said, "amongst the English. The Honourable Company declined all gifts." The Ma-jee was hurt; and instantly replied, with reasoning which seemed remarkably cogent to all concerned, that the Bishop was not a servant of the Company, and not, therefore, bound by their rules; and that it was an offering to him simply as a holy man. But the Resident was firm: tray after tray was removed out of sight: and the elephant never carried a Bishop!

The installation of the Rawul followed. Jewels were suspended from his turban, an unkar, or sharp instrument used to drive elephants, was placed upon his shoulder, and a sword was girded to his side. A long list of presents made to him were then enumerated; and he himself presented, in return, a nuzzur or offering of gold mohurs—retiring from the presence, after having done so, with low salaams. The Durbar then broke up, and all retired to the garden-temples, till the setting sun allowed of movements homewards.

The next day the Bishop was called to see a body of Thugs—those Indian murderers, once hidden in darkness, but now brought to light. Out of a large body in custody,

four were called forth, and the Bishop questioned one of them, a mild looking, aged man. "I have been a Thug," he said, "for thirty years. It was my kismut—my fate. Had I been born a carpenter, I should have built houses and made tables: but being born a Thug, I robbed and murdered. I had no idea of its being wrong, though I think so now. It was my profession, and I followed it as soldiers do. Our goddess guides and protects us. She tells us when and where to act. Sometimes we kill seventy at a time; sometimes ten or twenty. The bodies are plundered, and then buried. It is a sorrowful thing to us when we happen to kill people who have no money. Formerly, we used to plunder first, and kill after. But we found it more quiet, comfortable, and safe to kill first, and run the risk of plunder. I have killed about three hundred men, women, and children myself. Women and children are all the same. If I was set free now, I should not resume the practice. I have done with it."

Some of the party were anxious to see the process; and when the Bishop had retired, one Thug was asked to exhibit it upon another. But their principles forbade this. A Hindoo servant therefore was sent for, and consented to the experiment. He sat down on the floor, and one of the Thugs sat opposite, holding him in conversation. After a while, when he appeared interested, his attention was directed to the window by some remark upon the weather. He looked up. In an instant a second Thug standing behind him, had twisted a cloth tight round his neck, thrown him prostrate on his face, knelt on his back, and was strangling him! Every one present involuntarily rushed forward to the rescue: and the man arose, shaking himself, and grinning a very ghastly smile! He was black in the face, and evidently thought the matter had been carried quite far enough.

Under the vigilance of the British Government, the whole of this atrocious system, grafted upon a religion once called innocent and moral, was dying out. Hundreds of Thugs, proved guilty of murder, had been already executed. Hundreds more, where proof had failed, were held in custody. The names of hundreds more, undetected and at large, were accurately known and registered. Colonel Sleeman, to whom the suppression was intrusted, never slept. Every movement was watched, and every suspicious circumstance noted. To leave one Thug at liberty, was to perpetuate the system; for it had the power of self-production every-

where, and one Thug could initiate hundreds. So secret, so stealthy was the system, that the servant, obedient, gentle, courteous, waiting upon his European master, might be a Thug in disguise. A rising inclination, or a call from a companion, would bring him to his master to ask for leave of absence for a while—his “wife was sick”—or his “father was dead:”—any excuse would serve for the predatory and murderous excursion. And then when the time for his return had arrived, he would appear again, as obedient, gentle, courteous, as before, with the blood of hundreds perhaps on his hands and heart. Surely the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty! The more heathenism is known, the worse it appears; and the louder is the call upon Christians to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

It is easier to relate such incidents of Indian travel, than to convey a correct impression of the powerful influence produced by the visits of the Bishop to these distant and isolated spots. The daily morning and evening prayers, with expositions of the Scriptures—the conversation always directed with a view to edification—the earnest discourses in the pulpit or the chair, never more tender, simple, and impressive, than when two or three only were gathered together—the sanction given to the performance of divine service by some one in every station who feared God and eschewed evil—the suggestions made for the continuance of family devotions after he had left—the present of books, either his own works or some others calculated to impress the mind or raise the tone of piety:—all these were the results following each visit. The impression in many cases may have been transient; but in others it was abiding, and all knew and confessed that there had been a prophet amongst them. When the tone of piety throughout the land was low, it was raised; when error entered and began to spread, it was checked. The silent influence of twenty-five years of service such as this, is incalculable. The “day” alone can declare it.

After performing divine service both in the Residency at Jyepore, and in the cantonments, on Sunday, March 20th, the Bishop hastened to join the camp, which had come up and passed on. The season was advancing, the heat was increasing, and forced marches were adopted; so that on

Saturday, March 26th, Delhi was in sight. "After a journey," says the Bishop, "of eighty-nine days, of which fifty-one were, in part, spent at the different stations, and thirty-eight wholly in travelling, I came this morning within sight of the domes and minarets of Delhi. The distant view very much resembled that of Oxford from the Banbury road. A near approach, however, dissipated the delusion, as it displayed the lofty city walls, in excellent repair, stretching as far as the eye could reach. We entered the fortifications at about seven o'clock, after fifteen hours dâk; and most imposing was the grandeur of the mosques, palaces, and mansions of the ancient monarchy of the world. The red stone of which many of the buildings are constructed, is very beautiful. The wide streets, the ample bazaars, the shops with every kind of elegant wares, the prodigious elephants used for all purposes, the numerous native carriages drawn by noble oxen, the children bedizened with finery, the vast elevation of the mosques, fountains, and caravanserais for travellers, the canals full of running water raised in the midst of the streets; all gave me an impression of the magnificence of a city which was once twenty miles square, and counted two millions of inhabitants. May God bless the hundred and thirty Christians, out of the hundred and thirty thousand Hindoos and Mahometans now constituting the population."

But the plan marked out for the Bishop did not contemplate any stay at Delhi on this occasion. It was to be visited on the return journey from the hills; and there was only a halt now on the Sunday before Easter, and an address to the few Christians residing at the civil station, some miles without the city walls. That halt gave rise to the following reflections:—

'It was on this day in 1832, that I became Bishop-elect of this awfully responsible See. As I enter on the fifth year of my sacred office, I would desire to humble myself before my God and Saviour for his unnumbered mercies. The very fact of having performed a land journey of twelve hundred miles through the most disturbed native provinces; with changes of temperature often exceeding 40° within twenty-four hours, and exposure in tents unavoidably perilous, speaks the goodness of God. I have been reading over, as is my annual custom, my notes made in 1832, and



subsequent years, and the Consecration service, in order to affect my mind with these mercies; and in order also to learn penitential sorrow and shame for my countless defects, sins and provocations, and that I may seek for more GRACE for the short and uncertain period of remaining service, that "Christ may be glorified in my body" somewhat more this year "whether it be by life or by death."

To spend the remainder of Passion Week, Good Friday, and Easter Day, with the four thousand Christians at Meerut was now earnestly desired; but a heavy storm of rain on the Sunday night made the attempt perilous. The whole country was under water, and the contents of the palanquins, carried through the swollen streams on the bearers' heads, were saturated with water. Meerut, however, was reached at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning. A noble church, with deep galleries, erected in 1821, and consecrated by Bishop Heber in 1824, was capable of accommodating nearly two thousand persons. The Bishop longed to communicate to them some "spiritual gift," and he spared no labour. The two excellent chaplains were at once called to conference, and the programme of the Visitation was soon arranged. Each day the church was opened for morning prayers; each day the Bishop expounded the Holy Gospel, with much tenderness; and each day more than two hundred persons assembled to receive the word at his mouth. On Good Friday and Easter Day, the whole body of the military thronged the spacious church. Such a sight called forth all the Bishop's powers. To arrive in time, he had far outstripped the camp, and his sermons were all left behind; but he made fresh ones on each occasion, more suitable, perhaps, because written under present impressions. Meerut was full of sickness and sad hearts, and deep sympathy had been aroused for one of the chaplains into whose house death had again and again entered. As three dear children were in quick succession carried to their burial, the hearts of all were moved and prepared to receive the word, when the Bishop on Easter Day addressed his crowded audience from 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14, and spoke of the "Child of sorrow consoled by the fact, the benefits, and the prospects of the Resurrection." It was hard to decide which was the most affecting sight:—when hundreds of strong men were melted into

tears under the power of his appeals ; or when, the public service ended, he went into the house of mourning, and read his sermon once again to the bereaved and weeping mother !

The number presented for confirmation on Easter Eve had been one hundred and twenty-two: the number of communicants on Easter Day was one hundred and twenty. The evening services, though voluntary as it respected the attendance of the troops, and though the Bishop did not preach, were largely attended ; and on Easter Monday and Tuesday the interest continued unabated.

On Wednesday the Bishop preached in a pretty missionary chapel, built by the Begum Sumroo, and under the charge of a catechist named Richards. On this occasion seventy natives were baptised and confirmed.

On Thursday divine service was celebrated on occasion of the consecration of a new burial-ground ; and on Friday one hundred sick soldiers were visited in hospital, addressed tenderly, and prayed for. The fine schools of the Dragoons and Buffs were also examined.

On Saturday, two hours were spent amongst the native Christians, and two hours more in earnest and anxious conference with the chaplains—the mind of one having been long harassed with conscientious scruples on various church questions.

Every interval of time between these public duties was filled up with receiving visitors and returning visits : amongst the former appeared, to the Bishop's great pleasure, H. H. Thomas, Esq., C.S., the son of his old controversial adversary, Archdeacon Thomas, of Bath.

This accumulation of duty proved too much, and when the following Sunday morning's sermon had been preached to a larger audience than ever, and the Sunday afternoon's sermon to the natives in their missionary chapel, the Bishop fell ill.

His skilful doctor was happily at hand, and by his directions every engagement was relinquished, the day of departure postponed, and perfect quiet enjoined. By God's blessing, the illness proved temporary and passed away, but nothing more was done. Nor was it necessary. The desired impression was produced, and his labour had not been in vain in the Lord. The prayers with which everything had been begun, continued, and ended, seemed to be

at once heard and answered. The whole tone of religion was raised, and its influence seemed to pervade all minds. Even in the social intercourse of every day much kindly feeling was elicited; and the splendid entertainments given by the Buffs and Dragoons at their respective mess-rooms were rendered subservient to edification by the addresses delivered. At no station hitherto visited, had a larger blessing been vouchsafed.

‘I look back,’ the Bishop says himself, ‘on the fifteen Meerut days with peculiar thankfulness, from the vast extent of the population, the time falling in Passion and Easter weeks, the amazing opportunities for extensive usefulness, and the tranquillity restored to the mind of a most amiable, pious, simple-hearted chaplain.’

He had been too much occupied at Meerut to turn aside for any sight. He only made what he called “a pilgrimage” to Sirdhana, the residence of the Begum Sumroo, who had died about a month before. Being now restored by rest, he bade farewell to his kind entertainers, Mr. Glyn, the judge, and Mr. Whiting the chaplain, and pressed on to the camp at Deyrah Dhoon. He was then on the foot of the Himalayah Mountains; and on April 16th, 1836, the very day fixed in the plan arranged for him by Captain Garden nine months before, he ascended them and halted at Mussooree, wondering at the goodness and mercy which had followed him, and made the crooked places so straight, and the rough places so smooth.

Mussooree was only a halting-place on the way to Simlah; and the Bishop was welcomed and entertained by Captain and Mrs. Brace, two cherished friends and companions of his voyage from England. On April 22nd, he writes as follows:—

‘We spend our days most pleasantly, and, as I hope, profitably. How good is God, to interpose seasons of calm and reflection between hurried successions of duty. Now we have time for thought, prayer, meditation, preparation. Now the soul retires into itself, instead of acting perpetually in external things. It heals itself as well as others. I am sure when my camp came up, and I got re-possession of my Thomas à Kempis, one interior sentiment of that remarkable

saint-like writer recalled me to myself more than a hundred conversations with men :—"It is good for me, O Lord, that Thou hast humbled me, that I might learn Thy righteousness, and might cast away all elation and presumption of heart. It is profitable for me that confusion hath covered my face, that I might seek Thee for my consolation rather than men. There is no one who can console me of all who are under the heavens, except Thou, O Lord my God, the heavenly Physician of souls, who smitest and healest, bringest down to hell and liftest up. To Thee I commend myself, and all that relates to me, that Thou mayest chasten me. Better is it to be punished here than in a future world." (Lib. iii. c. 50.) I close my letter with a cheerful humble trust in my Almighty Saviour. My life hangs by a thread. The Hills which are life to others, may be death to me. "Christ is all" to D. C.'

There was neither chaplain nor church when the Bishop entered Mussooree, but he seldom left a place as he found it. Divine service was performed twice each Sunday at Landour, the neighbouring sanatorium for sick soldiers; and as soon as the overcrowded room gave significance to the appeal, he announced his intention to build a church, and called a public meeting to make the necessary arrangements. The result is thus described by himself :—

'MUSSOOREE, *Tuesday, April 26, 1836, 6.30 A.M.*—Very chilly morning; thermometer 44°; driven in from my walk by the wintry cold. Yesterday also was cold, with a cloudy sky and rain. My poor terrified frame, accustomed for four years to excessive heat, is shrivelled up with this English January weather. But what a blessing such hills are! There were twelve new houses built last season (April to October), and there will be more this. Nor are we without hopes of an English-like country church being built. I was sitting, about eleven o'clock, with two or three gentlemen who had called, amongst whom was Captain Blair, just returned along the hills from Simlah, when the two leading persons at Meerut, Hamilton and Hutchinson, came in to talk with me about the church of which I gave notice on Sunday. We soon warmed. Plans, sites, architects, means of supply, were arranged in about two hours. I promised one thousand rupees from the Church Building Fund, two hundred rupees from the

Christian Knowledge Society, and two hundred rupees myself. Three gentlemen each subscribed two hundred and one hundred. We ordered our ponies and johnpons (commonly so called, but properly char-palkee; a four-legged chair, carried on two poles by two or more men, and usual on the hills), on the instant, to go and see the three or four places pronounced eligible for sites. The heavens were cloudy; and no sun to dread. We were on the grounds from two to four o'clock, and selected the best spot. Before night Mr. Bateman, my chaplain, had sketched an elevation for a church, fifty feet by twenty-five, to hold two hundred people; and I had finished my letter to the owner of the land. On Monday we hope to be ready for the public meeting. My church-building experience at home comes in, and enables me to speak with decision. *Deo gratias.*

'*May 4th.*—We shall have a church here presently. The beautiful plan was entirely approved by the Committee here on Monday, as well as by a scientific officer at Saharunpore to whom it was submitted. The estimate is three thousand two hundred rupees; and the subscription already raised amounts to three thousand three hundred rupees. A little hesitation remains about the exact site, because the habitations ramble over a space of four or five miles; but we have two in view, and I hope before we leave, on May 16th, to lay the first stone.'

'*May 10th.*—God be thanked, I have just returned from measuring out the site for our new church, to be called Christ-Church, which Mr. Proby has given us out of his own garden. This will be the first church built in India after the pattern of an English parish church. It will stand on a mountain like Zion, "beautiful for situation." The tower is eighteen feet square, and thirty-five feet high: the body of the church is fifty-five by twenty-three.'

'*Monday, May 16th.*—On Saturday we laid the foundation-stone of Christ-Church, Mussooree. The whole Christian population poured out. The scene on the gently sloping side of the hill was exquisite; and the entire ground around the circuit of the foundations was crowded. The Himalayah Mountains never witnessed such a sight. As we were departing, the band of the Ghoorka regiment struck up the National Anthem, which echoing and re-echoing amongst the mountains, was the finest thing I ever heard. Afterwards I entertained the Committee





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at dinner. We sat down, twenty-one, in camp fashion—each sending his own chair, knives, forks, plates, and spoons. God be magnified! The whole celebration was unique. It will be the first church raised amidst the eternal snows of Upper India, and all planned, executed, and money raised in a single month. Nine months will finish it.'

This was the Bishop's last public act in this place; and after writing the above lines he commenced his journey, and plunged into the sea of mountains intervening between Mussooree and Simlah. Nothing could be more sublime than the scenery. Now one huge mass standing forth in its naked majesty of rock and precipice; now a second clothed in the beauty of the flowering rhododendron; and now a third, varied with plantations of the fir and pine. The summits of the whole range presented a continually changing outline; each deep ravine, or khûd, was a bed of wild flowers; and every little patch of soil spared by the mountain torrent, was formed into terraces for the growth of grain, and the site of a native village. Narrow paths winding round the mountain sides connected these villages together, formed the route for travellers, and led to each day's resting-place. Often from the resting-place the goal was in full view, and apparently close at hand; but such was the projection of the mountain spurs, and such the depth of the ravines, that generally hour after hour would pass away, and ten or twelve miles be passed, before it was fairly reached, and the day's work done. This was no route for elephants, camels, palanquins, or comfortable tents; and these were accordingly exchanged for experienced ponies, stout sticks, hill tents, and johnpons. The main camp with all the heavy baggage, was sent round by the lower route of Nahun; whilst indispensable things were carried on the backs of Puharries, or Hill-men, hired for the purpose, and accustomed to the duty. They perfectly understood the philosophy of a division of labour, so that a company of two hundred and fifty barely sufficed.

The attempt to cross the mountains was a serious matter in those days, and not free from danger. No mountains in the world are more precipitous; no alternations of heat and cold more trying. And there was no way of escape. The route once entered, Bishop and Puharrie must tread the same track, shiver under the same cold, faint under the same heat, and incur the same risk. No



One could succour his neighbour. Colonel Young, who was well acquainted with the route, and gave the Bishop the great advantage of his society and protection, was wont to announce beforehand the dangers of the day. But he never offered help: knowing well that to attempt to aid, was to increase the peril. One day he forewarned all that the most critical part of the journey was to be encountered; and recommended caution. The reason soon became apparent. At a certain spot, the path, meeting with a rock cropping out of the mountain side, too hard to be cut through, and too large to be removed, rose over it, steep as the roof of a house, barely three feet wide, and with an ascent and descent of twenty feet; whilst on one side the mountain stood up like a perpendicular wall, and on the other sunk sheer down, at least three thousand feet, without a tree or shrub to break the fall. The Colonel alighted, and bade his mule go on; she passed safely over; he followed, and walked on, never stopping even to look back, till he reached the next encampment. "What would have been the use?" he said. The Bishop followed in his johnpon, borne carefully by his Hill-men; but it made the breath come short, to see his feet suspended, as they necessarily were, over the dizzy height. One pony, when it reached the ridge of the rock, was seized with a sudden panic, and stood still, trembling violently. An instant more, and it would have fallen headlong, and been dashed to pieces; but its master covered its eyes, and led it gently and safely down; instinct serving better than sight.

Colonel Young, who was Political Agent, was making his annual tour of inspection, and his presence was a singular advantage to those desirous of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of the mountaineers. They gathered round him at every village, and he held "cutchery," listening to complaints, dispensing justice, and enforcing moral obligations. Thus, their religion, amusements, prejudices, oaths, marriages, laws of inheritance, and manner of settling disputes gradually became familiar to the Bishop, and afforded data for their improvement.

When the Colonel had arrived at the limits of his jurisdiction, and was about to take his leave and return to Mussooree, a meeting of the Hill-men was summoned, and the Bishop addressed them at some length, expressing the deep interest he felt in their welfare, and promising to use every effort to provide them with schools and instructors.

They clapped their hands and shouted for joy, and pledged themselves to do all that he desired.

The Bishop and his party now journeyed on alone; and it was necessary to hasten, for supplies began to fail. Several petty Rajahs came out to pay compliments, as their respective territories were entered; and amongst them one who brought, as a present, some honey and a sheep. This last was particularly acceptable, for the small flock which had accompanied the camp from Mussooree was eaten up; and only a few ducks and fowls, carried on men's backs, remained. The present being accepted, however, a return was necessary, and it was difficult to find anything suitable. At length the sight of two or three ponds of water in the mountain hollows brought the ducks to mind, and when it was ascertained that they would be accounted most precious, since no such birds had been seen before, two ducks and a drake were at once presented, and carried off, loudly vociferating, in the arms of the First Lord of the Treasury and the Secretary for the Home Department. They were liberated at the ponds, and their noisy acknowledgments contrasted ludicrously enough with the silent astonishment of the assembled crowds. When the New Zealander stands on the ruins of London Bridge, and reads that ducks are indigenous in the Himalayah Mountains, may this book live to correct the statement and solve the mystery!

The rains now set in; and heavy storms, with thunder and lightning, disquieted the camp. Trenches were required to carry off the water. The tents were saturated, and became heavy to carry in the day, and dangerous to sleep in at night. It was, therefore, with great delight that on June 3rd, after much discomfort, the whole party straggled into Simlah, and found shelter in a comfortable home. The journey had occupied eighteen days. All suffered except the Bishop: his health and spirits happily remained firm. Three extracts from his journal-letters will express his grateful feelings:—

‘SIMLAH, 7200 feet above the level of the sea,  
Friday, June 3, 1836; Thermometer 73°  
at four P.M.

‘We arrived here this morning after a march of four hours. Judge of my delight, when a packet of seventy-one letters and papers were placed on my table; and this in addition to forty-three sent out to me, on the preceding

day, but I am too much fatigued to enter on them. My spirits also are overwhelmed. The impression on a first reading is thankfulness to the "God of all grace," for his goodness to the most unworthy of his creatures.

• *Saturday, June 4th.* A calm delightful repose of eight hours in our nice bungalow; perfect quiet; no jabbering tongues of three or four hundred natives at half-past two o'clock in the morning; no bugle sounding at four o'clock; no exhausting march of three or four hours! When our camp from below has come up with my books, papers, and implements of business, I hope to sit down for four months' diligent work in this charming climate. But one hundred and fourteen letters rather overwhelm me! I have been at present only able to take them, like Hezekiah, and spread them before the Lord. I have twice done so—expanded them on my desk—turned them over—and prayed for each individual who has written them, especially for the sixty-six brethren assembled in Islington, who signed the letter of January 5th.

*First Sunday after Trinity, June 5th.* Blessed be this holy morn! All calm, all inspiring peace and gratitude. I am sitting at six o'clock in the morning in my room, with its windows open all round, and the sun just making its way over the eastern hills. There is not a sound to interrupt the moments of communion with the Author and Preserver of my blessings. But something more is wanting than external repose and opportunities—even THY GRACE, O Blessed Saviour, or the soul cleaves to the dust still, nor rises ever towards Thyself. Quicken Thou me according to Thy word!

Three of our party are likely to be confined from church from over-fatigue upon the march, and sleeping for nine days in damp tents. They have smart fevers. I owe my own exemption, under God, to the better tents provided for me, and the less fatigue I underwent.

'But I must break off. I have no books, no robes, no sermons, and am waiting for their coming up before the time for service.'

• Thus the rest at Simlah commenced; and it continued without any serious interruption for four months. It was a pleasant respite from "the burden and heat of the day" both in a natural and spiritual sense. The society was very agreeable; and the Bishop did everything to pro-

note kindly feeling by social intercourse and small weekl parties.

There was no clergyman in charge of the station; but divine service was performed twice each Sunday in a small room given for the purpose by Lady William Bentinck. Here the Bishop and his chaplain officiated; and arrangements were soon set on foot for giving an ecclesiastical appearance to the building by the erection of a tower and chancel, and for promoting the comfort of the congregation by the addition of a clock and bell. Prayer-books were supplied; singing commenced; and the Sundays were the happiest days in the week, and worthy to be held in lasting remembrance.

But the Bishop's leisure was employed chiefly in the preparation of a volume of sermons, and in carrying them through the press. They were what the title-page professed, "Sermons preached in India;" and were arranged into a series in order to show the "Tendency of Christianity."

In these employments, and in much important correspondence, the summer at Simlah passed away; and as October drew near, the camp was re-organised at the foot of the hills and the Bishop prepared to descend and resume his visitation. Early in the morning of October 10th, each one who had straggled wearily into Simlah, on June 3rd, took up his staff, and prepared to quit it. Converging at the same time from different points, friend after friend—Colonel Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Captain and Mrs. Curtis, Mr. Raikes, Captain Simpson, Mr. Wake, and others—joined the party, and met at the boundary of Simlah. After having partaken of the coffee and refreshments kindly provided, everyone stood up uncovered on the mountain brow, and the Bishop commended all to God, rendering thanks for the past, and entreating grace and guidance for the future. Then with a blessing, and a cordial farewell, Simlah and Simlah friends disappeared from sight. A steep descent and a journey of ten miles led to a bungalow where the heat of the day was passed; and then a further journey of fifteen miles led to the resting place of Subbathoo. It was pleasant to see a piece of level ground, and to tread upon it. A week was spent amongst friends, in order to get accustomed gradually to the atmosphere in the plains: and arrangements were made that the children of the Hill-men, educated in the Government

school, should be trained to act as schoolmasters, in fulfilment of the pledge given by the Bishop.

The march was resumed on the 17th, and led, not directly, but obliquely downwards. The route was still amongst the mountains; the scenery continued very grand; the air felt fresh and pure; when suddenly the path sunk out of sight, a curtain seemed to be withdrawn on either side, and the plains of India lay stretched before the eyes, misty with heat, and boundless in extent. The first feeling was to start back and return; but duty said "go forward," and it was obeyed. In one half hour all were enveloped once more in the heat of India. The foot of the mountains is most unhealthy: and it was necessary to remove the camp from the place where it was pitched, and to hasten on. In two days, Roopur on the River Sutlej was reached, and the Bishop was welcomed by Captain (now Sir Claude) Wade, the Resident.

It was at Roopur that Lord William Bentinck met Runjeet Singh: so that the place had some historical interest: but the object of visiting it was to drop down the river Sutlej to Lodianah. Subsequent events have made the territory familiar: but it was then little known. Huge boats, built upon the Indus, were in readiness: and the stream bore them down forty miles within ten hours. This was the very stream (the Hyphasis) which Alexander's soldiers refused to cross. He had passed the Indus at Attock—the Jhalum (Hydaspes) at Jhelum, where he conquered and behaved so nobly to Porus—the Chenab (Akesines)—and the Rance (Hydraotes). But from the Sutlej he was compelled to turn back and retrace his steps. Whilst gliding down it, the Bishop rose upon the deck, and looking towards the territory of the Punjab, then scarcely known, exclaimed aloud,—“I take possession of this land in the name of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.” It seemed little likely at the time that we should have any inheritance to put our foot on. But this incident is surely very remarkable, when connected with our speedy possession of the whole territory, the favourable prospects of our missions there, and the help and deliverance Christian England drew from thence in her extreme necessity. It seems to show how faith has power with God, and still prevails.

Lodianah was then the watch-house for Lahore, and the frontier station on our side the river. About one hundred Christians resided there, and the Bishop at once began his

ministrations amongst them. The erection of a church was the first object; and towards it, liberal contributions were made. A committee was appointed: the sketch of a gothic church to hold one hundred persons was drawn and approved: a site was selected: and an application made for a grant to Government. Christ-Church, Lodianah, was the result of these efforts: and till a chaplain could be appointed, the Bishop made arrangements, as in other cases, for a Sunday assembling, and the reading of prayers and a sermon. On the single Sunday assigned to this station, two services were performed, and confirmation with the Holy Sacrament administered. All was interesting and impressive. The influence of Captain Wade was very great, and all for good: and his hospitality and kindness were without bounds. He had charge, not only of the communications with Runjeet Singh, (who had sent to the Bishop, Vakeels with his compliments, and forty pots of sweetmeats, as a nuzzur,) but of the two ex-Kings of Caubul, who afterwards figured so prominently in the Affghan war. They were now pensioners on the British Government, and lived in a garden-house near Lodianah. The Bishop was allowed to visit them: but no sort of ceremony was permitted, and every one was strictly enjoined to wear both hat and boots.

Shah Soojah, who was afterwards conducted by the British army to Caubul, and placed upon the throne, was first visited. He was a stout, middle-aged, good-looking man, respectably, but not richly, dressed. He sat upon an ottoman, and the Bishop on a chair close by. After the usual compliments, he said,—“Does your lordship know the Governor-General? I want to be brought to his notice. One word from him would seat me on the throne of my ancestors: and then the English and their Government would have in me a firm friend. With only four thousand rupees I lately made an attempt myself, and it was very nearly successful. My children are asking me what sort of a place Caubul is: and unless some aid is given, they will live and die without seeing their inheritance. I wish these things to be pleaded before the Governor-General.”

The Bishop assured him that he would remember and report what he had said; but urged that in his present state, he was exempt from many of the troubles pressing upon kings. Would it not be better to remain contented and peaceful? “True,” he rejoined, with some shrewdness “but your

lordship, for instance, fills a high and important post : you can do much good : you have much influence : many depend on you : would you wish to retire from all this, and be banished from the world and forgotten ? ”

The Bishop confessed he should not. “ Neither do I, my lord.”

The other brother, Shah Zemaun, was blind and fretful. His eyes had been put out when driven from Caubul : and he was now helpless and hopeless. His converse was chiefly on religious subjects, and the interview was brief.

It was from these kings that Runjeet Singh extorted the famous Koh-i-noor which now graces the regalia of our Queen : and it is at Loodianah that some of the most magnificent shawls are manufactured. The ladies of England little know from what poor mud huts these costly fabrics issue.

Through Sirhind and Rajpōorah the camp now moved towards Umballah, then a small, now a large station, where Mr. Edgeworth courteously received the Bishop. The usual divine services were performed in his house on Sunday, October 29th. A marriage was also performed here by his chaplain.

Pressing on towards Kurnaul, the camp was pitched for one night at Thanosir, a very celebrated place in Eastern story, abounding with magnificent temples, immense tanks, and very holy Brahmins. The latter found out the Bishop's pundit, and taking him from the camp at night, inquired about his master's “ faith and duty ”—What were his plans ? What his religion ? What his habits ? What his reasons for travelling ? What his teaching ? The pundit was a Christian, a son of Anund Musseeh, going down to Calcutta to complete his education at Bishop's College, and as the best answer to some of these questions, he went and fetched from the tent Dr. Mill's Sanserit work, called the *Christa Sangita*. It is scarcely necessary to say that this is an epic poem in Sanserit verse, containing the history of Christianity, and the evidences on which it rests. It is a wonderful proof of genius and learning, and a most valuable gift and legacy to India. So much were these learned Brahmins struck with the poem, as the pundit read it, that they continually asked for more and more ; and it was not till day dawned, and the camp began to move, that they released him,

saying, that "The bishop himself must be an angel;" and that "no mere mortal man could have written such a book."

Kurnaul was at this time a very large and important station under the spiritual charge of the Rev. W. Parish, who received the Bishop into his house. There was a large church; and much time and thought were devoted to adding a tower to it. No result followed at the time, but eventually the tower rose a tall Roman structure, only to be removed elsewhere, when Kurnaul, as a military station, was abandoned. The Church, however, as it stood, was consecrated, and a little building was also licensed for divine service, to which some interest attached. It was called "the soldiers' meeting-house," and was built entirely at the cost of the soldiers of an English regiment, by whom, on leaving the station, it was handed over to the chaplain for the use of their successors. It was a neat bungalow. The middle part was fitted up for divine service, and the exterior verandah was closed and partitioned into little chambers, where soldiers might singly "shut the door, and pray" to their father in secret. In the hands of the chaplain, and watched over by him, its tendency was truly to edification. It was named St. John's Chapel.

A flourishing Temperance Society existed at Kurnaul, patronised and chiefly supported by one excellent officer, whose history was singular. Originally gay and worldly, to say no worse, his change of mind, and conversion to God, were very marked. He was in a company where reckless gambling was going on; and on a very large stake being proposed, one of the players took from his bosom a small hideous black figure, intended to represent the devil. He addressed himself to it; called it his best and only friend; coaxed, pleaded, threatened, and prayed for success in terms of fearful blasphemy. The Captain was horror-struck. He left the company at once, and that night found him prostrate in tears of penitence before God. Nor did he join the world again till his prayers were heard, his eyes opened, and his soul had found peace. He was now a believer in Christ, and ready to every good word and work. This Temperance Society had originated with him, and he was present when the Bishop addressed the members with great power and effect. Colonel Sale, afterwards so distinguished at Jellalabad and elsewhere, was also present, having joined the Society himself as an example to the troops.



The congregations on the two Sundays given to Kurnaul were very large, and the impression was very great. A deputation of the Roman Catholics even waited on the Bishop, to thank him for his sermons, which they had almost all attended. So great, indeed, was the effect, that some alarmists sent down an earnest application to Calcutta for a priest "to stay the plague."

Upwards of a hundred soldiers and others were confirmed with the usual addresses; and the next day two fine men of the 16th Light Infantry came up to the chaplain—"Please sir, will you give us our seven duties."

The next day an ordination was held, and Anund Musseeh, a brahmin convert of fifteen years standing, and known to Bishop Heber, was admitted to Holy Orders. He had been called to Simlah, and spent some time in familiar intercourse there, which had proved highly satisfactory. To himself there was no objection; but his wife remained a heathen, and her influence was sinister. In primitive times no convert was admitted to Holy Orders unless he had won over his whole family to the faith of Christ; and there was much wisdom in the rule. It was not, however, insisted on in the present case; but all due inquiries having been made, Anund Musseeh was ordained upon the title of the Church Missionary Society, and appointed, with a stipend of eighty rupees a month, to labour at Kurnaul, under the direction of the chaplain. He was the first native the Bishop had ordained, and the first Brahmin (for Abdool Musseeh was a Mahometan) admitted to Holy Orders in our Church. The usual questions proposed to the candidate were read by the Bishop himself in Hindustâni, and Ordination was administered in the same language; though the pronounciation of the words was somewhat imperfect. Years past—and then regret mingled with the recollections of the day.

On Monday, November 14th, the march was resumed, and the camp halted at Paniput, Sumalka, Soniput, Alipore;—places full of traditions and historical reminiscences, and abounding with game of all descriptions; and on November 18th entered Delhi. The impression of magnificence, splendour, activity, and, alas! flagrant immorality, made on the mind by a former hasty visit, were abundantly confirmed by a longer stay and more accurate observation.

The Bishop's arrival was notified to Colonel Skinner, who at once drove down to the chaplain's house, and repeated

his earnest request that he might be favoured with a visit, preparatory to the consecration of his church. This Colonel Skinner was a man of much celebrity, and the commander of a famous body of light horse called by his name. His "Life" has recently been published, and possesses great interest; but at Delhi it was listened to from his own lips. His father held a command in the Mahratta army, and introduced his son into it at a very early age. He soon saw hard duty, and, to use his own words, was engaged in fighting every morning before breakfast for months together. He entered our service about the year 1806, and distinguished himself greatly by his sagacity and personal bravery. He raised and commanded a body of Irregular Cavalry, and was made a full Colonel of the English army by George the Fourth, who himself put his name at the head of the list, and overruled all questions of etiquette in his favour. Entering into Delhi with a conquering army, twenty years ago, and gazing on its countless domes and minarets, he made a vow that, if ever he was able, he would erect an English church which should uplift the cross amongst them. The time came when he was enabled to commence the work; and he persevered, although the cost far surpassed the estimate, and he had lost the bulk of his fortune by the failure of Calcutta agency houses. The church rose slowly notwithstanding. Government offered to relieve him, and complete the work, but he declined the offer. His vow might be delayed, but must still be kept. And now he stood before the Bishop, a tall, stout, dark man, of fifty-six, clad in a military dress of blue, silver, and steel, with a heavy helmet on his head, a broadsword at his side, and a red ribbon on his breast, to say that the church was finished, and to beg that it might be consecrated. His sons were Christians, as he was, but his wife remained a Mahometan, though, as he said with tears, "a better wife for more than thirty years no man ever had."

The Bishop instantly drove with him down to the church. It was a beautiful Grecian building in the form of a cross, with handsome porticoes at each extremity; three of them forming entrances with flights of steps; the fourth closed in, and appropriated for the chancel. The body of the building was circular, and surmounted by an ornamented dome, cupola, and cross. The flooring was marble, and a temporary desk and pulpit served for the present occasion. The whole effect was very chaste and beautiful. The Bishop

was delighted, and, mindful of the founder, called it St. James, and fixed November 22nd for the consecration.

On that day, a large congregation assembled, and a very striking and impressive sermon, going a good deal into detail, was preached.

After the consecration, the whole European society of Delhi met at Colonel Skinner's hospitable abode, and expressed their deep gratitude to him. They also requested the publication of the Bishop's sermon as commemorative of the day. A most kindly feeling pervaded every mind.

A confirmation followed, and the Colonel, with his three sons, knelt at the altar to dedicate himself, as he had previously dedicated his church, to the service of God. The scene was very impressive, and the Bishop's address moved all to tears. At the conclusion, the Colonel himself attempted to express his acknowledgments, but words failed, and he wept silently whilst the Bishop prayed that the kindness shown to the house of his God might be returned sevenfold into his own bosom. Alas! that a church, so beautiful in its design, and so interesting in its early annals, should, before many years had passed, have been "riddled with balls, filled with dying men, and made a magazine for shot and shells!"

It will readily be believed, that on this occasion, all the wonders of Delhi were inspected. A visit was paid to the old King, who received the Bishop in state, seated on the peacock throne: and also to the Jumma Musjeed or Mahomedan mosque. Much intercourse also took place with the higher class of natives. Many princes, gentry, and learned men called, and held discussions of all kinds upon all subjects. If they got no good, they gratified their curiosity, showed their courtesy, and obtained presents of books.

And now came the closing Sunday, and the last of these most interesting services, with the administration of the Lord's Supper; and on Monday, December 3rd, the camp moved on. It passed through Chattah, Jeyt, and Muttra. The temples at Bindrabund and the tomb of Ackbar were examined; and then the Bishop entered the carriage sent for him by Sir Charles Metcalfe, and drove into Agra.

Events had marched on during his absence from the Presidency, and Sir Charles, who was left temporary Governor-General of India, was greeted again as permanent Governor of Agra. It rejoiced the Bishop to meet so good

a friend; and three weeks were spent happily and profitably in his company. The church was consecrated, and a fund raised for adding a tower, spire, and bell. A soldier's chapel was also licenced, as at Kurnaul. Divine services were celebrated twice each Sunday, and morning and evening prayers with the Governor and his household were duly offered and appreciated.

Of the fairy Taj Mahal, the strong-walled Fort, and the wilderness of ruins stretching for miles around, it needs not that anything be said. The Bishop was now in the beaten track of India, and it will be better, with him, to hasten on. He had been prevailed on to stay one week beyond his time, and he had now to make it up by rapid journeys. He began to feel less dread of the sun; grew tired of the monotony of the camp; and shrunk from the disturbed nights in the palanquin. Hence, as far as possible, he resorted to wheeled carriages, with relays of horses: by which means, seventy miles could be traversed in a day, the camp outstripped, the station reached, and the Sunday saved. But then it was necessary to drive all kinds of horses, and to pass over all manner of roads—roads so bad, that Heber, who traversed the same route, compares them to a farmyard first trodden into deep holes, and then frozen hard; and says, that “though a buggy can go over them, since it can go anywhere, yet they were never meant for buggies nor buggies for them.”

Thus driven by his chaplain, the Bishop, after leaving Agra, pressed on to Allyghur: and after performing all duties there, and examining the wonderful Fort, made for Barcilly. Eighty miles had to be traversed. Elephants and buggies were exhausted by turns, and when at last all traces of a road had disappeared, and no means of further progress appeared, bearers and palanquins, sent out by Major Smythe, were discovered under a tope of trees, and bore the Bishop to his journey's end. Nothing daunted him in those days. He had to make up for a lost week; and it was made up.

Barcilly however was an important station, and a halt was made, and the new year (1837) welcomed. There was a chaplain, and in his house divine services were performed. But there was no Church, and immediate steps were taken to raise one. An unexpected obstacle, however, appeared in the person of the Brigadier in command. He not only

passively declined contributing, but actively opposed the project. He declared that it was the duty of Government to build churches; that individual interference was uncalled-for and unwise; and that he was not only determined to sit still himself, but hoped nobody else would move. These arguments were urged loudly and unreservedly at his own table, and before a large party, whom he had invited to meet the Bishop. With hopes all sanguine, and plans matured, the Bishop was not prepared for such an outbreak—his nerves failed—he shed tears as the only reply. No one at the moment could interfere, however painful the scene; but no sooner had the party left the dinner table than a fine old Civilian, of fifty years standing, quietly put down his name for a subscription of one thousand rupees. Major Smythe joined him, and put down his name for two hundred; another gave one hundred; all gave something—and in two days four thousand rupees were raised, a committee formed, and an application forwarded for aid from Government. There is now a Christ-Church at Bareilly; the result of that appeal, which at first looked so unpromising.

Another rapid run of forty-eight miles through Furreedpore and Futtuhgunge, to Jellalabad, on January 5th; followed by another of equal distance, varied by a passage across the mighty Ganges, on January 6th, brought the Bishop safely to Futtughur, where he found an excellent chaplain, a good church, and all things in order. Much pleasant intercourse took place here with friends, who were gradually passing down the country from Simlah; the germs of missionary work were watched and encouraged; the Church and burial-grounds were consecrated; divine services were performed; the Holy Sacrament and confirmation administered;—and then the Bishop rejoined the camp for a few days' quiet march. The sportsmen went out, and provided the table with wild geese, as on the other side of India it had been provided with wild peacocks. On January 14th, the Bishop entered the large station of Cawnpore and rested in the chaplain's house. He seemed himself to be no worse for the efforts he had made; but all his company suffered greatly, and over some of them the "shadow of death" for a time had passed. It requires a certain knowledge of India to understand the effect of these forced marches, hurried journeys, and constant exposure.

Cawnpore was an immense station even in 1837. It stretched out seven miles in length, contained three thousand Christian inhabitants, and presented, at first sight, almost an English aspect. To enter it was like entering the outskirts of London. "T. Harman, Tailor," and "Thomas Brookes, General Dealer," over the shop doors, were new sights, and strange to Indian eyes.

It was an anxious thought with the Bishop how best he might move and benefit this station. For a long period much in it had been adverse to true religion and piety. An officer had been in command, whose influence was very great and very injurious. A regiment of cavalry had been in cantonments, as conspicuous for its bravery, as for its immorality. These things had gone far to neutralise the labours of two most excellent chaplains, and had made their duty difficult. One of them, in fact, had been very recently removed, and his removal had caused great heart-burnings. One consequence was that a single chaplain only now remained to perform the duties of the extensive station; and there was no church. Happily, however, some changes had taken place, just before the Bishop arrived. An admirable man, Colonel Oglander, was now commanding officer: and a new regiment had replaced the old. Still the visit was looked to with apprehension; for prejudices were strong, the society was scattered, the stream was adverse, the station seemed unmanageable, and to have been gentle and tender as at Meerut, would have been out of place at Cawnpore. The Bishop finally decided on a totally different course. He dropped suddenly, as it were, into the station on a Saturday night: and on the Sunday morning he rose up in the pulpit and said all that was in his heart. First, he mourned over the "cruel" removal of one of their excellent chaplains. Secondly, he openly denounced the irreligious conduct of those who had been recently removed from the station. Thirdly, he announced his purpose of laying the foundation stones of two new churches before he left. And lastly, he intimated his resolution of discovering whether there was "any grace and good feeling in Cawnpore or not." Nothing less than this, or something like this, could have produced the desired effect. As it was, the station was effectually aroused.

Having arranged all needful plans, found all required helpers, and issued all explanatory circulars, the Bishop left matters to work their way for a few days, and set off on a

visit to Lucknow—over the route since trodden by Havelock and his gallant troops.

Having first stopped at one of the king's summer palaces, called Dilkosha, or "Heart's Delight," he was afterwards entertained by Colonel Lowe at the Residency. From thence he visited the King in state, was entertained at a sumptuous royal breakfast, mourned over the unblushing licentiousness which an examination of the palace unveiled, greatly admired the extraordinary beauty of the city, stood beside the tomb of General Martin of "La Martinière," performed divine service, both in the Residency and cantonments, arranged so effectually for the building, that Christ-Church, Lucknow, at once arose:—and then, after an absence of one week, returned to his great work at Cawnpore.

All his instrumentality had worked well: and his church-building plans were progressing satisfactorily. He turned at once, therefore, to the spiritual duties of the visitation. Two sermons were preached each Sunday. Two large Temperance Societies were addressed. Three regimental schools and hospitals were visited. Four hundred children of the Free School were examined. The native orphan asylum was inspected. Two numerous confirmations were held, after divine service, on week days. The Holy Sacrament was administered. Four burial-grounds were consecrated. Twice he addressed the Native Christians in Hindustani, the sermons having cost him two hours a day for a whole week in preparation. An ordination was held with the usual preliminaries. A translation society for Upper India was formed. Committees of all the leading religious societies were attended and strengthened. And all this, whilst visitors were calling every morning, and large social parties filled up every evening. The bare enumeration will suffice to show how thoroughly he threw himself into his work. But it must be filled up with the earnestness, and power, and prayer so natural to him, and so necessary always, in order to give an adequate idea of the effect produced.

Finally, he accomplished his great object; and before he left the station, the foundation stones of two churches were laid. The Bishop himself gave two thousand rupees; the Christian Knowledge Society, five hundred; Sir Charles Metcalfe, five hundred; Sir Henry Fane, five hundred; the subscription paper showed seven thousand; the collections yielded two thousand; the proceeds of the old building were reckoned at two thousand five hundred; and the

Church Building Fund was pledged for twelve thousand. Altogether, twenty-seven thousand rupees were available. This would very nearly suffice to build a single church at one extremity of the station; in which case Government was pledged to build a second church at the other extremity. The design, therefore, was accomplished; and to the astonishment of all, Saturday, February 4th, was fixed upon for laying the foundation stones. On that day, accordingly, the troops were paraded, large crowds assembled, the Freemasons assisted, military music gave life and animation to the scene, and with solemn prayers and the usual ceremonies the foundation stones of Christ-Church and St. John's were laid by Mr. Wemyss the senior Civilian, and Colonel Oglan-der the Brigadier in command.

The Visitation was now ended, and after farewell services on the Sunday, the Bishop left, with a heart relieved from care and filled with gratitude to God :—

‘Never did I enter a station,’ he says ‘with such despondency, and never did we leave one with such joy. Three years of irritation between the clergy and the military authorities had led the senior chaplain, in an ill-omened hour, to write an offensive letter. The chaplain was removed, and all was in a flame. His large circle of friends were up in arms. The design for building churches (which had been taken up and laid down more than once or twice since 1827, when materials were collected) had been almost abandoned in despair. Well, in three short weeks God has cleared up the sky. The station is friendly; they submit to their loss; they have come forward nobly to subscribe; the engineer officer has worked cordially; two gothic designs are determined on; and a capital committee is appointed with rules laid down for their guidance. You should have seen the ceremony yesterday of laying the first stones! The immense throng of people—all the soldiers drawn out—all the officers—all the gentry—and thousands of natives! It would have done your hearts good. A numerous masonic lodge assisted. The senior Civilian laid the stone at the church, and the Brigadier at the chapel. I was almost killed with the exertion of addressing, perhaps, three thousand people in the open air. I contrived, however, to make them hear. To God only be glory in Christ Jesus! Amen.’

The Bishop's donation to the building of this church may



have been noticed; but it cannot be known how constantly similar donations were given. His charities at this time were broad-cast over India. He rejoiced when the first heavy expenses attendant on his outfit and furniture were liquidated, because "it would enable him to give to India." He gave without stint at every station. It is not known whether he ever kept an account of his charities himself; but a few memoranda made by his chaplain show that from the time he left Simlah, that is, in less than four months, he had given away eight thousand three hundred rupees; or, for the time, half his income. These were merely occasional and passing charities, and apart from his regular subscriptions to every good work, and his large benefactions to public objects. He delighted in thus helping good designs, and furthering God's work.

On February 6th he left Cawnpore, and after spending Ash Wednesday with Mr. Rivaz and Dr. Madden at Futtehpore, and performing divine service there, he joined the camp. The roads were now magnificent—one hundred feet wide, raised, with handsome bridges, and comfortable bungalows for travellers. A thousand miles had been traversed since leaving Simlah, and the weather began to be very warm, so that the end of the land route at Allahabad was looked to with some eagerness.

It was reached on Feb. 11th, and the Bishop was welcomed by the Rev. Henry Pratt, the chaplain, and hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Lowther. This was the scene of the pilgrim tax; and the grand annual fair, or Mēla, was just concluding. Immense crowds of pilgrims still remained, from each of whom, the tax of one rupee was to be collected. The Bishop stood for a long time in the strongly barricaded office, where by a Christian hand this tax was taken, and a corresponding ticket issued, admitting the bearer to the margin of the sacred stream. Upon the production of the ticket, another Christian hand stamped a red signet on the devotee's right arm, which authorised him to bathe, and realise its supposed beatitudes. The Bishop looked with deep feeling upon the frenzied multitude, the hideous assemblage of idols, the town of straw huts raised on the river banks, the countless flags indicating separate brahminical establishments, and upon the pilgrim, now shaved, bathed, marked, and penniless, retiring from the scene with a little vessel of the sacred water to be carried

home—if, indeed, he ever reached his home. In the contemplation of all this, he says that “he was never so affected, since, two years before, he had stood at Juggernaut!”

He soon however roused himself to effort. He first sought out the dispatch of the Home Government in Feb., 1833, absolutely prohibiting the collection of the tax. He then obtained one of the tickets which was really issued, and is still preserved, numbered 76902, and bearing a stamp and an inscription in Sanscrit, Persian, and English, for the admission of one Jattree, or Pilgrim, to the stream. He gathered up all the statistics also, casting the balance between profits and loss, and inquiring from the best authorities the probable expenditure of human life. And upon all this, as a foundation, he raised the superstructure of a strong personal appeal to the Governor-General. He wrote, moreover, to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and his statements obtained immediate publicity and the widest circulation in England and India. Private letters were also written to Powell Buxton, the Rev. F. Cunningham, and other influential and philanthropic friends; and thus he did his part to overthrow the evil which had been so long and so ably denounced by others. How far his representations may have been effectual in India, does not appear. But before the year was ended, the tax was abolished.

The station at Allahabad was very handsome, the situation very agreeable, the class of residents superior. A Church was rising effectually, though amidst some strife and dissension. A long stay was not required. The usual services were rendered on the one hand, and fully appreciated on the other; and then the Bishop took his passage in the steamer, and dropped down the river on his way to Calcutta. Two days afterwards he heard of the death of Bishop Corrie, of Madras:—

‘How can I describe my feelings?’ he says, ‘I have this morning heard of the sickness and death of my honoured and beloved brother, Bishop Corrie. Oh! what will become of India! Here I am again left alone, with three dioceses on my single hands. Dearest, dear Corrie! Only one year and a quarter in his diocese! It was on the 5th February that the lamented event took place. Blessed man! he has entered into rest. Never was there a more exalted, meek, consistent Christian. No one, not even Bishop Heber, has

filled a more important station in the general propagation of the Gospel in India. All Hindûstan loved him. He inspired universal confidence. There was a gentleness of character, a quietness of spirit, and a boldness in the profession of Christ which are rarely combined. Well, it is the Lord! His ways are in the deep, and his judgments past finding out. He can raise up instruments at his pleasure. May He be graciously present with his widowed Church.'

Mirzapoor and Chunar, the scenes of Bishop Corrie's earlier labours, were next visited. Four days were given to the wonders of Benares, and the interesting labours of the Church Missionaries. Ghazee-pore, Buxar, Dinapore, Monghir, Bhaugulpore, and Rampore Beaulah were successively passed. "Of all these scenes," the Bishop says, "Heber's description is perfect and most lively. He was then new to them. They met him early. We come to them with minds satiated with sights, and bodies exhausted with heat."

On March 13th, the steamer worked round and anchored off Saugor, at the entrance of the Hooghly. On the following morning, Archdeacon Dealtry and Dr. Mill came on board; in the afternoon the Bishop landed, drove round to Government House to pay his respects to Lord Auckland, the new Governor-General, and the Misses Eden, and reached his own home at four o'clock in health and safety.

And thus ended one of the longest Visitations, perhaps, on record. The outlines of British India had been well nigh traced. The confines of Burmah, China, Thibet, Caubul, had been nearly touched. The Ganges, Sutlej, Brahmapootra, Caverry, and Nerbudda rivers had been crossed or navigated. Commenced on August 25th, 1834, it concluded (with two intervals rendered necessary by the climate) on March 14th, 1837. Two years and a half were thus occupied, and more than thirteen thousand miles traversed by sea and land.

' "I cannot enter upon any one duty this first morning after my arrival in Calcutta," says the Bishop, "without humbly offering my praises to the great Giver of all good, for the preservation vouchsafed to his unworthy servant. Thirteen thousand five hundred miles have been traversed, and the

whole diocese of India visited, though not in all parts; and now I return in safety, and I can thankfully add, in perfect health. I feel in truth far better this morning than when last I left Calcutta. Oh! for internal, spiritual, ecclesiastical, domestic, personal peace in Christ Jesus, amidst the changes, and trials which I must, and do, and ought to expect.'

And now he entered once more upon the duties of Calcutta. Lent was far advanced: but he availed himself of the last Friday evening's service, to preach a most affecting funeral sermon for Bishop Corrie. The largest congregation ever collected together in St. John's Cathedral listened to it with deep emotion and full assent: and the sermon was afterwards inserted in the printed volume already mentioned. It was followed by the usual services of Passion Week and Easter; by addresses delivered successively in all the Calcutta churches; by the resumption of the clerical conferences; by a confirmation of five hundred young persons; by a public and private ordination; and by committee meetings of the Church Building Fund, the Infant Schools, and all the other religious societies in Calcutta. Thus the reins were taken up once more, and a fresh impulse given to every good work.

The season proved intensely hot. All Calcutta was one huge vapour bath, and the Bishop in vain sought refuge in a country-house across the river, called Shalimar. In July, therefore, he projected a short missionary tour to obtain relief, and fill up a few gaps left by the hasty conclusion of his Visitation. Chinsurah, Bancoorah, Burdwan, and Krishnaghur (where no religious movement had as yet taken place) were thus visited. From Burdwan he writes as follows, on August 6th, 1837:—

'There is a little church here, very neat and appropriate. Yesterday we spent four or five hours at the mission house, which is about a mile from the town. I have examined an hundred and fifty native scholars from the villages around. Nothing could be more delightful. Indeed, what I have seen of Mr. and Mrs. Weitbrecht gives me the highest impression of their talents, character, exalted piety, excellent sense, and simplicity of heart. I am charmed and edified. There is a little Christian village, attached to the Mission premises, of about eighty souls. I visited it. A neat row of cottages raised a little from the ground, gardens for each

family in front, (Mr. Weitbrecht is gardener, architect, and everything,) a fine tank before the gardens, three rooms in each cottage, a little nice furniture, beds, tables, chairs, and writing-desk. A picture of Robert Hall adorned one of the walls. The men and women came out as we passed, and I asked, What is this child's name? Theophilus. And this? Abraham. And this? Sarah. What are your several occupations? I am a carpenter. I am a tailor. I am an Hurkaru.

'Thus the cleanliness, comfort, purity, diligence, and honest employments of English villages begin to appear. I do not of course speak too confidently; but if life is spared, and instead of six years Mr. Weitbrecht continues forty, there is nothing I should not hope. I confirmed nine baptised adults yesterday—all hopeful, and most of them decided Christians.

'Tell my grandchildren that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked my dear Doctor Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The huge animal was ordered to lie down; and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was, in a measure, restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day when he was brought, and heard the doctor's voice, he laid down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gestures, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson to us of patience!'

This interesting missionary excursion terminated on August 18th, when the Bishop returned to Calcutta for a season, intending to resume it in October.

During the interval, he was called to bid farewell to Dr. Mill, who, having completed his term of service, and suffered much in health, was about to retire from the Principalship of his College.

The Bishop's first chaplain, also, the writer of this work, was compelled to leave India about the same time, from

repeated and serious attacks of illness. The Medical Board forbade all further duty, and admitted of no delay, and the Bishop, on resuming his Visitation, was compelled to go alone.

A far more serious, and irreparable loss occurred at the same time. Sir Benjamin Malkin, who had been promoted from the Recordship of the Straits to the Supreme Court at Calcutta, fell a sacrifice to his arduous duties and the treacherous climate, in the very prime of life, and the full career of usefulness. The Bishop's original acquaintance with him and his excellent lady, had ripened into the most sincere friendship, and during his late residence in Calcutta, one day in each week had been set apart for an interchange of social visits. Sir Benjamin was just the character the Bishop loved—learned, honourable, unassuming, attached to the Church, regular in all religious duties, gentle in manner, with a touch of humour, a happy temper, and a handsome person.

‘My heart is broken,’ he says, on hearing of his death on October 21st. ‘The amiable, pious, learned, honoured, Sir B. Malkin is no more. I have as yet received no particulars, but the fact is certain. I never had such a blow in the way of the loss of a friend. He was the very man to whose wise, firm, and friendly counsel, together with the sympathy of his most excellent lady, I looked forward on my return to Calcutta, to supply the loss of my chaplain and Dr. Mill. And oh! the dear widow and fatherless children! Thank God for his religious character, his inward piety (which, I doubt not, far exceeded what his modest and silent carriage allowed him to speak of), his constant attendance twice on the Sunday at church, his delight in religious conversation and family prayer. Yes, I believe that he is now in the presence of his Redeemer, a glorified and happy spirit. But we are indeed left desolate. Calcutta is desolate; his family and circle of friends are desolate; the many religious and benevolent institutions he nourished, are bereaved of one of their purest, ablest, sweetest, and most valuable members. Oh! that I may “hear the rod, and who hath appointed it.” My daughter gone—my son and chaplain gone—Dr. Mill gone—my most intimate friend now gone! Blessed Jesus, be Thou ALL to me: daughter, son, chaplain, adviser, friend! Thou all-sufficient Saviour, whose self-existence, and infinite fulness for the supply of those that trust in

Thee, is declared in Thy name, "I AM THAT I AM"—be THOU my refuge.'

When the year 1838 opened, the Bishop had returned from his short visitation (during which he had suffered a good deal from indisposition), and was residing in Calcutta. The rough work of the diocese was done. The characters of the clergy, and the wants of the stations, were generally known. The caste question was at least quiescent, and seventeen missionaries were labouring in the field where the Bishop had found but two. The church missionary discussion caused no further anxiety. The senior presidency chaplain had retired from the service. The Governor-General was in the upper provinces. Sir Charles Metcalfe had thrown up the government of Agra, and was returning home. No special matter caused uneasiness: no urgent duty pressed. Under such circumstances, quotations from the Bishop's journal-letters may supersede for the present all other records, and give variety and interest to this period of his Indian life.

'CALCUTTA, *Sept.* 1837. I am endeavouring to enter more into the interior of religion, and treat everything in God and with God. The real spirituality and simplicity of Christ are soon lost, and with great difficulty regained; and yet upon them, all depends. What is a minister of the gospel with doctrine only? Salt, that has lost its savour! What power to pray, to read, to instruct, to preach, has the secular, worldly-minded clergyman or bishop? All is dead, formal, repulsive. Christianity is a heavenly principle—a life—a communion of soul with God in Christ—the participation of a divine nature—an inhabitation of the Holy Spirit—a sacred sympathy.

'I am disgusted to indignation at the folly, the "noddle-ism," of some at home, in swallowing the gross popery of — and his coadjutors. Why, the foot of Satan is not even concealed. That "tradition sermon" ought to be burnt. Such drivelling, such magnifying of uncertain petty matters, such evaporating of the authority of Scripture, such nibbling at all the baits of popery! Mark my words, if some of these men do not leave our Church, and join the apostacy of Rome.'

'*December*, 1837. I have been running through Newman and Griffith, and it delights me to see how common sense

has carried the latter, though inferior in natural and acquired endowments, beyond, far beyond, the learned Oxford divine in real theology and ecclesiastical knowledge. I am charmed with parts of Griffith's work; and here and there he has hit off the truth with marvellous discernment. And the man is right on the whole. Whereas, Newman's prophetic disquisitions are, as a whole, wrong; grossly, glaringly, dangerously, inconsistently wrong. "An enemy hath done this," may be written over the title of his volume. Was ever anything so impudent as the condemnation he passes on Hooker, Jewell, and all the leaders of the Reformation, till he comes down to Laud! "My soul, come not thou into their secret; into their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united." No: if we cannot stand against the reproduction of these school subtleties, we are unworthy of the name of Protestants. If no one brother will unite with me, I am ready to protest alone against this egregious drivelling FATUITY.'

'SHALIMAR. *Epiphany*, 1838. On Thursday evening, I had the singular delight of hearing Krishna Mohun Banerjea, my Brahmin convert, preach for the second time in English in the Old Church. It is an extraordinary thing surely, that a Hindoo-College student, only five or six years ago rescued from the gulf of infidel metaphysical pantheism, should not only have embraced, but be able to expound and teach in a very competent manner, the Christian religion. His amazing extent of English knowledge, his good style, and propriety of accent, augment the surprise. May God preserve him steady!'

'CALCUTTA, *Feb. 1st*. Amongst other books, I have been reading the "Lost Church Found," which proceeds on a very good idea, and has taught me something concerning the first British Churches, the century of Saxon heathenism, and the re-conversion by Augustine, which is valuable. My "Oxford Memorials" delight me. I can never satisfy myself with looking over the long-known scenes of my youth. I hope the "London Churches," and the "Cambridge Memorials," will be equally good. But after all my new authors, I turn back to my old commentator, Scott, with a fresh zest. I am now in Ezekiel in my annual course: and I sit with astonishment at many of his grave and deep remarks: and I hope turn them into prayers. That book is not yet sufficiently valued. I have now been reading him for forty years, and my judgment is that he



surpasses all other commentators by far: with the single exception of the incomparable John Calvin, who, considering the age when he wrote, stands a prodigy of sound interpretation of inspired Scripture, and of real learning.'

'BISHOP'S COLLEGE, *Feb. 15th.* Sir Charles Metcalfe embarked this morning at seven o'clock, after thirty-eight years of uninterrupted residence in India, and after occupying, during the whole of that period, a succession of the highest and most confidential situations—Private Secretary to Marquis Wellesley—Resident at Gwalior, at Delhi, and Allahabad—then in Council for seven years, one year Governor-General, and two years Governor of Agra. During this long period three things have distinguished him. First, a calm, firm, silent, immoveable, and yet tender and meek habit of mind, in which he resembled Mountstewart Elphinstone, the celebrated Governor of Bombay. Secondly, unbounded liberality in his hospitable entertainments, and acts of charity so large that he retires with scarcely any fortune. Thirdly, unimpeached integrity and public spirit. He has also shown an increased regard to religion of late years, and has preferred the most faithful and energetic ministers.'

'EASTER DAY, *April 15th.* May we rise to greater newness of life with our triumphant Lord! This is my sixth Easter in India. Soon will it be said "his bishopric let another take." Oh! to END WELL. I am jealous over myself. (1) I would examine my heart. (2) I would search into my administration of this vast diocese. (3) I would suspect myself, especially on two points—where the natural selfishness of man blinds his judgment of his own actions—and as to spiritual affections where decays of grace begin. Lord raise me up with Christ.'

'CALCUTTA, *April 18th.* After the hurries of Lent and Easter, I am turning my thoughts towards my second visitation, which ought to have begun in August, 1837. I propose to deliver my Charge on Friday, July 6th, and then embark for the Straits. Ten weeks spent there, and in going and returning, will bring me back to Calcutta the end of November. As I have no prospect of a chaplain at present, I take the Archdeacon, with Mrs. and Miss Dealtry. I suppose I shall, the following winter, push on for Simlah, so as to descend the Ganges again in the autumn of 1839, three years from my last Visitation. Bombay will demand me in 1840 and 1841. But "who shall live when God doeth this?" my hand trembles at writing even the words.'

‘CALCUTTA, *April 23rd.* Captain Lewis is come down from Moorshedabad, after being engaged for two years in the suppression of the dreadful Thug system, especially on the river. This is the more fearful, because the more mysterious branch of it. He says it will occupy six or seven years more to extirpate the entire body. He has never discovered a trace of compunction in any of the murderers’ minds. The horrid attempts sometimes fail from the unexpected approach of strangers. One terrific instance occurred of a man whom they strangled, as they supposed, and buried in the sand, after having scooped out, in wanton barbarity, one of his eyes. The victim revived however, laid his information, and the whole gang was discovered. The expense to Government for the suppression of the system, is 25,000 rupees a month. A party of Sepoys suffered from their own injustice. They seized a country boat, and insisted on being conveyed gratuitously to Patna. The boatmen (Thugs) affected to remonstrate; pleading their poverty, and the loss they should sustain. The Sepoys, however, forced them to proceed, and were all murdered.’

‘CALCUTTA, *July 1st.* I close to-day the sixtieth—and enter, please God, to-morrow the sixty-first year of my age. My sermon at the Cathedral is from Gen. xxxv. 1, 3. I am, as it were, about to go up with Jacob, and build an altar to the God that appeared to me in the day of my distress, and kept me in the way which I went. How important are the denunciations of Scripture against the world, worldliness, secularity, the name to live when we are dead, the leaving our first love, the being neither cold nor hot, under the highest professions of knowledge and faith! These are the dangers I feel, because they creep insensibly on the unconscious heart, and because public life now for forty years has been wearing away the gloss and bloom of internal piety, and rendering the revival of them more difficult. Simplicity once gone, how hard to restore! In this view I look upon the trials sent me, as memorials of mercy, warnings, voices, compensating dispensations, needful medicines for the soul, the chastisements of a Heavenly Father.’

A few extracts from the Correspondence spreading over the two years embraced in this chapter will now conclude it.

TO DR. PEARSON, DEAN OF SALISBURY.

'SIMLAH, *June*, 1836.

'You were always the faithful friend. How few of them I have! I especially thank you for hints for spiritual vigilance, and concerning the dangers to which I am most subject. The charge of assumption, which you tell me is commonly advanced, I am not surprised at. You know my faults on the side of excessive energy and overstrong expressions. I suppose these have given occasion for the charge.

'Watch for me, and over me. Admonish, suggest, aid. It is impossible to be in the glare I am in without peril to the soul. Plain truths, kindly put, by dear friends like you, are amongst the most valuable and consoling supports to a poor sinful creature. Oh! for St. Paul's spirit, or Quesnel's, or Pascal's, or Thomas à Kempis'. God help us by His grace, free favour, and undeserved communication of His Holy Spirit.'

TO LADY MALKIN.

'GHAZEEPORE, *October*, 1837.

'I commend you to Him, who is the ALL SUFFICIENT God: and who places his chief glory in sustaining and consoling the weak and destitute.

'His ways are indeed mysterious, afflictive, sudden, overwhelming, desolating, at times. But He is in Himself, and His dealings with us, ever the same. His name is "I AM THAT I AM." He knows His designs and His purposes of grace.

'There is no reasoning with an INFINITE BEING. It is utterly in vain for us feeble, ignorant mortals. But we may cling to the skirts of His raiment, as it were—we may hang upon His gracious promises—we may trust His power, wisdom, and love. Eternity annihilates the few years which may intervene between our own dismissal and that of those we most tenderly love. They are not lost, but only gone before in the procession of mortality!'

TO CAPTAIN WADE, THE RESIDENT AT LODIANA.

'CALCUTTA, *February*, 1838.

'I trust you are able to keep up the regular reading of prayers, and a sermon on Sundays in your station, by the

pious zeal of some lay officer or gentleman, when a chaplain is not with you. However admirable the piety and labours of ministers of other bodies of Christians (the excellent and devoted American presbyterian missionaries, for instance, to whom I beg to present my love), yet our own stable and fixed liturgy, our primitive order of church government, and our union as churchmen in our own sacramental offices, are adequate grounds of just and decisive preference, feeble as our churches in this country are at present. Nor will the manifestations of the divine grace be wanting to the devout performance of the services which the same grace has been pleased to ordain. We urge the claims of the Anglican Church, not to exclude, but to magnify the glory of the grace of God in Christ Jesus. We urge them, also, not to pass any judgment whatever on other churches and other forms of discipline, but to express our attachment to our own.

‘Never can we too frequently remember that no Church can save a wicked or a worldly man, remaining such. Individual penitence, individual faith in the atonement of the Son of God, individual holiness implanted and nourished by the life-giving Spirit of God, individual morality and righteousness in the conduct and behaviour, are the ends in view in all church government and ecclesiastical offices. And unless these ends are sought for by the individual prayers for grace which burst from the awakened heart, we call ourselves Churchmen in vain. The internal work of personal piety once begun, the Church continues to build up, to nourish, to admonish, to console, to strengthen into everlasting life.

‘I do not apologise, dear Sir, for these plain hints, because it is my office to exhort on all occasions, and because I know the simplicity of your faith and love in Christ Jesus.’

#### TO A CHAPLAIN.

*‘February, 1838.*

‘Some of your questions I can only answer as a private friend.

‘I should advise you to shun all conversation with any military officer which borders on infidelity. No clergyman should allow language hostile to Christianity to be uttered in his presence twice. A respectful remonstrance should follow the first invasion on the rules of decency in this way ;

and if repeated, the minister of Christ must abstain from the society where he is thus insulted in the person of his divine Master.'

#### TO ANOTHER CHAPLAIN.

4

4 'CALCUTTA, February, 1838.

'Let me suggest to you, what I am sure I feel myself daily, that the growth of heart-felt religion is the spring of all ministerial peace and usefulness. We are what our hearts are. Let us feel an interest in our work, a care for souls, and a sense of the inestimable love of God "in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ" (as our liturgy expresses it), and our public duties will become more and more our joy.'

#### TO ANOTHER CHAPLAIN.

'CALCUTTA, January, 1838.

'The two dioceses of Madras and Bombay are still pressing on my attention, and having no chaplain, I am much overwhelmed and harassed. But I cast myself on the affection of all the clergy in my earnest endeavour to do my best. God pardon my mistakes, and supply my large omissions. Christ is the HEAD of the Church.

'My general rule in matters of church discipline is, to do enough to secure the interests of the Church, and then to embrace as widely as possible the pious and devout of other communions. Thus I act, when I feel myself called upon to decide abstractedly upon different matters, on my own judgment. But when the opinions of my Rev. Presbyters in their several churches and districts, take a somewhat different direction from my own, I leave them most fully, as a protestant Bishop should, to the unembarrassed decision of their own minds. A Bishop is the centre of Christianity to his diocese, not by assuming to bring all subordinate questions to one uniform model of feeling and sentiment, but by conciliating all hearts, sustaining the main features of life and Christianity in the comprehensive articles and liturgy of our Church, and upholding our broad defences of discipline according to the rubric and canons, so far as they are not necessarily modified by circumstances.'

## CHAPTER XV.

### SECOND VISITATION.

1838—1842.

The Bishop's second visitation — Important Charge — Voyage to the Straits — Chittarang — Sir William Jones's house — Rev. J. H. Pratt — Appointment of Professor Street — Lent Lectures in Calcutta — First idea of the new Cathedral — Awakening at Krishnaghur — Baptism of natives — Consecration of Cawnpore Churches — Lucknow — D-lhi — Almora — Mussooree — Simlah — Moonlight at the Taj Mahal — Additional Clergy Society — Gwalior — Calcutta — Controversy with Propagation Society — Journal-letters — Sylhet and Chirrapoongee — Caubul tragedy — Journal-letters — Correspondence.

On July 6th, 1838, a most important Charge was delivered to the assembled clergy in Calcutta. It was dedicated to the Bishops of Madras and Bombay, who, before the publication of it, had arrived in their respective dioceses: and it branched out into four divisions. In the first the Bishop gave some account of the impression made upon his mind during the course of the primary visitation: in the second, he entered into the statistics of the diocese: in the third, he dwelt upon the state of the missions: and in the fourth, he pointed out the dangers which threatened the church, with the corresponding duties.

It was the last part which made the Charge so important. He conceived that the greatest danger threatening the Church arose from the publication of the "Tracts for the Times," and the movement consequent upon such publication. It will have been observed in the last chapter at how early a period he was aroused to this danger: how he foretold results some years before they came to pass: and how he expressed his readiness to enter his protest against the evil.

This Charge was his protest.

In it he expressed strongly both surprise and indignation that Tradition, which lies at the very foundation of the whole system of the church of Rome, should be virtually

re-asserted by men of high endowments, owing allegiance to the Church of England, and sheltered in her bosom. He mourned over the erection of a new edifice of "will-worship," and "voluntary humility," and "the rudiments of the world," as the Apostle speaks, in place of the simple Gospel of a crucified Saviour. He pointed out the tendency of the system, and the result to which it would surely lead if left unchecked by due authority to run its course. He cautioned his own clergy and the native converts "lest as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so their minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." He claimed unqualified supremacy for Holy Scripture, and denied that written and unwritten tradition taken together, constituted a joint rule of faith. 'A JOINT RULE OF FAITH,' he said, when concluding the subject, 'IS NO RULE AT ALL. Give to the witnesses and writers of each age all reasonable weight and influence, but yield not to them any part of that paramount authority which appertains only to the revealed Word of God. Use them as advisers, bow not to them as sovereigns. Honour them as attendants around the footstool, but allow them not to obscure the majesty or usurp the throne of Inspired Scripture.' (Charge, p. 77.)

Thus was the warning voice raised in the Indian Church. It struck at the root of the evil. The tract on "Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge," and the still more notorious "No. 90," which appeared in March, 1841, were not needed. The danger was seen afar off, and was met openly and determinately. There were many alarmists at the time, but the Bishop of Calcutta was amongst the first speakers. Surely he was sent to India "for such a time as this," and spoke "a word in season." It warned the Clergy, fenced the Missions, and preserved the unity of the Church. Again and again were the seeds of error wafted across the ocean: again and again did they find a fitting soil: but the watchful husbandman was there, and they were never suffered to take root, spring up, and bring forth, as in England, the baneful fruit of family dissension and individual perversion. This biography does not profess to deal in controversy; but it states facts as they occurred, and unveils opinions without reserve; and whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the points at issue, all will honour One who, having deep convictions, fearlessly and opportunely gave utterance to them. Had all our Fathers in the Church spoken as promptly

and as earnestly, many of the evils of the present day might have been averted.

As soon as the Charge was delivered, the Bishop embarked in the pilot brig, the *Hattrass*, which was again assigned to him by government, and commanded by his good friend Captain Clark. The Archdeacon with his family, and Dr. Webb accompanied him. The companionship was pleasant, but the voyage tedious.

“*“Hattrass,” July 22nd, 1838.*

‘You would be delighted to hear some of archdeacon Dealtry’s sermons. We are both now endeavouring to “mend our nets,” after the hurrying labour of fishing “for men,” for so long a time. Our nets have got much out of order. Oh! for restoring, repairing grace. For myself, I feel ashamed and confounded when I think of the disorder and decay of divine principles within me. The Lord keep me in his gracious hands, and bring me to his heavenly kingdom.’

‘*August 8th, 1838.*

‘I have been reading with singular pleasure Bishop Monk’s “Life of Dr. Bentley.” I wonder how I passed it over when it was published in 1830. I suppose I was waiting for the 8vo edition. It is really one of the most able, impartial, trustworthy pieces of literary biography which I have read. Bishop Monk must be a prodigy of learning. He writes beautifully, and his equanimity of judgment is admirable. And never had a scholar so fine a subject to treat. Bentley was a man indeed, with all his faults. What energy! What deep and accurate learning! What vivacity of wit! What courage! What sagacity! What discoveries did he make! His diagram was a wonderful hit. Then his Epistle to Mill; his Boyle’s Lectures; Philoleutherus; his Horace; his Terence; his collections for Homer, all first-rate. As the Master of a college he was a sad tyrant, I admit; but what fortitude and resources did he display! And he died after all in his nest, in spite of Boyle, Miller, Coldbatch, Bishop of Ely, House of Lords, Court of King’s Bench. I laughed quite heartily when sitting alone and reading the romantic story, at the old hero’s tough and indomitable spirit. The worst part of his character is the want of Christian piety and humility, which cannot but



lower a clergyman, and that clergyman a professor of divinity.'

Without dwelling at length upon the details of this second visitation, a short account of what occurred, as station after station was visited, will serve as an interesting supplement to the first.

At Penang the Bishop found in the new Recorder, Sir William Norris, an excellent friend; but the loss of Sir Benjamin Malkin weighed heavily upon his spirits. The *Hattrass* carried down to the island the first news of his death, and the grief was universal. In the Charge recently delivered in Calcutta, the Bishop had publicly borne testimony to his worth; and he attempted to read the extract when addressing the congregation on the first Sunday morning. But the whole audience were in tears, and his own feelings were so overpowered that he was obliged to call the archdeacon up into the pulpit to finish the quotation.

At Malacca, he found the Dutch church which had been resigned to him, fitted up with all suitable conveniences. A reading-desk was provided, the pulpit was removed, the communion table enclosed, a vestry built, and new pews erected so as to increase the accommodation. Porch and belfry were also added, and everything was prepared for consecration.

At Singapore he found the church, which had cost him so much care and pains on his former visit, completely finished. But it was claimed by a portion of the subscribers who were not members of the Church of England, as their own property; and a protest against its consecration obtained sixteen signatures, and was presented to him. He never had a harder task, than to arrange this matter of common honesty. But he dealt very gently with it. The Governor was firm, and the result good. A public meeting was held to consider the matter, at which the whole case was so clearly explained, that the protest was withdrawn, and the petition for consecration signed by fifty-one persons. All were conciliated. One opponent offered to collect money for an organ; a second undertook to raise a tower; the Archdeacon gave a bell; the Resident a clock. "I never saw a whole community come round so well," says the Bishop. "To God be the praise!"

Chittagong was now visited. This was a new station to the Bishop, and the fallow ground had to be broken up. Situated on the coast of Arracan, the novelty of everything, and the exquisite beauty of the scenery, charmed him. But there was no church, no divine service, no Sunday observance, no charitable institutions, ~~no~~ no exhibition of Christianity. An occasional visit of the chaplain from Dacca, afforded the only means of grace. Plans were at once set on foot to remedy all this. A public meeting was called, and it was determined to erect a Church. Sixteen hundred rupees were contributed on the spot. The bishop gave five hundred for himself, and five hundred for the Christian Knowledge Society. An application to Government, and a grant from the Church Building Fund, completed the five thousand rupees required; and, as in so many other cases, a Church was reared in Chittagong.

A house in the immediate neighbourhood, formerly inhabited by the celebrated Sir William Jones, was visited with much interest. It stood upon the summit of a hill commanding a magnificent view of the sea on one side, and the mountain range upon the other, and was called Jaffierbad. His study was pointed out, but all was falling into ruins.

On November 21st, the Bishop left Chittagong, and on the 23rd arrived safely in Calcutta. "I have hardly yet turned round," he says, on entering the Palace, "but gratitude for the divine mercy should swell in my heart, when I consider four months of absence without any one calamity."

Thus closed the year 1838. The following reflections ushered in the year 1839:—

'*Jan. 1st, 1839.*—New Year's Day. I have been delivering my Eben-Ezer sermon, first composed twenty-five years since. May that God who has helped us hitherto, help us also henceforth, and even to the end. We enter a new year, ignorant of what a day may produce, but leaving everything in the hands of infinite wisdom, love, and power. If we are but found growing in grace, and preparing more and more for heaven, nothing can come amiss to us. To live will be Christ, and to die gain. Oh! for a higher aim, for brighter faith, for more tender love to souls, for more dedication of heart to my Divine and passionate Redeemer. Christ is all. I would fain stand

with my loins girded, and my lamp burning, waiting for my LORD, my MASTER, my LOVE ! ’

Wars and rumours of wars marked the commencement of the year 1839 ; but the attention of the reader must be limited to matters in which the Bishop himself was concerned. On January 19th he was cheered by the arrival of his new domestic chaplain, the Rev. John Henry Pratt, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, and son of his old tutor and dear friend, the Rev. Josiah Pratt. No vacancy in the list of Bengal chaplains had occurred ; and hence his appointment had been so long delayed.

‘ It was September 4th, 1837,’ writes the Bishop, ‘ when I took leave of my first chaplain : and it was January 19th, 1839, when I obtained a successor. Thank God for support during the long privation. The prospect of relief is most consoling.’

Bishop’s College next engaged his attention, and claimed his aid. Dr. Withers, who presided over it, was seized with fever, and compelled instantly to go to sea : and, after a short interval, Professor Malan’s eyesight entirely failed, so that he also left for England. In the emergency the Bishop stepped forward, and once more assumed the office of a college Tutor and Vice-Principal. He gave three divinity lectures every week to the students, fifteen in number, and Mr. Pratt took the remaining work. It was a great addition to his labour ; but it seemed to recall pleasantly his earlier days, and to increase his interest in the college. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were not ungrateful for the service rendered :—“ I cannot conclude,” says the Secretary, the Rev. A. M. Campbell, writing in May, 1839, “ without once more expressing the universal feeling of gratitude for your lordship’s unprecedented kindness in taking charge of the College during the lamented absence of the Professors. We earnestly pray that their health may be restored, and that you may not suffer from your exertions.” And again, in June, when announcing the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Street as the new Professor, he says, “ We devoutly pray that the speedy arrival of this promising young man may relieve your lordship from the heavy load of anxiety and labour which you have been kind enough to sustain on our account. It seems

almost idle to talk of thanks in connection with such services; but I wish you had witnessed the feeling manifested at Oxford when I informed the public meeting that, during the interregnum occasioned by the sickness of Mr. Withers and Mr. Malan, the duties of Principal and Professor had been discharged by the Bishop of Calcutta."

The Lent Lectures followed. The subject selected for this year was "The Lord's Prayer." The lectures were entirely new: and the Bishop said that he found his old pastoral feelings at St. John's, Bedford Row, revive under their continuous composition and delivery. The attendance, in point of numbers, exceeded any former occasion. Every part of the church was crowded; and numbers of the first Civilians, and their ladies, were seated in the aisles. "To God be all the glory," says the Bishop, "and may His grace penetrate many hearts."

And now the great idea of building a Cathedral in Calcutta took possession of his mind. The erection of two new churches had been for some time in contemplation; one from the evangelical fund at the disposal of the clergy and managers of the Old Church, for the Missions; and one on the proprietary plan for the increasing population at Chowringhee. The first was in due time carried into effect; the other fell through. It was then proposed to enlarge the present cathedral of St. John's: but on full consideration, the Military Board pronounced it to be inexpedient, and suggested the idea of building at once a new cathedral. How the suggestion was received by the Bishop may be best related in his own words:—

'CALCUTTA, March 18th, 1839.

'What do you say, my four children, to your father's attempting to build a cathedral to the name of the Lord his God in this heathen land? The fact is, everything is beginning to look that way. The new chancel which I proposed, is pronounced impracticable, and the Military Board has declared against it. The Council asked me for a better plan, and intimated their willingness to make a large grant. The idea of the Chowringhee church is given up. Mr. W. W. Bird has long wanted me to build a church on the maidan or esplanade. The increasing population demands increased accommodation. What say you? What will

Government grant? How much the Church Building Fund? How much the Christian Knowledge Society? How much friends in India? How much shall I give myself? How much can I hope to raise? We shall see. The coincidences are curious and encouraging, to say the least. It would be a noble design. What an honour to build a church for Christ our Lord in some measure corresponding with our secular palaces, and marking our estimate of Christianity. Bishop Middleton's heart was set on this twenty years since, under Lord Hastings' government. The Lord alone can dispose of the wills of men, and grant the blessed success. *Sursum corda!*

The idea grew, and the plan seemed so promising, that he felt justified in making a public announcement of his intention at the last of his Lent Lectures, when nearly twelve hundred of the *élite* of Calcutta were present.

"I thought," he said, "I should never have such a favourable opportunity again; and that, to express a firm purpose on my part was one step towards success amidst the timid, vacillating, shifting population of India."

From this time the idea took full possession of his mind, and called forth all his energies. He applied to government for a site, and the moment it was granted he took possession. He issued five hundred "proposals" throughout the length and breadth of India, calling for contributions. Every rupee of his own was saved and dedicated:—"I am fully persuaded," he said, "that a greater blessing will repose upon my children and their families, by devoting thus the revenues of my diocese to Christ, than by any selfish greediness to advance them by robbing God, which the natural man would desire." He determined to call the cathedral, St. Paul's:—"in order to denote the doctrine which I trust will ever be proclaimed by its ministers, and the example of tenderness and fidelity which they will ever exhibit." Finally, he appointed an efficient committee; and on Tuesday, Oct. 8th, 1839, laid the foundation stone of the building.

All these preliminary steps having been taken, and the necessary appeals sent home, the work progressed, and the reader's attention may be drawn for a time to other matters;

especially to one, occurring at this time—the awakening at Krishnaghur.

One day, at the close of the year 1838, a native, of courteous address and fine bearing, stood at the gate of the Bishop's palace, the bearer of a message to him from the missionaries of Krishnaghur. The message was similar to that spoken to St. Paul in vision, when the man of Macedonia stood by his bedside, saying, "Come over, and help us." It conveyed tidings of a great and general movement amongst the natives towards Christianity. Twelve hundred inquirers had already appeared, and amongst them were many anxious candidates for baptism. There were but two missionaries on the spot, and advice and help were urgently required. The relations of the Bishop with the Church Missionary Committee at the time were still delicate; so that he hesitated to go down. But he received the messenger most gladly, presented a donation in money to meet the present necessity, and forwarded a paper of inquiries, which, answered, would enable him to judge better of the reality of the work.

After a little time, Archdeacon Dealtry and the Rev. K. M. Banerjee were sent down to Krishnaghur, and were met there by the Rev. Mr. Weitbrecht from Burdwan, and the Rev. Mr. Sandys from Mirzapore. Their report was very striking. Fifty-two villages were in motion; and the inquirers (including their families) numbered three thousand. Immediate steps therefore, were taken, consequent on this report, to strengthen the brethren; and, as soon as the weather permitted, the Bishop himself left Calcutta in the river steamer *Experiment*, and made Krishnaghur the first halting-place in his visitation. He went from station to station, examining, preaching, encouraging, confirming. He visited Krishnaghur, Solo, Ruttonpoor, Anunda Bass, and Ranobunda; and said he could hardly sleep from agitation, joy, and anxiety to direct everything aright.

At Anunda Bass, one hundred and fifty converts were baptised; at Ranobund, two hundred and fifty; and these additions to the Church, raised the whole number to above one thousand.

The foundations of the requisite missionary buildings were next laid, a sub-committee was appointed, the four missionaries on the field of labour were counselled and encouraged: and then, on Nov. 1st, the Bishop went on his way rejoicing.

A certain measure of reaction followed, as it always does: for, in the spiritual as in the natural world, the blossom far exceeds the fruit. It proved so at Krishnaghur. The gathering did not equal the promise: yet a great work had been wrought. A true Church had been gathered out of the world of heathenism: and it still stands like a city set upon an hill.

Pursuing his journey, the Bishop passed through Berhampore and stopped at Moorshedabad, where he was most agreeably entertained by Mr. W. H. Elliott, of the civil service, and breakfasted with the Nizam in great state. From thence he visited Beaulah, Patna, Gyah, and Hazerabagh. At the latter place, which was a new station, he spent his Advent Sunday. The church was little more than four walls. There was no roof, no floor, no windows, no doors, no communion table. But he determined to perform divine service in it. A tarpaulin was stretched over the rafters of the roof; mats served for windows and doors; loose bricks formed a communion table; the gentry brought their own chairs and carpets. Thus he rebuked, intentionally, the dilatoriness of the executive officers. They had been two years trifling with the building: he left them pledged that all should be finished in two months.

Thence he passed on, preaching and performing all the usual services at Ghazee-pore, Jaunpore, and Benares. From the latter place he sent down to Krishnaghur, the sum of three thousand rupees, the result of collections made for the Mission.

Christmas Day was spent at Allahabad: and then the river was left, and the land march began. His former plan was somewhat changed: he had now a strong little phaeton, which he found "an amazing comfort:" and instead of starting at four o'clock in the morning, he started at seven. For horse exercise, he had his old white "ghoont," or hill-pony: but at first it was too cold for him to ride. Mr. Pratt was his companion. Dr. Webb, with his wife, child, and nurse, had their own palanquin carriage. Captain Hay, a most gentlemanly officer, commanded the camp, which, with the escort, exceeded two hundred souls, and was accompanied by a flock of sheep and goats.

Thus journeying, he reached Cawnpore, on Jan 1840: and, thanks to the indefatigable, quiet, and management of Colonel Oglander, who had superin-

all the works, kept all the accounts, and transmitted every month all minutes of proceedings in committee, both Churches were completed. Having consecrated them, he passed on to Lucknow, and from thence to Bareilly. In both these places, the churches he had founded, being finished, were consecrated; the one on Jan. 17th; the other on Feb. 12th. "The Lucknow church," he writes to his ex-chaplain, "is a complete success. It is quite a bijou: cost five thousand four hundred rupees: and holds one hundred people. How you would rejoice to see your plans carried out so capitally! This is beautiful!"

At Meerut, where he arrived on Feb. 22nd: he met Lord Jocelyn, and General Elphinstone, names of historical interest and sad reminiscence: "both fresh from England, and Lord Jocelyn burning to go to China." The services in the church were extremely interesting: and the crowded congregations consisted mainly of soldiers returned from the first prosperous campaign in Affghanistan and Caubul.

All had hitherto been peace: but he was now mingled up with the din and the accompaniments of war. The appearance of the Affghan prisoners interested him much. They were supposed by many to be the remnants of the lost tribes of Israel. They bore commonly the names of Jacob, Joseph, Abraham, and such like. And he says that he clearly recognised in them the Jewish physiognomy.

After a short visit to Delhi, the camp moved on to Almorah on the mountains. This place he had not before visited. He describes it as less picturesque than Mussooree or Simlah, but rendered sublime by rugged rocks and the snowy range. After staying a week, and laying the foundation-stone of another hill-church, he stretched across the mountains, accompanied by his kind friends, Mr. Lushington, and Mr. Batten. The fatigue was "almost too much" for his strength, but he arrived in safety at Mussooree on April 24th, and rested for three weeks.

Mussooree was vastly enlarged. One large hotel was built, and another was in progress; the houses were multiplied, and the number of residents exceeded six hundred. The church was finished and looked beautiful; and was in due course consecrated. Till May 11th he was in constant intercourse with friends, well-known, from all parts of India; and then he passed on, by the lower route through



Nakun, to Simlah, having completed his journey of two thousand three hundred miles from Calcutta. The following were his reflections :—

‘SIMLAH, *May 21st, 1840.* We are now settled in our Simlah house. I inhabit Lord Auckland’s rooms; each door being provided, besides locks, with wooden fastenings at top and bottom, that no one might intrude into the council chamber. I rise at five, give two hours for riding, bathing, and devotion; breakfast and prayers at nine; work till two; repose till four; give an hour to my moonshee; ride at six and call upon the sick; dine at half-past seven; prayers at half-past eight; retirement from nine to half-past ten; bed seven hours. Thank God I sleep well generally, and take food with appetite, and use regular exercise, but I feel a sensible decline of strength, as it is natural I should; and anxious cares weigh upon my spirits. I think I was never designed for a bishop. I want more prudence, firmness, management of mankind, discretion, calmness, and general knowledge. I am a poor creature; and my soul fades and withers under the secularity and publicity of my station.’

The temporary depression manifested in this letter—the result doubtless of over fatigue, soon passed away, and the sojourn at Simlah was characterised by incessant activity, and kindly hospitality. He composed twenty-five new sermons, and preached more than forty. He wrote five hundred and six letters on matters of all kinds, directed to all quarters. He collected thirteen hundred rupees for the repairs and enlargement of the church. He re-established a native dispensary. He gave “dozens of little quiet cheerful dinner parties.” And thus the four months of retirement at Simlah passed away, and the time for resuming his Visitation once more drew near. On Oct. 22nd he says:—“We had a charming congregation last night at our concluding Wednesday evening lecture. I preached from Hebrews xiii. 20, 21, ‘The God of Peace, &c.’ I made the sermon on the preceding evening, but I had composed one on the same text, forty years since; and I remember that when I came down from the pulpit Mr. Cecil said to me, ‘Well, brother, I see we are hooping the same barrel. It is sound, brother; it contains everything.’ He meant that the doctrine was exactly his own, and embraced every branch of truth. What a blessed thing to have been kept for forty years in

the narrow path, and to be preaching now precisely the same truth, with the same amplitude as I was instructed to do when first setting out.'

"Simlah ! To thee I now bid adieu. It is Monday morning, Oct. 26th, dark, cold, piercing. To God Almighty, the Father, Son, and blessed Spirit, be the care of the souls of this station committed." And to the same divine Saviour be our bodies, souls, and journey committed also. Amen."

With this devout aspiration the Bishop commenced his journey to Calcutta. He passed through Sabbathoo, Lodi-anah, Kurnaul, Paniput, Delhi, and Allyghur, as before. At the last station, he consecrated what he calls "one of the prettiest little churches in India; Grecian, with tower and spire, built since 1836, chiefly by Mr. Thornton's efforts." "I hope," he adds, "that I shall not leave a single station without its church, when I arrive (if I ever arrive) at Calcutta."

He stayed for ten days at Agra, and was received by the Hon. Mr. Robertson, the Governor. The Orphan Schools at Secundra greatly interested him. Three hundred children, rescued from the famine of 1838, were sheltered there, and freed from the contamination of Hindooism. Baptised and instructed in childhood, they were to learn different trades, and be prepared for a useful life. The Bishop preached to them in the long arched crypt of an old Mahometan tomb which formed part of their premises, and he left the sermon to be printed as the first fruits of the Agra Orphan Press.

The Agra mission was again in active operation ; and from a wide circle round, the children of the schools were called in to be examined. "As they all sat in little companies," he said, "covering the compound, it was like the five thousand whom our Lord ordered to sit by fifties on the grass."

One night before the company retired, the conversation at government house happened to turn on the spotless purity of the Taj Mahal when viewed by moonlight. The Governor at once ordered his carriage, and drove the Bishop and Mr. Thomason to see it. The moon shone brilliantly, and the effect was magical ; but it could not long engross the Bishop's mind nor drive out daily duties :—

‘As I was walking up and down the grounds, arm-in-arm with the Governor and Mr. Thomason,’ he says, ‘I turned the conversation to our destitution of chaplains, and inquired whether an additional curates Society might not be formed for all India, giving titles to youths educated at Bishop’s College, and ordained by the several Bishops? This society would have the East Indian population particularly in view. We never can have chaplains enough for them, and they are increasing most rapidly. Of course, the plan must be well digested and wisely begun.’

This proved the germ of the “Calcutta additional Clergy Society.”

Having performed more than the usual services, and laid the foundation stones of two churches—one at Secundra, for the orphans, to be called St. John’s; and one for the Civil Station, to be called St. Paul’s—he left Agra on December 8th, and directed his course to Gwalior, Jhansi, Saugor, and Jubbulpoor. These were in the ancient territories of Scindiah, a name so well known in the earlier annals of India; and in all of them bodies of Europeans were located. The journey was quite out of the common track, and the country presented an entirely new character. It was rich in productions, studded with gardens, adorned with superb trees, and varied with hills and water courses. The Bishop was fêted by all the native authorities as he passed through Dholpoor, Antrec, and Dutteah. Now a nuzzur of sweatmeats arrived, on which the whole camp regaled; now dinner was provided for him in a large tent, where the viands to be eaten were covered with gold and silver leaf; now a magnificent procession of elephants came forth to meet him; and now a native durbar (second only to the one at Jyepore) was held to do him honour. “Pomps and vanities surround us,” he says, “but all presents are declined.”

At Gwalior a little company of nineteen Christians was gathered together for divine service on Sunday, December 14th: and on Monday morning he writes:—

‘All my party have gone out; and I am seated alone in the balcony of the ancient palace of Gwalior, which overlooks the town. Oh! when will Gwalior be the Lord’s. When will its fort be turned into a Missionary College.

When will the hum which now fills my ears from the crowded bazaars and streets of this vast native town, be exchanged for hymns of praise to Christ ! It SHALL BE DONE in God's good time.'

After halting at Jhansi, Saugor, and Jubbulpore, the camp turned back, and a journey of two hundred and forty miles, upon a magnificent road, brought them to Allahabad once more. Two thousand six hundred miles had been traversed since leaving Simlah ; and though the Bishop had suffered a good deal from fatigue and variations of temperature, yet his health still stood firm. Having ordained the Rev. W. H. Perkins at Allahabad, diverged from the usual route to visit the Church Missionary Station at Gorruckpore, and called again at Krishnaghur, he arrived safely at Calcutta, on April 3rd, 1841.

'May God be for ever praised and magnified,' he says, 'for all His goodness and mercy during a year and a half. I have attended church once more, though I took no duty. It will require a few days for my mind to calm down to regular occupations. Oh ! for grace, wisdom, power, victory over self, real spirituality, meekness, preparation for suffering.'

He was soon caught in the current of Calcutta business ; and one matter connected with the Professor recently appointed to Bishop's College caused him much anxiety.

The notification of Professor Street's appointment to Bishop's College has been already mentioned. He reached India during the visitation, and at once entered upon his duties. In due time the Bishop made his acquaintance, and thus describes what appeared to be his mingled character :— "Professor Street is about thirty years of age, ripe scholar, iron constitution, fine health, active, enterprising, zealous for missions, prodigal of his strength, rides twenty miles of a morning in the sun, manners good, no great talker : in short, he would have been a capital professor, if he had not been imbued for seven years—steeped—in Tractarianism."

It was not the intention of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at that time to have sent out a man of extreme views. Indeed, a proposed successor to Dr. Mill (Mr., afterwards archdeacon Manning, so well known from

his high talents and subsequent perversion), had been withdrawn, solely and entirely, because, as the secretary informed the Bishop, "he was an avowed Oxford Tract man." But in appointing Mr. Street, they overlooked or disregarded an ominous testimonial from Mr. Newman, of Oriel, in the following terms :—

"He is a gentleman, and a man of serious mind, and sound doctrinal views.—J. H. NEWMAN."

These "sound doctrinal views" were tenaciously held, openly avowed, and widely promulgated. They were diametrically opposed to all that the Bishop, as Visitor of the college, was teaching and preaching. Great embarrassment for many years was the necessary result. At first the Bishop hoped against hope, and used every conciliatory means at his command, to preserve unity, and prevent mischief. When these failed, he spoke words of warning. On May 2nd, he preached his own Ordination sermon. The subject was "The sufficiency of Holy Scripture as the Rule of Faith;" and it contained these words:—"I have already answered in part the appeals made to me from every part of the diocese, and I may say India, in various discourses delivered in the progress of my visitation. I seize the first opportunity on my return to the metropolis to lift up, as I am now doing, my warning voice on this occasion of a solemn ordination. Upon one point of detail I think I should be wrong in withholding from you now my intention. It is my design to institute in my future examination for Holy Orders, a more minute inquiry than formerly, as to the sentiments of each candidate on the subject of the sufficiency and completeness of Holy Scripture as laid down in our sixth article, and on the great fundamental doctrines of our faith immediately connected with it. And I shall require, also, of those who are training for catechists such previous assurances, at least six months before they offer themselves for the work, as may satisfy me on this vital point."

Bishop's College, and all India heard these, and many such-like words, for the sermon was printed and widely circulated.

This warning having failed to produce the desired effect in India, a strong remonstrance was written home; and it

was recommended that the Society, without casting any slur upon their Professor, or in any way injuring his prospects, should withdraw him from their college. In earlier days this remonstrance would have produced the desired effect; and the recal of the Professor; (for which there was a precedent) would have restored harmony. But, instead of this, a measure of compromise was resolved on. The Bishop was informed, in courteous terms, that the Society was sensible of its obligations to him, and convinced of the impossibility of working the college effectively so long as there was a want of confidence in the mind of the diocesan. When, therefore, he pronounced any decision condemnatory of the Professor's conduct or doctrine, they should be prepared to meet it by a corresponding resolution on their part. They hoped, however, that such an alteration would take place as would render any further steps unnecessary.

This was throwing upon the Bishop a responsibility he did not choose to take. To recommend, as Visitor of a college, the withdrawal of a professor, was a very different thing from condemning, as Bishop of a diocese, the conduct and doctrine of a presbyter. In his official character, as Visitor, he had remonstrated with the Society, and recommended a certain course; but since they did not think proper to adopt it, he felt freed from all responsibility. His conscience was relieved; and though he grieved daily over what he saw, yet he took no further steps, till called upon to confirm in person, some years after, what he had affirmed in his official letters at this time.

Leaving this matter, we may learn what was passing in Calcutta at the time by extracts, as usual, from his journal-letters.

*'April 6th.*—I met Lord Auckland. He looked full three years and a half older than when I last saw him: as unquestionably his Lordship must think I did. All at Government House were very courteous. I have mounted my ghooht again, and met a member of council this morning in my ride. He seemed to say that government was about to undertake some unfavourable measures.'

*'April 8th.* Every moment is occupied. I have been five days in Calcutta, and four times to my new Cathedral. I ride round the scaffolding and framework of the building

every morning on my ghooont, and watch the progress making, and the different views the Cathedral will present. The sun will not allow me to visit it whilst the men are at work.'

'*Easter Monday, April 12th.* Yesterday we celebrated our Easter. The Governor-General and his family not present; neither were they last Sunday, nor Good Friday. The collection was only one thousand and fifty rupees instead of five or six thousand, when Lord William or Sir Charles were present. The Governor-General's non-attendance encourages the judges, members of council, commander-in-chief, and higher civilians to absent themselves. We had only about five hundred in church.

'*May 25th.* Last night I attended, with the clergy, the entertainment given in Government House, on the Queen's birthday, and made the usual complimentary address. I begged the Governor-General to assure her Majesty of the loyalty of the bishop and clergy, and of their continued prayers to Almighty God for every blessing on her person, family, and government. There was an immense crowd. Dost Mahommed sat on the same sofa with Miss Eden. He is a tall, stout-built, athletic person, of a certain age, not so very intelligent—way-worn—his dress simple, an immense turban, and flowing robe.'

'*July 2nd.* Blessed be thy name, O God, for having preserved me through another year of my pilgrimage. May I enter upon a new course. May I treasure up the few remaining years of life upon earth as precious opportunities for Thy glory in heathen India. I think this must be my last birthday. I enter on my sixty-fourth year. This is the tenth birthday I have spent whilst absent from my native country.'

'*August 21st.* How could you omit mentioning in your letter the glorious Charge of the Bishop of Chester (J. B. Sumner). It is the "Record," of June 7th that contains it. Oh, how the dear bishop grasps the traditionist question, and crushes the serpent's head! I am now quite ashamed of my poor ordination sermon. I could scarcely go on with reading the Charge for joy and gratitude. It is a noble testimony.'

'*September 1st.* I wish you could see our happy ménage just now. Mr. Leupolt, the missionary, and his wife, who have been staying with me, are recovered, and appear in chapel, at the breakfast table, and at dinner also. Their

conversation is so simple and edifying, it does me good.' He reminds me of Swartz. I feel as Obed-edom did, when the ark was under his roof. We sit in the verandah for an hour between dinner and prayers, and talk of the Kingdom of God. Make much of them in England. I can fancy them entering Barnsbury Park, or Huddersfield Vicarage; and telling you how old I look, how feeble I am, how grey; and yet how well for my years, and how cheerful, and able to get through a world of business.'

'*September 7th.* We have formed our additional Clergy Society, resembling your "Additional Curates" and "Pastoral Aid," Societies. I cannot but think that, if God blesses, it will be a glorious thing for the diocese. It will, of course, be a long time getting into play, because we have to train and prepare the men. We showed the prospectus to the Governor-General this morning, for we shall want his concurrence in military stations.'

As the cold season approached, a short tour was projected to a few stations hitherto unvisited; and the Bishop, having published a Report of his Cathedral, in which he entered into details concerning the state of the works, the style of architecture, the estimates, the amount contributed, the sums required, the spiritual objects in view, and the probable course of things when the consecration should have taken place; left Calcutta on October 6th. Having spent a short time at Barrackpore, Burdwan, and Chinsurah, he embarked in the *Experiment* steamer, and went round to Dacca, proceeding from thence to the hitherto unvisited stations of Sylhet and Cherra Poonjee. His own descriptions will give the best idea of these two places.

'*SYLHET, Sunday Morning, November 7th.* Here I am, blessed be God, with my sermons on my table, and two volumes of the Life of William Wilberforce, taken down from the library, which I dipped into with delight last evening. It is three years since I read it last. What exquisite piety! What consistency! What walking with God! Oh! may his sons not dishonour such a father. I don't like the archdeacon's tone of divinity.

'I addressed pretty strongly a party of sixteen here, at family prayers, last night: and am now thinking what sermon I can best select for a station where a chaplain has not been for a single day for three years, and where I shall



preach only once. I think St. John v. 24, will give me as much scope as any. "These things I say that ye might be saved." May the Lord help me!

'Mr. Scaly's house, in which I am, is perched, like a bird's nest, on the top of a little hill, perhaps one hundred and twenty feet high. But, as it is a cone, the whole circuit of the plains, covered with verdant and thick vegetation, stretches around to the horizon with its green mantle. The contrast with the heats and mosquitoes of the steamer is inexpressible.'

'CHERRA POONJEE.—We are four thousand feet above the plains. The thermometer in the garden at six o'clock in the morning is 56°; in the house, and with a fire, at eight o'clock it is 67°. A wild kind of journey of fourteen hours brought us here. We went fifteen miles in a covered boat from Chuttaek; then mounted elephants; then I got into a tonjon with bearers, and Mr. Pratt rode on a pony. The place is very bleak; and though doubly and trebly clothed, and sitting by a fire, I am not warm. I have now visited all the hills but Darjeeling. Cherra Poonjee is not much frequented, for the water is bad, and the climate a perpetual rain. The distance from Calcutta is only three hundred and sixty miles, but the access is difficult. Sometimes more good is done in these desolate places than in much larger ones. At Chuttaek (Mr. Inglis') we had a family of seven, and many were in tears during the service. Three were confirmed, and the whole seven partook of the Holy Sacrament.

'We are on the south-eastern frontiers of our wonderful empire. The Hill people are from Thibet and China. They raise rude altars on the tops of mountains, and offer goats in sacrifice. We had divine service on Friday; congregation only fifteen; but so attentive, it was delightful to observe them. On Sunday there were two services, and Holy Communion.'

'*Tuesday, November 16th.*—We are now on our way to Calcutta, which I understand is getting worse and worse under present influences. The theatre is triumphing in some new London actresses. Boxes are advertised for the half year. The dissipation and vice in our comparatively petty population is incredible. I see a string of meetings for the races for two months, with all the consequent dining, betting, and ruin. We have two Sunday newspapers to help on Satan's work. Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!'

*‘Thursday, November 18th.*—Our friends here seem to have thought that they could not do enough for us. Sheep, poultry, potatoes, coals, servants, all were placed at our disposal; and this morning the captain of our steamer has shown me the following note—

“I have the pleasure to send you ten thousand oranges: one thousand of which, put up in baskets, please to present to the Lord Bishop with my respectful compliments. Of the remainder, pray keep as many as you like, and distribute the rest amongst the crew of the steamer.—GEO. INGLIS.”

‘And here are the ten baskets, with one hundred sweet luscious oranges in each. They are finer than the Portugal. They grow wild on the hills.

‘Having given my booksellers at Calcutta orders to send me the Tractarian controversy publications, I have now in my cabin rather more than I can manage—twenty-one new works, of which eight are very considerable volumes. It is impossible to digest so much theology!’

‘OFF BARRISAUT, *November 23rd.* Our visit here has been most affecting and interesting, from the reception into the Protestant faith and church of four Roman Catholics, and their subsequent confirmation and communion. My second Visitation, began July 10th, 1838, is now, November 23rd, 1841, through God’s mercy, closed. The third is to commence next August, should life and health be continued. I am more and more convinced of the immense importance of this practice of our church. It is the awakening of the diocese, clergy, and flocks.’

Advent Sunday was spent in Calcutta—which was soon thoroughly and rudely awakened from its dream of dissipation. His own journals will convey the best idea of what passed in the interval between his arrival, and the commencement of his Third Visitation.

‘*Friday, December 10th, 1841.* Never was anything equal to the consternation throughout India at the tragedy in Caubul. The accounts of Monday were rather more cheering. But that a general insurrection has taken place, and is as yet unquelled, is certain. Lord Auckland, and the Council, were sitting till near midnight on Friday, and Lord Auckland and Miss Eden were walking by moonlight after-

wards on the roof of Government House to calm their minds, till one in the morning. The Burmese war, or the Nepaulese, were nothing to this. May God, in the shaking of the nations, bring on the Kingdom of Christ. And oh! that governments would honour God, depend on Him, and not boast of self power!’

‘*January 8th, 1842.* There is an overwhelming report that our army in Caubul has capitulated. Lord Auckland is thin, low, and dejected.’

‘*January, 22nd.* The appalling tidings of the murder of Sir W. H. Macnaghten has filled all Calcutta with fear and astonishment. I met — and — at the Asiatic Society in the evening. They were thunderstruck—never anything like it had occurred in India! Oh! may God give our country and our rulers hearts to feel, and eyes to see.’

‘*March 3rd.* On Tuesday the new Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, arrived amidst the thundering of cannon. I was attending at the time a meeting to address Lord Auckland, which was most crowded, unanimous, and enthusiastic. I proposed the Address, and said I should have abstained from attending a meeting of that nature, as a minister of religion, but for the calamities of Affghanistan. These determined me to attend, even if I had stood alone. Our Governor-General was entitled, not only to common obedience and loyalty, but to sympathy and love. I said that I differed from him on many points, but that was no reason why I should not testify my esteem for his suavity of character, impartiality, love for the natives, and general philanthropy. I afterwards called at Government House, but did not see Lord Ellenborough. He is described as being just the opposite of Lord Auckland. ‘We all tremble for the Ark of God.’

‘*July 3rd.* I struck off a new sermon again last evening after tea, that is, after nine o’clock, as I have done three times lately. I find I can write a new sermon as quickly as I can make myself master of an old one. I am now turning earnestly to the preparation of my Charge, which may God aid me in.’

‘*August 19th.* I have been working very hard at my poor Charge, and have completed the fourth transcript. But, alas, I find, on reading it, that I must cut out thirty pages to reduce it to an hour and three-quarters in delivery. August 24th is the appointed day.’

‘*August 23rd.* I turn now to thee, Oh, my Saviour!

before I close my eyes this eve. Grant me sleep to restore my body and mind; and grant me grace, wisdom, tenderness, and fidelity to-morrow. It is thy work. O Lord.'

Some portion of the correspondence carried on during the four years included in this chapter, will follow these extracts.

#### TO THE REV. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM.

'CALCUTTA, *January, 1838.*

'I still crave more advice and admonition on the part of such old friends as yourself. It is very hard work to struggle up the hill of difficulty, even as respects one's own salvation. But when we have to draw up with us clergy, societies, committees, flocks, how much is the effort increased! But God will help. There are few things I am more afraid of than being made a sort of stalking-horse for evangelical battles. The idea that because I hold such and such doctrines, and entertain such and such sentiments, and was brought up in such a circle of interior and devoted friends, *all India is of course to be converted*, cannot but be hateful to the Lord, who loveth only the contrite in heart, and "scattereth the proud in the imagination of their hearts." But all is finding its level. The bloom of novelty is rubbed off. I am forced to stand the same steady, unbending Churchman now, that I had done for thirty-five years at home. I am forced to adopt the general principles of church order in my particular province, with fearless superiority to the momentary prejudices of friends or of opponents. Of course, this is not popular, as it was never intended to be; for, "if I please men, I am not the servant of Christ." But it awaits the last great day.'

#### TO THE REV. DR. PEARSON, DEAN OF SALISBURY.

'DELHI, *November, 1840.*

'Every step I take becomes more and more important; and I must be so near my great account, that I am most anxious to END WELL. I find spiritual matters between God and my own soul often at a low ebb. And yet without humility, prayer, love, and simplicity of heart, what are we before God? Dead. Oh! for daily visita-

tions of grace ; for a reviving again in our bondage ; for the union of zeal and love to Christ, with discretion, wisdom, and real spiritual prudence.

This Cathedral business is the most anxious, weighty, arduous enterprise I ever ventured on. I knew, if I had not seized the moment when a church of some kind was urgently wanted, and an opportunity of building it occurred, the thing would have been gone for ever. I knew, that if I did not lead the way, none would follow. I thought, also, the time might be come for a Protestant Missionary body, as the beginning of a Native Church, to be established. I had no time for much deliberation. If I had not plunged in, the Cathedral would never have been built.

‘I will not spoil it, except as the climate compels. The climate forbids the use of stone except as facings—or rather the enormous expense of procuring stone forbids. The climate forbids large clustered pillars and low side aisles, and requires everything to be open, free, and lofty for ventilation. The climate demands punkahs, and perhaps, venetian blinds. Having to build a parish church primarily, and make it a Cathedral, I am compelled to make my choir long, and this curtails or rather abolishes my nave for a century. I leave to my successors to erect a nave of one hundred and fifty feet.’

#### TO HIS ELDEST SISTER, MRS. BATEMAN.

‘CALCUTTA, *January*, 1838.

‘You ask me to give a kind word of advice to my dear niece on her contemplated marriage. I have been accustomed to say at Marriage Festivals—

‘1. Let Christ be a guest spiritually, as he was at Cana : that is, believe in Him, love Him, pray to Him, aim in all things at His glory. If Christ be thus an invited guest, he will turn the water, as it were, into wine : common blessings into heavenly ones.

‘2. Show the same attentions and delicacy of regard after marriage as before—the same anxiety to gratify—the same little marks of a desire to please.

‘3. Do not both be out of humour together : but if one is disturbed, let the other be more than usually kind and placid.

‘4. Let each observe God’s order as to the relations and

duties of married persons, the Husband to love, honour, cherish, protect the wife; the Wife to yield, obey, honour, comfort the husband.

‘5. If differences arise, let the wife, as in the inferior relation, yield.

‘6. Let the wife consult the interests of her husband, his success in life, his necessary plans of domestic economy, his anxiety to provide things honest in the sight of all men. Married families are ruined by the freaks, caprices, foolish opposition to frugality, love of show of the wife, as often as by the speculations of the husband.

‘7. Aim at making the house agreeable, attractive, and consolatory to your husband: the source of his most pleasing associations.

‘8. Pray together daily in secret, as well as in the family worship.

‘9. Do not be surprised at failings in either party. You are not angels: but feeble, corrupt, sinful human beings.’

#### TO HIS BROTHER, GEORGE WILSON.

‘JHANSI, December, 1840.

‘I must write you a line to assure you of my continued sympathy under your long, long illness. Among those who have been brought up, my dear brother, as you and I have, in the knowledge of the truth, and who have too long resisted practical obedience to it, the *grand* point is the subjection of the proud, haughty will to the yoke of Christ—the humiliation of the entire soul under a perception of our lost estate—the silence of the heart under the condemning voice of the Law—the deep *conviction* of our sinfulness. When this is gained, all goes on rapidly. The knowledge of Christ, which before lay barren in the mind, begins to fructify. The soul casts itself on the bosom of Omnipotent mercy. The blood of atonement is sprinkled by faith on the conscience. Peace with God gradually ensues by the grace of the Holy Spirit. There is a danger, however, from a religious education not being improved, of our getting our head full of vapid objections, idle tales, prejudices against religious persons, battlings between different doctrines of the gospel, and blasphemous suppositions about the foreknowledge and purposes of God. *All these are bred in the quagmire of human pride and corruption.*

One grain of humility over-weighs them. A broken and contrite heart falls at the feet of Almighty God and pleads for mercy, instead of daring to speculate on infinity.'

#### TO THE SAME.

'BISHOP'S PALACE, April, 1841.

'The impression made upon my mind by your last letter is that you are in the right way; only struggle towards the *heavenly city*, and you will gradually make progress, and at length obtain peace of conscience. We have received answer enough to our preceding prayers, if we are enabled to pray again. It is the continuing in Christ's word which constitutes a disciple indeed. The importunity of the widow with the unjust judge was at last successful in the case of the selfish wretch who feared not God, neither regarded man. And shall not importunity prevail with a Father of mercies who can never be wearied, who has no selfishness to contend with, but is infinitely more ready to hear than we can be to pray? Don't be in a hurry with God. If God had been in a hurry with you, where would you have been? He waited for you with all long-suffering for these thirty or forty or more years. *Wait now for Him.* You don't know your own heart yet; you must go deeper into its chambers of imagery. By-and-bye the Lord will shine upon you. To that Lord I commend you.'

#### TO THE SAME.

'CALCUTTA, November, 1841.

'Never look within, without also looking without. Never pore upon your evil heart without lifting your eyes to Christ at the same time, as the full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world. As to "the Spirit witnessing with your spirit," it does so already, though you may not yet be able to make it out. The sun must shine in order that the gnomon may point out the hour. Christ must shine into the heart before the witness of the Spirit can be discovered. And you are not to look within for your salvation—you are not to be too much in search of comfort—you are not to look to self—*Christ is the grand object*, and faith in Him the grand matter. Our subsequent obedience must be the fruit of faith, and not the

tree itself. Besides, you have the witness of the Spirit thus :—The sacred Scriptures lay down such and such a way of salvation. I humbly acquiesce in that revealed method. I cast myself, as a vile and wretched sinner, on the sacrifice of Christ. I am conscious that I do this not hypocritically but sincerely. I desire to seek, serve, and obey God, and to mortify my tempers. I take pleasure in the concerns of my soul. I have done with the world, and politics, and literature, and folly. I delight in prayer. I mourn that I cannot love Christ more. I am a most feeble creature, but “Christ is all and in all.” Well, here, my beloved George, is the witness of the Spirit, testifying, together with the scriptural evidences to which your mind or spirit testifies, that you are a child of God. But it may take years to have this cleared up, and we must wait; we must not dictate to God; we must only wonder humbly if such sinners as we are can get to heaven at all. The pride of our hearts must not put on a religious garb. Religious self-will is worse than any other. Farewell.’

#### TO THE ISLINGTON CLERICAL MEETING.

*CALCUTTA, July, 1839.*

‘You will be probably convening at my beloved son’s when these lines reach the shores of England. More than seven long and most important and swiftly gliding years have passed since I last met you in person in January, 1832, in the same study where you are now assembling. But little did I think that I should ever have the honour and happiness to lay before you so glorious a design for the spiritual good of India, as I now wish to propose.

‘I had long been waiting for a favourable moment to give consistency and stability to our missionary efforts. The opportunity has arisen unexpectedly. I was called on urgently to erect a large church in the very heart of our Christian population. I immediately resolved to amplify the design, and build a Protestant Cathedral Church for the Bishop, with endowments for five or six missionaries, so as to open a new focus of light and grace, and give permanence to the blessed cause in the sight of the idolatrous hosts of Hindooism at Calcutta.

‘For twenty-five years this Protestant diocese has wanted a principal church. I calculate that six lacs or 60,000*l*.



will suffice. Two lacs will provide endowments for five or six prebendaries to preach the gospel, hold conferences with learned natives, deliver lectures on the evidences, visit the sick, read in bazaars, penetrate the surrounding villages, train up a school of the prophets, catechise catechumens, assist the chaplains in Sunday and daily duties, &c. I propose throwing open these prebends to learning, talents, deep evangelical piety, and adaptation for missionary work in European, Indo-Briton, and Native youth. The four other lacs I destine for the buildings themselves, which, though small and modest, like Canterbury in the sixth century under Augustine and his followers, must yet be of some magnitude. Not a foot of room will be wasted, nor a single rupee squandered. No foolish pretence of amplitude or ornament will be allowed. The building is for the Lord, and not for man. If David can only collect the money and prepare the materials; Solomon will be raised up hereafter, in my successor, to complete the sacred plan.

‘My honoured brethren will judge whether this plan commends itself to them, as it does to me; and if it does, they will aid me in their several circles. A little from each of their wide parishes would soon fill my coffers.

‘And now, brethren, I commend myself to your prayers, and love, and sympathy. God has made me a wonder unto many and to myself; but in my sixty-second year I cannot look for prolonged capacity for public duty. May I be found with my lamp burning and my loins girded, that when my Lord cometh, I may open to him immediately. There is nothing worth living for but Christ, and He is indeed worth living for, and worth dying for too. Nothing but the atonement of Christ for justification—nothing but the Spirit and sanctifying grace of Christ for obedience to the will of God—nothing but the power of Christ for victory over every enemy—nothing but the blessed example of Christ for the pattern of lovely and meek holiness—nothing but the mercy of Christ for the hope of everlasting life at last!

‘As I grow older, my religion is much more simple. None but Christ. None but Christ. I am weary of novelties in doctrine, morals, discipline, church-order. I am of the old school of Romaine (whom I remember as a boy in 1792—5), Newton, Cecil, Foster, Robinson, Venn (the elder, whom I once, and once only, saw), and above all, Thomas Scott and Joseph Milner.

‘I pray my younger brethren to distrust all the plausible theories and over-statements and exaggerations of the day. I have seen such rise and expire like the “crackling of thorns under a pot,” twenty times. Neologism is infidelity under another name. Traditionism is semi-popery, with its usurpation of the place of Almighty God speaking in his inspired Scriptures to man. Claims of miracles, voices, prophecies, are a mere “smoke in the nostrils, and a burning all the day.” Excessive statements or dogmatical details on what is termed the personal reign (the personal advent, the whole Church has ever believed in) of our Lord is a delusion of the great and subtle enemy. However, some of these errors are less pernicious than the controversies which I can remember on super-Calvinism and Arminianism in the days of Wesley, Toplady, and Dr. Hawker. But my beloved brethren will forgive an old man, who is perhaps too cautious, sometimes, after all he has witnessed during a long life.’

#### TO THE REV. JOSIAH PRATT.

‘SIMLAH, *June*, 1840.

‘My time must soon now come to deliver up the account of my stewardship, and I have scarcely yet begun to learn the real and weighty duties of my office. Indeed, indeed, I feel my unworthiness before God and his Church! Oh! that I might end well, as our Father Scott used to say. I have taken good care to avoid another evil which the same holy man dreaded—that of leaving so much money behind him, that people might say “I wonder where he got it from!” Do not fail to write to me while you and I are in this tabernacle, knowing that we must soon put it off; and, though posthumous fame is an empty name, yet POSTHUMOUS USEFULNESS is what Moses and St. Peter aimed at. Every one of your letters will advance this.’

#### TO BRIGADIER -

‘SIMLAH, *August*, 1840.

‘Your charitable and candid spirit engages my affectionate confidence. And whilst you read, as Commandant and brigadier of the station, some of the prayers of our Apostolic Church, and sermons approved by myself, during the

vacancy of the chaplaincy, you have my best thanks. I shall lose no time in recommending a chaplain, the first moment it may be in my power. And it delights me to think that you will be aiding and assisting him, when he may arrive, in his labours and services as the appointed pastor of the flock.

‘Will you allow me to say that your still thinking yourself to be “of no Church” is not quite necessary. I hope to see you a steady and consistent member of the Church of England in India. Its Liturgy I know you love—its thirty-nine Articles I am sure you approve—its Homilies I am persuaded you admire, or would admire when you read them.

‘Our Church government approaches the nearest to the scriptural model. As Timothy and Titus superintended the pastors and their flocks in Ephesus and Crete, so do the chief pastors or bishops, as they are termed, now in their dioceses. A national establishment is in obedience to the divine examples in the case of the Jews, and in agreement with the evangelical duty of Christian governors to be “nursing fathers” to their people.

‘Nor can Baptism stand in your way; if you have a family of dear little ones, you would bring them to the Lord to bless them, even as the pious Jew brought his infants to circumcision—would you not?

‘We want no second broad command for (1) one day out of every seven to be a day of rest—for (2) a national establishment of religion—for (3) the privileges of the children of the faithful extending to the initiatory seal of the covenant—for (4) the inspiration of Holy Scripture—for (5) a difference and disparity of names and rank in the ministers of religion—for (6) pious princes supporting and propagating religion in their states, &c.

‘All these, and many other like points, having been once, decisively, and by the confession of all, directed by Almighty God, go on of course under the New Testament. Nothing changed under the Gospel, but ceremonial rites and usages, and not one of these is ceremonial.

‘In all our missions, he that believeth is baptised with “his house,” as the jailor and Lydia were. If the children of the faithful grow up in unbelief, they must repent or perish; but on their repentance, the seal of the covenant already received by them, assures them of acceptance and pardon in the blood of Christ.

‘Nothing else can, I hope, stand in your way as a difficulty insurmountable. The piety of individual Ministers must ever depend on the Holy Ghost—and if another form of Church government were to be established to-morrow, it would only make matters, upon the whole and in the long run, worse; because the checks and aid of our sublime and scriptural Liturgies and Articles, and the superintendence of our Bishops, would be wanting.

‘He that expects to see a perfect Church, a perfect Liturgy, perfect Articles, perfect Ministers, will wait in vain. There is no Church now existing upon earth more nearly approaching the Apostolic model in all its principles, than our own. Nor is there any which has been so much the bulwark of Protestantism for three centuries in the western world.

‘That our Church is not perfect, I admit—that objections may be made to this or that single expression in her services, I allow—that her ministers vary in talent, piety, learning, and zeal in different ages, I do not dispute. But I would affectionately submit to you whether communion with our Church, imperfect as it is, is not more for the glory of Christ and the furtherance of the Gospel, than an undecided state of mind, which, if universal, would throw everything into doubt and confusion and enthusiasm and disorder.

‘Therefore, my beloved friend, I shall throw my skirt around you, and claim you as a fellow-member of our Church, till you can find a purer, a more scriptural, a more edifying liturgy, articles, and services, than our own.’

## CHAPTER XVI.



### FIRST METROPOLITICAL VISITATION.

1842—1845.

Bishop's First Metropolitcal Charge—Quinquennial visitation—Pensions for Bishops—Minutes of conference with Suffragan Bishops—Madras—Bishop Spencer—Tanjore—Tinnevely—Palamcottah—Sivian Churches—Open missions set up—Bombay—Journal-letters—Futtlipore—Nynceethal—Simlah—Sermons on Epistle to the Colossians—Gift to his Cathedral—Lodianah—Umballah—Seized with jungle fever—His dangerous state—Mr. Pratt's Narrative—Bishop's reflections—Ordered home—Sails for England—Correspondence.

THE Bishop's Charge was delivered to the assembled clergy in the presence of a large congregation on Wednesday, August 24th. It was of the same uncompromising character as the former, but took a wider range. The supremacy of Holy Scripture as the sole rule of faith, had been before asserted: the whole system of Tractarianism, as teaching "another gospel," was now condemned. After having laid open the statistics of the diocese, and exhorted the clergy to obtain a firm grasp of vital truth, to love and honour the church, to be diligent pastors and habitual students, he enters upon the controverted question, and discusses it at great length.

He refutes the accusation that by claiming Supremacy for Holy Scripture, wild expositions are encouraged and church polity laid waste. He asserts that the Bible has a genuine and proper sense of its own, and that it may be understood and is understood, in all main points, like all other books, according to the talents, diligence, humility, and other advantages of each reader; and he asks whether God shall be uppermost or man? whether man shall impose a sense on Scripture, or receive a sense from Scripture? whether the Church shall take the first place, or the Bible retain its proper authority as the inspired word of God? He shows how tractarianism assimilates with popery, and describes graphically the Church of Rome as observing with watchful eyes

and suppressed joy, the present movement and advances of the Church of England. Words of caution follow, lest the clergy should be driven to the opposite extreme: whilst Tract No. 90 is condemned without reserve:—"Nothing so dishonourable," he says, "to a clergyman has occurred in our church since the time when the blessed reformation exempted us for ever, as we hoped, from these popish errors." Finally the overthrow of the whole system after a period of anxiety and trouble is anticipated:—"The moment the spell is burst, men will stand amazed, that in a day like the present, and in the fairest of all the protestant churches, a regular system, I had almost said CONSPIRACY, to bring back popery, should be tolerated for a moment. To have worked back from light into darkness, will appear, what it really is, portentous. The deep movement which has been excited will take, as we trust, a higher course, and lead an awakened Church to recognise and embrace the real substance of vital religion. The modern Babel will then rush to its fall; and with it the New Testament Babylon itself will sink, as we hope, to rise no more, and the glory of the latter day come in." This brief summary, however, conveys no impression of the Charge itself. It must be read if any true idea would be formed of its clear reasoning and masculine vigour. It was much enlarged by additions made when it was delivered at Madras, Colombo, Palamcottah, and Bombay. Appendices were also added on various important points, both doctrinal and practical; so that when finally published in 1843, both in India and England, it had swelled to a pamphlet of an hundred and fifty pages, and took a prominent place in the controversy then being carried on.

The Visitation, of which it was the precursor, was not a common one. The Act of Parliament constituting the new Indian dioceses had contemplated a visit by the Metropolitan, as such, every five years; but it was doubtful for a time whether effect would be given to this intention. The Indian Government absolutely refused to provide the necessary means; and the Home Government hinted at withholding the allowance usual on such occasions "unless strong grounds could be shown for the necessity of it." The objections urged were twofold: first, that the visit of the Metropolitan was unreasonable, "except on particular emergencies;" and secondly, that though "authorised by the Letters Patent, he was not compelled to make it." The answer to which on the part of the Bishop was, first, that

he felt bound in conscience to perform the duty assigned to him by law; secondly, that if the provision fell into disuse, it could not without great difficulty be restored; thirdly, that the novelty of the whole Episcopate in India required supervision and union; fourthly, that personal reasons made it desirable; and fifthly, that it would involve but little expense and require but little time—one month at each Presidency being quite sufficient.

The Bishop knowing the importance of precedents in India, pressed these reasons; and, supported strongly by the Archbishop of Canterbury, he prevailed. In October, 1841, he had what he calls "excellent tidings" from Leadenhall Street. They were thus expressed:—"It will be satisfactory to your Lordship to know that your repeated and forcible representations of the paucity of chaplains have attracted the attention due to them, and that the Court have resolved to complete the establishment to the full number which was prospectively fixed, viz., fifty-one; and to make due provision for the length of time which usually elapses before vacancies are supplied, by allotting twelve assistant chaplains for appointment, in anticipation of vacancies, which it is hoped will thus be supplied at the moment of the occurrence. This arrangement is officially announced to the government of India, by the present mail: which also conveys our answer to the question regarding your lordship's quinquennial visitations to Madras and Bombay, and which answer your lordship will find to be generally in accordance with the view you have taken of the subject."

'How can I be thankful enough to Almighty God,' the Bishop remarks upon this, 'for his repeated goodness! What blessings does He vouchsafe! Everything is granted me one after another. The Court's acknowledgment of my metropolitanical duties is very important. If the Act is obtained for my visit home, and the due payment of the income assigned me in the Letters Patent, another step will be gained.'

'Here also he was partially successful. An Act of Parliament was passed, at his instance, not only enabling him, but the bishops of Madras and Bombay also, to go home, on certain conditions and certain allowances, for a period of eighteen months. Provision was also made for the re-

moval of the senior suffragan bishop to Calcutta, with adequate remuneration, during the absence of the Metropolitan. This was a great boon to the Indian Episcopate.

The other application, however, failed; and seven hundred pounds per annum were still deducted from the salary legally allotted to him, by some inexplicable quibble in the manner of exchange, and the meaning of the word "current rupee."

The Visitation therefore now commencing, though the third ordinary, was the first Metropolitan one; and no pains were spared to render it useful. Unity of action in all the dioceses was manifestly a point of great importance, and to promote it, a long minute was prepared, with forty-two topics for discussion and arrangement, embracing not only ecclesiastical matters, such as the erection and consecration of churches, the relation between the clergy and the military, the question of marriages, fees, &c.; but unity of doctrine, vigilance in checking error, dealings with missionary committees, correspondence with government, appeals, and the preparation of a body of canons for India. The importance of such questions to the welfare of the Indian church will be at once discerned.

On the evening of August 24th, after having entertained a party of fifty-four clergy and students at the palace, the Bishop embarked in the sailing yacht *Julia*, Captain Tingle, with Mr. Pratt and Dr. Goodeve for his companions, and dropped down the river, bound first for the Straits of Malacca. The steamer *Diana* was made available to quicken his movements in those narrow seas: and having visited, as in former years, Moulmein, Penang, Malacca, and Singapore, he stretched across to Madras, and landed on the 23rd November. The Marquis of Tweeddale was the Governor, Dr. Spencer the Bishop, the Rev. H. Harper the Archdeacon, Rev. J. Tucker the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society:—and with all these he was in immediate communication. Many anxious matters had to be discussed, many difficult questions settled, many wounds healed. He stayed twenty days, delivered his Charge, preached many times, performed a modified course of duty, and then departed for Ceylon. •

'Never,' he says, 'had I a more difficult series of duties



to discharge since I came to India. The office of Metropolitan is indeed more important than I could have conceived.' \*

The Bishop of Madras was himself on visitation, and the ship *Julia* (having landed the Metropolitan at Negapatam, on the coast) carried him on his way to Trincomalee.

From Negapatam, the journey to Tanjore was performed by land, and, on December 17th, the Bishop of Calcutta found himself once more received into the same Residency (though alas ! death had entered it, and changed the Residents) as in former years.

To animate these missions, and confirm as Metropolitan the decision he had passed as Bishop, was his great object. He found the mission much strengthened ; but caste was not destroyed. Bishop Corrie dealt gently with it ; and Bishop Spencer had to learn its evils. The present visit, therefore, was not ill-timed ; for seven years had weakened the impression made by the former one in 1836. The venerable Kohlhoff still survived, in his eighty-first year ; and the native priest, Nyana-pragasen, in his ninety-third. The native Christians flocked in crowds to church from Tanjore and all the surrounding villages, and were startled by the determined and uncompromising condemnation of Caste to which they listened. "On its being honestly and irrevocably abolished," said the Bishop, "the life of these missions depends." On Christmas Day, services were held for both Europeans and natives, and four hundred native communicants assembled round the Lord's table. No confirmation was administered, nor any conference held, because of an unwillingness to interfere in any way with the functions of the proper diocesan.\*

\* The reader may feel anxious to know the present state of this Mission at Tanjore : and a letter received from Dr. Lealtry, Bishop of Madras, whilst these sheets were passing through the press, will afford the desired information. After referring to Bishop Wilson's "wise instructions and directions," and to the conduct of the Missionaries of that day, which he describes as greatly wanting in firmness, he goes on to say, "When I came here, I found Caste almost as rampant and mischievous as ever. I spoke strongly on the subject, and I was glad to find on my second visitation, that the Missionaries themselves had determined to act vigorously. They proposed a test in order to ascertain who adhered to this baneful system. The test was that all the agents and servants of the Mission should take a meal together with their brethren and the Missionaries. It will scarcely be believed, that many refused the test, and preferred resigning their employment as Catechists. The immediate result, however, has been most beneficial. There has been a great increase of earnestness amongst those who took the test—more spirituality in the congregation—and manifestations of good feeling amongst the people generally. The result would have been

A hasty visit was also paid to Trichinopoly ; and, after five nights' travelling, and nine times preaching in sixteen days, the Bishop returned to Negapatam, and, finding his ship ready, sailed for Trincomalee. Here, "being almost worn out," he rested for six days, and was refreshed by the intercourse and friendship of his brother of Madras.

On January 5th the whole party embarked at Trincomalee, and, having narrowly escaped shipwreck, arrived safely at Colombo. Here the Charge was again delivered, and a clause introduced, interdicting the clergy from coffee plantations and speculations. The several stations having been duly visited, the vessel's head was turned towards Tutocorin, from whence the southern missions of Timnevelly, Palamcotta, and Nazareth (not hitherto visited) were accessible. But the wind and weather forbade ; and after much difficulty, a landing was effected at a desolate spot called Poovera, above twenty-five miles from Cape Comorin. No food, no shelter, no means of communication presented themselves for some time : but at length, after great fatigue, Palamcotta was reached in the night of the 29th January, 1843.

Most interesting services commenced the next morning. At dawn of day one hundred catechists and schoolmasters delivered to him a poetical composition in Tamul, congratulating him on his safe arrival. Station after station was then visited : Missionary after missionary conferred with. "There are glorious beginnings here," he said ; "and it is delightful to talk with such calm, well-educated, pious, devoted, sensible men, who know what they are about. I have written to the Bishop of Madras to express my wonder at these blessed missions, and to say that there must be twenty-four more missionaries sent out—twelve from each Society ; for now the harvest languishes for want of reapers. What is England about with her drivelling controversies, whilst India is in vain stretching out her hands to God." He went about everywhere preaching—now in finished, now in unfinished churches—now in tents, and now in the open air ; but he held that his chief work lay with the missionaries themselves ; and when, on the last day of his visit, he found ten surrounding him, he made them a farewell address, condensing the advice he had previously, and occasionally, given

still more satisfactory had there not risen up a class of Lutheran Missionaries, who admit the Caste distinctions, and have received those who left our missions on account of it. Many would not have withdrawn at all, if this  
ing had not been held out to them."

them. In the evening, after divine service and a sermon by Mr. Pratt, they presented a touching and beautiful address, acknowledging the Bishop's kindness, and entreating his prayers.

He turned now to the Syrian Churches ; and a journey of fourteen hours from Trivandum, brought him first to Quilon and thence to Cottayam. The reader will not have forgotten what passed at the previous visit. But he has now to learn that all the measures then suggested for the improvement of that ancient church :—for the extension of education, the elevation of the clergy, the eradication of error, had been absolutely rejected. Even the very donation of one thousand rупees left by the Bishop, which was intended as a kind of first-fruits of an endowment for the Church, was treated as a bribe, and refused. The moment he had retired, the bow returned to its usual bent ; the Metran was again in the ascendant ; and the Church had sunk too low to desire or to compel a reformation. So far had this gone, that a covenant was entered into, to forbid all further intercourse with the missionaries, and to withdraw all deacons from the college. What sinister influence might have been at work, did not appear. One unworthy clergyman, a chaplain of the Company, had travelled through the country telling the people that crucifixes, and prayers for the dead, and all the superstitions learnt from Rome, were right ; and that the missionaries and their doctrines were all wrong. but his visit had been short, and he had been forbidden to repeat it. It needed not this to unveil the matter. Further acquaintance with the Metran and the leading men had developed deep-seated evils, and explained the distaste for any change. And the only course apparently left was, to set up an open Mission. This course had been accordingly adopted by the missionaries, and sanctioned by the Bishop of Madras ; under whose licence they were all now acting. A great change was thus produced. Handsome churches were in the course of erection. The property attached to the college, which had been jointly held, was now divided. The old buildings had been left for the Syrians, and new ones, already containing seventy pupils, had been raised for the Missionaries. Primary schools were multiplying on all hands, and about seven hundred children were under instruction. So that mingled with some regret for the past, there was good promise for the future.

At Cottayam seven missionaries were assembled to receive

the Bishop's charge. Divine service was celebrated: Holy Sacrament administered: the new College examined:—and then he passed on through Allepie to Cochin; and on February 17th embarked for Bombay.

The voyage was long and weary, and he did not arrive till the 13th March.

"Hurry, pressure, confusion:" such is the first entry in the journal at Bombay. "The Bishop is an 'angel,' so sweet, humble, and spiritually-minded:" such is the second entry. The Charge was once again delivered: a controversy was settled about the erection of a Memorial to the troops who fell in Affghanistan: an address was delivered on laying the foundation stone of a college in memory of Sir Robert Grant: much pleasant intercourse was held with the Governor, Sir George Arthur: all the places endeared by former recollections were revisited: and then on April 3rd the Bishop once more embarked, and after calling at Goa on his way, reading through a volume of St. Augustine, and suffering from an attack of gout, he reached Calcutta in safety on Saturday, May 12th.

Thus ended a journey by land and water of eight thousand seven hundred miles. On Sunday he preached a thanksgiving sermon from Psalm lxxi. 14, 16; and on Monday he writes:—

'I have not yet been able to compose my mind. The change is so great. But oh! may God give me wisdom and understanding to go in and out before this so great people; and especially to stand firm and unmoved in defence of the Gospel. I have preached eighty sermons during my absence.'

Journal-letters will, as usual, describe the course of events in Calcutta till the visitation was resumed.

'*July 10th.* On Monday the thirty-eighth meeting of our Cathedral Committee went off charmingly. We are raising now the walls of the tower. We have funds for a year or more from this time. Then our way will, I expect, be dark and boggy: vast supplies required, and everything standing still! A grand effort will be required to raise subscriptions. But I may be called away long before this. God will then provide friends and helpers, and His will, His glory, His providence, His grace, do all! On Tuesday we had our meeting

of the additional clergy Society. It appears that we have received about twenty-five thousand rupees; and our first clergyman is now at work at Bhaugulpore. God be pleased to bless. Lord Ellenborough has returned to Barrackpore, where Mr. W. W. Bird went to meet him. The next day he resumed his seat in council, and appointed Mr. Bird, Governor of Bengal. His plans will depend on tidings from home. He wrote his Somnauth proclamation entirely himself.'

'*July 28th.* The other morning, in my early drive, I met Captain Greene at my cathedral. He was walking up and down in the vault which is being built for me under the communion table. It will be about thirty feet by eighteen, and six feet high. I could not but think, as I joined Captain Greene, and walked up and down the abode of death with him, how soon I might be called to lay down my pastoral staff, and rest in that bed or grave, as to my mortal frame, till the Resurrection morn. Oh! for actual preparation for the midnight cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh." Oh! for affections weaned from earth.'

'*August 11th.* I have not been well. I have not the strength nor spirits I had. I have not preached for some time, and I doubt whether I shall ever be myself again. Can I wonder that nature decays at the age of sixty-six? Ought I not rather to wonder that I have been preserved in health for eleven years since I sailed from England? Perhaps a period of silence and infirmity may be allotted me, or I may be carried off like my beloved friend, Mr. Natt, in a moment. Oh! for Christ to shine fully with all his glory on my soul. Oh! to end well. Blessed Jesus, Saviour, Lord, have mercy upon me. Enable me to stand valiantly for thy truth. Wean me from all sublunary things, and attract me towards heavenly.'

'*September 29th.* I have been holding my twenty-seventh ordination, and delighted have I been in finding four pupils of Bishop's College free from tractarianism. This is the effect, under God's blessing, of the Professor being made perfectly aware of my sentiments, and honourably abstaining from inculcating these errors on the students, and also of the youths themselves having right principles.'

'*October 7th.* On Tuesday I held my general confirmation: a larger comparative number than ever. The attention was great, and many of the young people in tears. I pursued my usual course.'

‘October 17th. *Steamer : bound for Ghazeepoor.* Now I shall have a fortnight of exclusion and calm, for self-recollection, penitence, and prayer. I have the utmost need of these exercises. I seem to have been drifted away from my moorings, and carried out by the winds and tide. O blessed Jesus! be Thou my heavenly pilot. Bring back my shattered bark into safe water, and guide me to my desired haven.

‘Our course is now upwards as usual, and involves a retreat to the Hills from April 17th to October 15th, 1844, if the Lord will. To Him be our lives and deaths devoted.’

Thus was the Visitation resumed. The recurrence of it may appear frequent, but the Bishop merely followed the analogy of the English dioceses, and the directions of his letters patent, to visit every three years. It was much more necessary than in England; for India is a land of change. The civilians are always rising in position; the military are always moving from station to station; the chaplains are always changing their spheres of duty: hence, though the ministrations may be the same, the parties ministered unto are often very different; and a Visitation is as useful or necessary every third year as it was the first.

The Bishop was now in the *Plat*, a large flat-bottomed and convenient vessel, towed by a river steamer, through the Sunderbunds, and upwards towards Ghazeepoor. He had fourteen fellow-passengers, and was accompanied by Mr. Pratt, Captain Philpotts (son of the Bishop of Exeter), and Dr. Bell.

At Ghazeepoor he left the river, and abode in tents. “We now once again,” he says, “resemble Abraham and Isaac, who thus dwelt on their way to a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. May we consider ourselves more and more as strangers and pilgrims.”

Journeying thus, he passed through Gorruckpoor, Benares, Allahabad and Futteeipoor. At the latter place he paused, and closed the year.

‘FUTTEEIPOOR, December 31st, 1843. Eben-Ezer, Jehovah-Jireh. My heart melts within me when I think of God’s pity in bringing me through another year. Oh! that I could weep as I ought over the sins and provocations of the past. I am persuaded that penitence and contrition are

the measure and gauge of our real attainments. We ought, if we know ourselves at all, to lie humbled before our God. As life advances, the deceit and desperate wickedness of the human heart are more and more apparent.

‘But gratitude for unspeakable benefits should also break but amidst the tears of sorrow. In fact, these benefits are heightened by the unworthiness of the recipient—as the mountains appear loftier, the lower the valleys from which they are beheld. The past year has been filled up with mercies to my family, my public functions, my body, my soul, my clergy, my every relation; especially is continued grace and help the cause of praise.

‘Lastly. Vows of new obedience become me: distrust of the future space which may be allotted for repentance: diligence, wisdom, lowliness of heart, deadness of mind to the praise of men, anticipation of judgment and heaven.’

He passed onwards through Futtehghur and Bareilly to Almorah, taking a newly formed station on the Himalayahs, called Nynce-thal, on his way: and thence through Meerut and Mussooree to Simlah, where he arrived on June 1st.

‘SIMLAH, *June 1st, 1844.*

‘Blessed be my God and Saviour for bringing me once more, after four years, and after a journey of seven months, to this station, and to the same comfortable house which I occupied in 1840. May God assist me during the four or five months of repose. I want to print a volume for my diocese after eight years—experimental—anti-tractarian—simple—ecclesiastical—Indian—affectionate—final. It is clearly “now or never” with a poor, hurried, overwhelmed bishop like myself. Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the days. As nature sinks, may grace wax stronger and stronger.’

The preparation of the volume thus referred to, formed the main employment during this year’s retirement at Simlah. During the previous Lent he had delivered in Calcutta a course of lectures on the Epistle to the Colossians. These formed the basis of the work. They were enriched, subdivided, and preached again at Simlah; and finally appeared in an expository form, with the more controversial parts arranged in the form of notes. It was a labour of love, and his last serious work: clear, strong, pointed, and

admirably adapted to the circumstances of the times, and the state of India. It embraced the whole range of divinity—the deity of Christ, the supremacy of Scripture, justification by faith, sanctification by the Spirit, holy baptism, regeneration, tradition, romanism, tractarianism, judaism. On all these, and many other important points of doctrine and discipline, the Bishop's matured opinions were expressed. The work was published in small 8vo, and has gone through several editions. It will ever be accounted a valuable contribution to the sound divinity of the Church.

But this did not occupy all his time. A new church was necessary. The original small building, given by Lady William Bentinck, had been more than once enlarged, and was still inadequate. Hence a committee was formed, a new site found, and a subscription commenced. Complete success crowned the attempt. No less than twelve thousand rupees were raised, and an application to government produced five thousand more. On September 9th the foundation-stone of a large and handsome church was laid in the presence of Sir Hugh Gough, the commander-in-chief, and the Hon. Mr. Erskine, the sub-commissioner. On that occasion the Bishop delivered a striking address, which was afterwards printed.

Simlah was very full: the Bishop found many friends, and enjoyed much pleasant intercourse with them. The society of Sir Hugh and Lady Gough, Sir Harry and Lady Smith, and many other distinguished individuals he fully appreciated. General Ventura was also there, endeavouring to collect the property he had accumulated by many years service under Runjeet Singh.

Amongst the rest was one aged civilian, named Gorton, who had for some time resigned the Company's service and retired to the Hills. The Bishop had known him in former years, and now naturally resumed his visits. The result of one of them may be best told in his own words:—

'Would you believe it,' he writes, 'I have ten thousand rupees given me by Mr. Gorton of Simlah, for my cathedral! It was only last August that Mr. Natt made me a like gift, together with three hundred volumes of books. Then in January, the Dean and Chapter of Windsor presented me with the "George the Third window," of stained glass, which cost five thousand pounds. And now on June 10th, 1844, Mr. Gorton repeats Mr. Natt's munificence.



He is a retired civilian, who was in 1836 doubting whether he should go home or not. He came out in 1799, and is a bachelor. He has given twenty thousand rupees to the Church Missionary's Kotghur mission, and a subscription of a thousand rupees a year during his life. He had given me one thousand rupees in 1840. His health is now fast declining; he has nearly lost his sight by cataract; and never leaves his house. I called on him without the least idea of what was in his mind. I read and expounded the thirty-fourth Psalm—for he is a good deal depressed in spirit—and made a prayer. When Mr. Pratt and I rose from our knees, his eyes were running down with tears, and he said to me, "Bishop, your letter about your cathedral has been read to me, and I mean to give you ten thousand rupees as that other gentleman has done." "Oh," I replied, "is it possible!" and I fell on his neck and kissed his cold and shrivelled face. "Yes," he said, "and I shall present two thousand rupees to the Simlah Church."

'So there are twelve thousand rupees in one visit! But it is of the Lord: and of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things in heaven and earth! Such are the fruits of Christianity.'

It may be added that this same gentleman gave to the Bishop before he left Simlah, ten thousand rupees more for the additional clergy Society. Upon this the Bishop comments as follows:—

'It will give the Society an amazing lift. I see the London papers have told you about my having given a similar amount to the same Society. It is indeed true that I gave ten thousand rupees two years since. Blessed be God! for who am I, and what is my father's house, that I should be permitted thus to aid the cause of Christ! What India gives me, that I pour out again with joy, as the clouds return in showers what they draw up from the earth.'

His last words before leaving Simlah are as follows:—

'SIMLAH, October 14th.

'Blessed be God, I see land. My thirty-fourth lecture on the Colossians is being copied out for the press, and the

“Conclusion,” lecture thirty-five, is sketched. I deliver it, please God, on Wednesday. May He order and bless.’

‘I trust and believe a great blessing has attended the delivery of the lectures. Twenty Sundays have I thus passed in the full ministerial flow of heart. This season, and the two of 1836 and 1840, have been the only ones, when a course of pastoral labours in preaching the everlasting Gospel has been afforded me. I have delighted in them. I could resign my bishopric any moment with joy, and retire to a country town in England, if my duty would allow.’

On October 17th the Bishop left Simlah—to return no more.

His route led through Sabbath and Lodianah as usual.

‘DOWRA-KE-SERAI, *Monday, November 11th.*

‘Lodianah and its few days have passed like a dream. We are now marching (seventy miles) for Umballah. I sent off four or five sheets with my thoughts about the completion of the Cathedral, and the constitution of the Cathedral Chapter. This weighs much upon my mind. Next month, if life is spared me, I hope to draw up an improved scheme. On Friday I confirmed nineteen young persons; on Saturday I consecrated the colours of the 2nd European Regiment; I have preached six sermons in eight days.

‘From the new Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, I have a charming letter in answer to mine, placing fifteen hundred rupees at my disposal for charity, and promising me all aid.’

‘UMBALLAH, *November 17th.*

‘I have been very poorly with a slight fever and influenza, arising, I fancy, from the fatigue of my journey on roads perfectly frightful, and changes of temperature almost inconceivable. I shivered last night so extremely, that my teeth involuntarily chattered. My feet were cold as a stone, my head burning. I am better to-day, and was able just to attend church and preach this morning. In 1836 there was at this place a congregation of fifteen in Mr. Edge-

worth's house; now there are three thousand souls in the station. Kurnaul church and its tower are deserted, and the materials have been brought here, a distance of fifty-five miles. The church is about to be erected, and meanwhile a noble barrack-room is used for divine service. More than one thousand were present this morning, wrapt in deep attention.'

Alas! The symptoms here enumerated were the commencement of an illness which brought the Bishop to the borders of the grave, and compelled a resort to England. The tidings of it were in due course communicated by his chaplain, the Rev. J. H. Pratt. It appears that on the Sunday morning, already mentioned, the Bishop had preached a most impressive sermon; but he was evidently unwell, and was forbidden by his medical attendant to leave the house again. The next morning he appeared no worse; but, about noon, his servant came running to Mr. Pratt's tent, which was pitched close by, saying that his master was very ill. Feeling very cold, he had stepped out into the verandah, and then into the sun to warm himself. After walking for a little while he returned to his room, threw himself upon the bed, and sent for Mr. Pratt. The doctor was immediately summoned, and all proper remedies employed. But, after the alternations of a day or two, fever developed itself, delirium came on, and fits of excitement were followed by such extreme exhaustion that death seemed to be standing at the door. Further medical advice was called in, and Dr. Dempster rendered his valuable aid. The danger became, however, more and more imminent, and all remedies seemed powerless to avert it. The notes taken by Mr. Pratt under such circumstances will be deeply interesting. He says:—

"*Nov. 23rd.*—I began to get more anxious this evening; for, although in some respects the Bishop appeared to be better, yet there were symptoms which my own experience of fever showed me were bad. He seems to be *wearing out*. Strength seems to be failing. Oh! Lord, thou God of the spirits of all flesh, prepare him for his last great change. May he shine like a bright light as he declines, and cast his beams upon us all!

"*Nov. 24th.*—The Bishop had a bad night. He dreamt much, and seemed, by his wandering talk, to be living past

life over again. In the morning he had no fever; but every symptom seemed to portend a constitution worn out. I felt anxious he should know that he was in danger. When I went to him in the morning, he told me of his dreams, and said he had been for two hours trying to make an exposition of the twenty-third Psalm. He said, 'My dear friend, please to pray with me;' and he then enjoyed the recital of several hymns.

"After church I went to him again. He was sitting up at the table with his eyes closed. I went in softly. He opened his eyes and held out his hand. I found him confused about the morning and evening services. He had 'Cecil's Remains' open before him at the chapter on 'A minister's encouraging animadversion on himself;' and said, in a wandering and faltering manner, 'I am trying to correct and test certain things.' I felt deeply moved; and, desiring to comfort him, repeated a few texts of Scripture and proposed prayer. 'It will be a great comfort to me,' he said.

"Having to preach soon, I left him. While in my tent, the Bishop told his servants to open all the windows, and actually walked out into the verandah. The doctor, on being informed, ran up, and brought him in; and he promised to do so no more. Directly he was left, however, he did it again; and when both the doctor and myself ran up, we found too surely that his mind was gone. I could not now leave him, and therefore gave up preaching. Many good things he said whilst I remained with him, but in a confused, bewildered manner. Dr. Dempster came three times to-day, for all were deeply anxious. After his last visit, I went into the next room to hear their opinion; and, on my return, I found the Bishop out in the verandah for the third time. After this, the glass doors were shut and fastened. He remembered nothing of all this the next day."

Mr. Pratt's narrative continues:—

"The Bishop seems now fully aware of his danger. He said he was very glad he had paid all the money for his Cathedral, and that his accounts were clear; adding, 'I know, my dearest friend, that my life hangs by a thread. I know what fever is; at least in others. Things may look well, and improvement may take place; but a change

suddenly comes, and the patient slips, as it were, out of life.' 'I am more fully persuaded than ever that Christ is the only hope of salvation. His atoning blood, his justifying righteousness, and sanctification by his Spirit are my great subjects.' And then, in reference to the controversy which had lately so much engaged his attention, he added—'The tractarian system is eating out all the vitality of the Gospel; it is all stuff.' Shortly after, he added, 'I never had much "joy in believing;" that was never in me. It has been with me more a settled conviction, and a hearty reception, of the Gospel.'

"He then referred to what he had gone through in India, and the wonderful health he had had. 'I bless God for what he has enabled me to do; and I should be ungrateful if I did not; but as to looking at my works as done in the sight of God, they are nothing, they are miserable. If I recover, I must do less. Up to the present time, I feel that I have been guided by circumstances. No one will accuse me of ceasing to work sooner than I have been obliged; and, really, I know not how hitherto I could have done less. However, here is a grand warning. If I recover, I must henceforth only superintend the diocese as a father.'"

The illness had now developed itself as an intermittent fever, produced by over exertion, or perhaps caught in the jungle on descending from Simlah; and for some days the Bishop was hovering between life and death. Letters were written to official persons all round to inform them of his danger, and a third medical man, Dr. Henderson of the 3rd Dragoons, was called in. On consultation, it was resolved that an immediate change of air should be tried; and he was removed from the Rev. Mr. Whiting's house to Captain Simpson's, where two large rooms were placed at his disposal, the tents of his suite being pitched in the compound. From that day he began to mend; and, though his progress was slow, yet on December 11th he was allowed to go out for an airing, and on December 15th he wrote to his children as follows:—

• 'I am still very weak, and affected with every change of weather. I returned thanks at church yesterday for having been restored to a state of convalescence, though I was not able to be present. The doctors talk of starting me off, sixteen miles, to Shahabad on my way to Kurnaul to-morrow.

From Kurnaul we proceed to Mr. Metcalfe's comfortable house at Delhi. There the question will be determined whether I am to be allowed to pursue my visitation by Agra; or whether I embark on the Ganges at Meerut ghât, and drop down to Allahabad, abandoning everything. God's will be done. I feel that I have not a day that I can call my own. I am just in that state in which so many in India slip out of life, nobody knows how. Christ is my ALL. I humbly trust and hope I have a desire to depart and be with Him, which is "far better."

Accordingly, on December 17th, the first march was made, and every precaution was taken to prevent the bad effects of the exposure in tents. Straw was laid upon the grass floor, with matting and carpets; a stove was used; and wherever a bungalow was available it was resorted to. But the bodily frame was essentially weakened, and susceptible of every change of temperature. On January 16th inflammation of the lungs took place, and the Bishop was unable to move till the 20th; and when he arrived at Allyghur on the 23rd, the path of duty was made plain and his plans for the future fixed. Thus he relates the matter:—

'ALLYGHUR, *January 23rd*, 1845. What scenes have I passed through! What visitations of augmented sickness! What discipline of my heavenly Father! What a total change of plans and duties! The sentence is now imperatively pronounced that I cannot safely remain in Calcutta on my return, but must go to sea; that I must not wait to be ill again, but take the present warning. Deliberating upon this, I determined to go home for eighteen months on furlough, agreeable to the Act of August 12, 1842.

'I have now, my beloved children, the most exquisite pleasure in looking forward to see you all once more in flesh—a pleasure, purer and of a higher kind, and more unalloyed, than if I had come home two years since to gratify my natural feelings merely. Now duty commands, and love obeys. I have written to the authorities both here and at home. My passage I have secured, in the 10th May steamer, from Calcutta to Suez. Thus all is in train: Deo favente.'

The sanction of the Home Authorities thus sought, was readily and courteously granted; and the Bishop now rapidly

passed down the country—tenderly watched by Mr. Pratt and Dr. Bell, and hospitably entertained by sympathising friends. All indispensable duties he was able to discharge. He strengthened the Propagation mission, under Mr. Perkins, at Cawnpore, by ordaining an admirable assistant. He held many small private confirmations. He signed the consecration deeds of several churches. He called the clergy to conference as he passed near their stations. He commissioned his chaplain to visit, and report the state of the missions. Thus he effectually completed his third Visitation.

On his way down he had made all arrangements for his contemplated departure; and as if to set his seal to the energy which had characterised his episcopate for thirteen years, he now fixed days for a confirmation and two ordinations in Calcutta, and set himself to the preparation of a fourth Charge for a visitation to be begun before his departure for England, and completed on his return.

He arrived in Calcutta on Saturday evening, April 26th, and met Colonel Forbes at the Cathedral, which had now received the gilded arrow, nine feet long, on the summit of the spire—"a pledge" he said, "of the arrow of the Lord's deliverance for India, and of Messiah's doctrines being like arrows, sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies, so that the people may fall under it in penitence, faith, and allegiance." On the spot he offered humble thanks; and dedicated the Cathedral, the architect, and himself to Almighty God. The examination of the candidates, and the Ordinations followed. Two hundred young persons were confirmed. Affectionate addresses were presented to him, both from the clergy and laity of Calcutta: and he was requested to sit in England for a marble bust to be placed in the cathedral library.

His fourth Visitation was holden: a last letter was written to his children, announcing his departure, and laying upon them a solemn charge not to attempt either by word or deed to influence his mind, or persuade him to relinquish his conscientious purpose of returning to India: and then on May 3rd, accompanied by his chaplain, he embarked on the *'Precursor'* steamer for England *via* the Red Sea.

He had been in India nearly thirteen years, and every power of body and mind had been consecrated to God's service there. Fourteen hundred times had he borne witness publicly to Christ. His substance had been laid upon

the altar of sacrifice. He had done much to give the extension of the episcopate a right bias, and three bishops were now in the field. The control of the Metropolitan was recognised. His relation with the government was far better understood. Nothing of an ecclesiastical character was done without his cognisance and approval; and his recommendations were acted upon with respect to the chaplains, both as to appointments and removals.

The number of the clergy also was greatly increased. In 1838, the whole number was sixty-nine: it was now one hundred and six. Fifty-one chaplains were actually on the field of labour: a few years back there were only twenty-four.

The missions in his diocese were full of life. The number of stations was twenty-three: the Native Christians numbered six thousand; the communicants nearly two thousand; the children in schools above four thousand.

A spirit of church building had been thoroughly aroused. Upwards of fifty thousand rupees had been dispensed by the Church Building Fund, and this had elicited from Government and private benevolence, at least three lacs of rupees, and had led to the erection of thirty-five churches.

The Cathedral was rising like the topstone of the arch, preparing by its erection and endowment to hold the ground gained by the Church from heathenism.

The additional clergy Society was supplying men to preach the truth, and pointing to a permanent ministry.

The Caste question was removed from debatable to firm ground.

All over India the Lord's Day was observed, and little companies assembled in almost every station for divine service.

But if the extension of the Church had been a great object with him, its purity had been a still greater. He had been "instant in season and out of season" to promote this; and had "contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Many evils had thus been nipped in the bud, and many errors kept within bounds: so that whilst England was losing some of her choicest and ablest sons, not an instance was known in India of a single pervert.

Whatever imperfections had been attendant upon his performance of these duties, they weighed nothing against the genuineness of his character. Even his exercise of dis-



cipline in the diocese had made no permanent enemies. So that one of the very last entries in his journal, before he left India, was, "strife everywhere has ceased, and all is love."

The usual portion of Correspondence will conclude the chapter.

#### TO HIS SISTER, MRS. BATEMAN.

*'Bark "Julia," September 14th, 1842.*

'Once more I address to my dearest sister a line of love and consolation. You have as yet no relief from your extreme degree of suffering. Well, it is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good. When the woman of Canaan cried after our Lord, saying, "Thou son of David, have mercy on me," the compassionate Jesus answered her not a word. When the disciples were in the vessel tossed with the storm, Jesus was asleep. Thus now, the delays in the Lord Christ's answer to your prayers may seem as if He heeded you not. But as in those cases he proved at last that he knew all that was going on, and only waited the fit time for communicating the blessing, so will he do to you. He knows every pain you endure, He sees the sufferings of your poor body, He weighs the sorrows and weakness of your mind, He measures every stroke of his blessed hand, and when his time is come, He will appear to your deliverance and his own glory. For Christ designs his glory in all his dealings with us, as well as our good. And in the meantime he supports and strengthens us in the conflict. He feeds the flame by pouring in secretly (as Bunyan represents it) the oil from a vessel behind; and thus it burns brighter and brighter, notwithstanding the arts of the wicked one, who is trying to quench it by pouring on water.'

#### TO HIS BROTHER, GEORGE WILSON.

*'BISHOP'S PALACE, March 12, 1842.*

'I write month by month to comfort my dear brother under his sufferings. Religion is a matter of slow growth in our disorderly hearts; we must sink, bow, lay ourselves low before our God, wait, expect, be silent. We are not to imagine God is our debtor, when we first begin to turn and

seek him in sincerity:—No, no, no, we are miserable sinners; we ought to have turned to him long ago. He gives no account of his matters. If He hears our prayers, it is of his infinite mercy and not of our merit. Nothing, my brother, speeds so ill with the Lord, as impatience. Therefore, blessed are they that wait for him. In due time He will appear for us. He will answer us, as our dear Saviour did the Syro-phœnician woman, when our cries are earnest enough, and humble enough, and when the mercy is prepared for us, and we for it.

## TO THE SAME.

‘CAMP, December 20, 1843.

‘However I may be hurried, and hurried indeed I am, I must write a word of love and sympathy to my beloved George, of whose sickness and weakness I have lately heard so much. Indeed the ways of our Heavenly Father are most mysterious, and to us incomprehensible; but hereafter we shall see the wisdom, the mercy, and necessity, of every one. When your mind and spirits sink within you from pain and weakness, then resign yourself to your Father’s almighty hand—if you cannot *do*, nor *say* anything, nor make any *effort*, float down the stream, as Mrs. Hawkes used to say. Your gracious High Priest can be touched with the feeling of your infirmities—and your Heavenly Father pitieth them that fear Him, even as an earthly father pitieth his own children. Cling to Christ’s most precious blood by faith—plunge, as it were, into that purple fountain, and hide yourself under its blessed streams. And pray for the Holy Spirit to lift you above the dead level of this miserable world, and enable you to look beyond and over death to the bright and glorious country which lies beyond, and, as Hopeful said to Christian, when passing the river of Death, “Hold up, brother, I feel the bottom,” so may you rely on Divine aid and grace.’

## TO THE SAME.

‘LODIANAH, November 10, 1844.

‘Well, and how fares it this month with my dear suffering George? It is *long to nature* to wait in pain, distraction, deafness, depressing maladies; but it is *short to grace*

—because grace has another measure of things than nature. Grace compares time with eternity—Christ's agonies with our sufferings—heaven with hell. Grace compares our Saviour, with our sins and deservings. Grace looks to the will and love of God. Grace bows to the wisdom which makes all things work together for good. Grace finds sweetness whilst lying passive in God's hands. Grace resists Satan's blasphemous suggestions and temptations. Grace reads the inspired Word, and finds all the saints treading the same valley of humiliation—a procession of dying, suffering pilgrims! You are frequently in my thoughts; for I might have been the afflicted one and you the healthy brother, if God our Saviour had so pleased. I leave you with humble confidence in the blessed care of the Lord Jesus, who knows all you are, and all you want, and who not only knows but can supply all your need according to his riches in glory. He is "Jehovah our Shepherd." He has "laid down his life for the sheep;" and now "ever liveth to save to the uttermost, (you cannot be beyond that,) all that come unto God by Him." Cling to Him, dear George, though with an aching head and a trembling heart. Never poor sinner was rejected by this gracious Shepherd—"Him that cometh unto me," saith He, "I will in no wise cast out."

• TO A CHAPLAIN WHO HAD ORDERED A CRUCIFIX.

• BISHOP'S PALACE, *August 12, 1843.*

• My immediate object in writing is to mention to you frankly and most respectfully a report which has reached the archdeacon, that you had sent up to Calcutta for a crucifix—that you had directed the native workman not to mention the circumstance—and that you had further said, if the figure could not be obtained here, you would have it made elsewhere; the size to be about eighteen inches in height. When you favour me with a reply as to the truth or otherwise of this rumour, I will offer you that paternal and friendly advice which the case may require.' •

• TO THE SAME.

• BISHOP'S PALACE, *August 23, 1843.*

• I am afflicted beyond measure at your letter. The fact has taken wind. Others besides the archdeacon have been

informed of it by the native artist; and Calcutta will be filled with the scandal. For a scandal it unquestionably is for a protestant clergyman, in days of controversy and semi-popish errors like the present, with his Bishop known to be decidedly opposed, to order from a native workman, in the very metropolis, the symbol and mark of Papal idolatry and superstition to be transmitted to him for private use. The plea that you use it only for private devotion, and "without superstition," affords no relief to my paternal anxiety. For the superstition inevitably follows:—and your public discourses will savour of your private sentiments. I have no power that I am aware of, or I would instantly exert it, to prevent the private use of the crucifix, any more than I should have as respects the Mass Book, and images of the Virgin; but the effect of all this upon your public doctrine comes within my cognisance, and therefore I will request you to send me the last six sermons you have composed and delivered. If the pastors get astray, what can we expect of the flock?'

TO THE CHAPLAIN OF A LARGE STATION;  
ON SECTARIANISM.

'CALCUTTA, September, 1843.

'The vague language of the sermon, which for your own justification you have sent me, about Sectarianism, omits the main cause of schisms—viz., the delivery of such discourses as that on which with sorrow I am animadverting. The remedy for Sectarianism is, (1) the sound, full, simple gospel of Christ, as embodied in our glorious Articles and Homilies; (2) accompanied by a due inculcation of Church order; (3) with the religious education of our people; (4) and with an adequate number of churches and clergy to meet our swelling populations. You will forgive my freedom. I earnestly beseech you, by humble prayer to the Divine Spirit, to seek for more correct apprehensions of the real bearing of the Gospel which is committed to your trust. This I do for myself continually after forty-seven years of daily theological studies; and this I commend to my honoured younger brethren. I would recommend you to study the doctrine of Justification as it is set forth in our Article, and in Hooker's noble sermon.'

## CHAPTER XVII.

### FOURTH VISITATION.

‘ 1845—1848.

Fourth and Farewell Charge—Leaves Calcutta—Arrival in England—Proposed plans—Address from the Propagation Society and Reply—Return of fever—Visit to Addington and Huddersfield—Elland Society—Lord Metcalfe—Islington clerical meeting—Dinner by East India Company—Presented at Court—Private Audience—Visit to Milk Street—Church Missionary Anniversary Sermon—Journals—Radcliffe Infirmary Sermon—Jerusalem consecration sermon—Fulham—Chobham—Brighton—Exeter—Torquay—Queen’s Communion Plate—Farewell sermon—Leaves England—Arrival in Calcutta—Journals—Consecration of Cathedral—Final Report—Journals—Correspondence.

THE Bishop was too feeble to deliver his “Fourth or Farewell Charge” himself; it was therefore read to the assembled clergy, in the private chapel of the palace, by the archdeacon and his domestic chaplain. There was no feebleness, however, in the Charge itself. It was gentle, faithful, and yet firm. It dealt little in controversy; but a few words sufficed to show that his sentiments were unaltered, and his purpose fixed. He bade all present farewell with deep affection, and promised to return as soon as health allowed.

Into the details of the voyage which followed it is unnecessary to enter. The route by the Red Sea is well known; and, although the inconveniences were greater then than now, nothing occurred to call for special notice. In the prospect of his arrival in England, he wrote from Aden as follows:—

‘ May 27, 1845.

‘I have no duties out of my diocese, nor do I mean to be drawn into any: no sermons—no committees—no public meetings—no dinners—no visits—but an invalid Bishop in retirement and silence. If I do this, I humbly hope I may

come back to India a better man than ever. I feel heart-whole. I have no organic disease. I may be spared, perhaps to be three-score years and ten, and to die, where I ought, in my diocese. But—hush! the future is with God.’

And, again, when approaching the shores of England :—

‘Oh! my Saviour, I desire to commit myself into thine almighty hands. Grant me wisdom and grace during my stay in England. Direct thy servant how to proceed in putting forward his various designs; and vouchsafe such success as may seem fit to thy divine Majesty. May I get up, as it were, the tone and habit of my mind, and rise higher in habitual holiness and devotion! And may I go back to my diocese renovated and strengthened in the divine life, to die in and amidst my own flock! The Lord’s will be done. Amen.’

All his immediate family, and many of his friends, were anxiously awaiting, in the Isle of Wight, the arrival of the *Great Liverpool* steamer, from Suez; and the instant it was announced on June 24th, his two sons hastened on board. He stood to receive them at the gangway on the lower deck—worn, pale, thin, the hollow eyes buried in the brows, the knees feeble, the nerves shaken, and the whole frame agitated. He embraced them tenderly, and then “lifted up his voice and wept.”

The vessel held on its way; and on the evening of Thursday, the 25th June, he was once more surrounded by his loving family, and sheltered in his home at Islington. To pass the summer quietly in England, to see a few old friends, and then to retire to the continent for the winter—such was his wise resolve. But to resolve is one thing, and to perform another. Friends instantly flocked around him. A deputation from the Church Missionary Society, with Lord Chichester at its head, waited on him. The Archbishop of Canterbury informed him that the Propagation Society were prepared with an address, to be presented on any day he might appoint. The inhabitants of Islington congratulated him on his safe return; and the students of the Church Missionary College followed the example. All this occupied the first fortnight. Then other duties pressed upon his attention; and amongst them, the Charter of Incorporation for his Cathedral, the establishment of a Bishopric at Agra, and the

appointment of a class of uncovenanted Chaplains for India. The last of these had been approved in India, and only wanted the sanction of the Court of Directors; but the two former appertained to Government, and both were supposed to require the authority of an Act of Parliament. Some steps in advance, therefore, were deemed expedient before the Ministers separated, and the session closed. Hence frequent visits to Cannon Row and Leadenhall Street, and constant communications with the President, the Chairman, and Secretaries. He was received by all official persons with the utmost courtesy, and was invited by the East India Company to one of their stumptuous entertainments. Though unable to attend, his health was proposed, and the chairman, Sir Henry Willock, said, "he was an instance of the impulse one single man of energy could give to Christianity; and that whilst others went out to India to collect fortunes, and then retire, the Bishop had devoted all his fortune, after paying his expenses, to the good of India, and especially the erection of the Cathedral."

The proposed Address from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, first called him before the public. It was an important occasion for maintaining the cause of truth, and repeating in England what he had said in India. Yet from the statement already made respecting Bishop's College (and made then, only as introductory to what is to be narrated now, and necessary for its elucidation), it must be evident that the duty to be discharged was both delicate and difficult. Courtesy required courtesy. Absent persons were necessarily implicated. The Society itself was much divided. Its friends wanted his suffrage: its opponents his protest. He himself wished to do good and not harm; and the gratitude he felt for kindness shown by the Society to his diocese and to himself, mingled with a desire to promote what appeared to be its highest interests. All these considerations weighed much upon his mind, and troubled him. He might have contented himself with a mere complimentary "Reply" to a complimentary "Address;" but he felt that it would be losing a great occasion of usefulness. And hence he set himself seriously to work, and was ready on the appointed day, July 23rd.

The Bishop was accompanied by his son and son-in-law, and on arriving at the Society's house in Pall-Mall was most courteously received by Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, with the Officials, and conducted to the board-room, where

the Archbishop of Canterbury (Howley), Bishop of London (Blomfield), Bishop of Rochester (Murray), and about one hundred dignitaries of the church, and laymen of high repute, were assembled, and welcomed him with affectionate cordiality.

The business of the day was opened by the Bishop of London, who addressed him in the name and on behalf of the Society. He expressed the pleasure they felt in welcoming him home once more: how a sad presentiment had pervaded all minds when he left them in the year 1832: how highly his thirteen years of service had been valued: how delighted they were to see him again: how fully the plan for erecting his Cathedral was appreciated: and how he wished it to be clearly understood that the Bishop of Calcutta possessed their fullest confidence, and that his views and feelings harmonised with their own.

All this was quite unexpected, and perhaps unpremeditated. It was immediately followed by the reading of the Address by the secretary. When he had ended, the Bishop drew out his Reply. Being in manuscript, and of considerable length, its bulky appearance seemed to create a sensation; and all was hushed to silence when in a voice somewhat feeble, he began to read it. He tendered his best thanks for the Address, and acknowledged with gratitude the goodness of God in lengthening his period of service. He spoke of the uniform kindness he had received from the Archbishop, and thanked him for his support. He said that the Society's Missions, and especially Bishop's College, had been always very near his heart. He referred to the liberal grant made for his new Cathedral, detailed the plans proposed for its future management, and dwelt hopefully upon the bearing it would have on Native Missions. Then, leaving these pleasing reminiscences and hopes, he enumerated the difficulties of his position, and the many things wanting before the Gospel could have "free course and be glorified." From a general description of these, he descended to particulars, and dwelt upon the dangers with which he conceived the Church was threatened in the present day.

The interest of his auditors had never slackened: but now every head was bent, and every ear inclined, all down the long table stretching before the Chairman.

The Bishop himself was necessarily seated, in considera-



tion of his weak state of health, so that his voice scarcely reached the lower part of the room. In order to remedy this, it was suggested to him at this moment that his seat should be raised. He assented: and when a higher cushion had been brought, he resumed his Reply, and begged permission to open his whole mind, and speak honestly as became him. He proposed to give only his own views: and not in any way to involve or embarrass the Society. He referred to the few, but zealous clergy in his diocese, who were imbued with the new views of Tractarianism, and who consequently had done, and were doing, incalculable mischief in their several spheres of duty. "I respect, individually," he said, "the talents, learning, activity, and amiable character of these, as well as of all my clergy. There are no personal disagreements whatever. They perfectly know my opinions as both publicly and privately expressed. No change for the better appears to have taken place in the minds of the clergy once possessed with the extreme views, distorted and extravagant as they are, of this system. They have yielded, indeed, as I believe, conscientiously to my authority, to a certain extent: but the negative influence goes on, and the mighty void thus left, I will not attempt to fathom. Amongst other consequences of this, your Missions in and around Calcutta have unquestionably been injured. A blight—a temporary one only—mars the harvest." He then concluded by offering various suggestions for the future—all weighty—all savouring of vital and life-giving truth:—and summed up by assuring His Grace, that in carrying these out, or furthering in any way the great objects of the Society, his services, so far as health would permit, might be commanded. "

A dead silence followed. Many years have since elapsed, but no one who was present will forget the effect produced:—an effect the more decided perhaps because all outward manifestation of it was suppressed. No thanks were tendered, no objections made. None attempted to deprecate the sentiments expressed: none to request their publication. After a pause, the Archbishop rose; and with his gentle voice pronounced the benediction, and dismissed the assembly. Then all were at once mingled together: and courteous greetings introduced common topics of discourse.

Of course the transactions of the day 'got wind, and great "searchings of heart" followed. Some loudly called for

the publication of the Reply ; some strongly deprecated it. The decision was referred to the Archbishop, and, after some delay, his Grace requested the Bishop to prepare it for publication, and directed both Address and Reply to be inserted in the forthcoming Report of the Society.

Justice to the Bishop's consistency of character has compelled the introduction of these matters, as well as of those already narrated in connection with the Church Missionary Society. The importance of both these great Societies was fully appreciated ; and they were justly regarded by him as the glory of the Church in these latter days. But as in the one case, when Evangelical truth was not endangered, he contended earnestly for Church order ; so in the other when Church order was not endangered, he contended earnestly for Evangelical truth. The combination of the two—the combination of Evangelical truth and Church order—was always deemed by him an object of primary importance.

But the terrible Jungle fever ! was it really eradicated from the system, or was it to be roused to fresh life by these anxieties and exertions ? Alas ! this question, proposed by many anxious friends, was soon answered. On July 28th the Bishop went down to Cheltenham on a visit to his highly esteemed sister-in-law, Mrs. Greaves (now with God), hoping for rest and refreshment in her society, when the fever returned with symptoms scarcely recognised at first by English doctors, and very alarming to surrounding friends. Indian experience, however, was speedily called in ; and after an anxious interval the Bishop once more returned to Islington.

With restored health, he began to enjoy intercourse with friends, and to engage in public business. On his application, the Lord Mayor of London allowed the use of the Guildhall for the exhibition of a magnificent organ built by Messrs. Gray for the Cathedral at Calcutta. The admission was by tickets, and the profits went towards the increase of the Cathedral Fund.

A few days were at this time spent at Addington Park in most agreeable intercourse with Dr. Howley, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Important discussions on the three Indian topics were then held, for the Archbishop was interested in them all ; glad to advise ; ready to help. The intercourse seemed

pleasant to his Grace also ; for when writing to the Bishop afterwards about something he had forgotten, he says, "I am not likely to forget the pleasure which we all have derived from your Lordship's visit to this place."

"Thus mercifully," is the Bishop's comment, "God helps me on. To Him be all the glory."

After Addington Park, he paid a visit to Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, where his son-in-law was Vicar :—

'*Sept. 10th, 1845.* May God bless my entrance into this vast place, and my intercourse with my children here. I have been too much in the external world of late ; journeys, hurries, and too much business ! May I now enter the internal sanctuary of religion.'

'*Sept. 16th.* I have been reading, after an interval of eighteen years, the account of my dear wife, who died May 10th, 1827, contained in a letter I wrote to my daughter at the time, and to which I have had no access during my thirteen years of absence. I could scarcely bear the perusal. Three times was I compelled to lay it down from excessive tears. Still I must read it again before I leave Huddersfield.'

He now corrected the proof sheets for a second edition of his "Lectures on the Colossians," and had much pleasant intercourse with friends. The "Elland Society," originally formed in Huddersfield eighty years back by the Rev. Henry Venn and other worthies of that day, and for a time transferred to Elland (whence the name), had now returned to its birth-place ; and, on one of their days of meeting, the Members presented him with an affectionate Address, which was read by Archdeacon Musgrave, as chairman for the day. The Bishop was so much affected by it, as to be incapable of reply ; but the Address itself was carefully preserved to the day of his death, and found marked amongst his papers. "The Elland Society met here," he says, "for discussion—Archdeacon Musgrave, Reverends Bull, Knight, Gratrix, Redhead, Tripp, Sinclair, Crosthwaite, Meek, Haigh, Hope, Bateman, &c. I was much edified and comforted."

A retrospect of his own ministry follows :—

'HUDDERSFIELD, *September 21st, 1845.* I enter this day, by God's infinite mercy, on the forty-fifth year of my

ministry. I have been reading over the three services for Deacons, Priests, and Bishops in our Ordinal.

‘I have the greatest need for HUMILIATION before Christ my Saviour on looking back almost half a century. Oh! cleanse Thou me from my faults. Cast me not away from Thy presence. Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Create in me a clean heart, Oh, God! and renew a right spirit within me.

‘II. And surely I have the greatest cause for GRATITUDE to Christ (1) for upholding, pardoning, recovering grace; (2) for all the blessings of his providence and mercy at Chobham, Oxford, Worton, St. John’s, Islington, and CALCUTTA; (3) for chastening me with sickness and raising me up again; (4) for giving me a measure of help in my four Charges, my volumes of 1836 and 1844, and my reply to the Propagation Society’s Address; (5) for giving me two sons and daughters in such important stations as Islington and Huddersfield; (6) for bringing me to England to see my beloved family and the Church at home; (7) for the openings of success in the Propagation Society, the Cathedral Incorporation, the Agra Bishopric, and the uncovenanted Chaplains; (8) for the favour of the East India chairman and secretary; (9) for my two domestic chaplains from 1832 to 1845; (10) for the measure of health granted me all life long; (11) and for all the Divine mercies.

‘III. May it please Christ my Lord to give me GRACE for the few remaining days of my pilgrimage. Many of my contemporaries have gone to rest, and I must soon put off this my tabernacle. May I be helped to do a little good at home! May I derive much quickening to my own dull heart! May I be permitted to return to India! May I hold on and hold out to the end of my appointed course! Oh! Christ, my Lord, grant me dying grace for dying hours whenever they may come. Amen.’

The opening of the year 1846 found him in Islington. On Jan. 5th a carriage drove up, and Lord Metcalfe was announced. He entered with the same stout frame as usual, but with an enfeebled step, and a face swathed in flannel. For a moment, old times seemed to have returned, for there sat the Governor-General, and there the Bishop, with his first Chaplain—the persons the same, though the scene was changed. But it was only for a moment that reminiscences displaced realities. The

Bishop had been raised from the grave : the Governor-General was sinking into it. He spoke quite calmly of his hopeless state. The springs of life were drying up. The past was like "a tale that is told," or a "dream when one awaketh." The vision of India bearing testimony to his high integrity, of Jamaica grateful for its restored tranquillity, of Canada bending under his firm hand and fixed purpose ; the approbation of his Sovereign ; the respect of his country ; the title ennobling his name :—all these were vanishing away as death drew nigh, and the realities of the eternal world were becoming distinct and vivid. The Bishop spoke earnestly of Jesus Christ, and of "the things that accompany salvation : " and Lord Metcalfe responded humbly and reverently. All then knelt in prayer : the benediction was given : and they parted to meet no more on earth.

The next day he wrote with something of his old impulsive energy to the Archbishop, suggesting a Pastoral letter from His Grace condemnatory of doctrines and practices tending to Popery : adding that "it was generally thought that the Bishops had not been decisive enough : and that Christ honoured a bold and open confession of his name." The Archbishop replied immediately and kindly. He said that he had had such a Pastoral letter in his mind for some time past : but things were not yet ripe for it.

On the following day the annual Clerical Meeting, to which reference has more than once been made, was held in Islington. The Bishop had been accustomed for some years to write a letter from India, which was read at the meeting ; but now he was present himself. His own account is as follows :—

\* *January 7, 1846.*

'It is about nineteen or twenty years since I began this annual meeting for prayer and conference ; and it is fourteen years since I last met the brethren, in January, 1832. What mercies have I received ! What sins, alas ! have I committed ! What large measures of grace I need ! Lord supply me out of the riches of thy glory in Christ Jesus.

'8.30 p.m. Blessed be God for this, most cheering and holy meeting. The number assembled was one hundred and thirty-three, all of one heart and one mind. The

subject was "The present position and prospects of Protestant Missions." Chancellor Raikes and Mr. Venn spoke with the greatest effect for about an hour each. Mr. J. W. Cunningham, Mr. Bickersteth, and Mr. Brandram made most excellent prayers. At about two o'clock I retired. May God grant that the impression may long continue on every heart.'

He was now able to accept a renewed invitation to dinner sent by the East India Company, and to respond when his health was proposed. After dwelling upon several religious topics, he availed himself of the opportunity of bearing glad testimony to their beneficent and just rule in India.

Several chaplaincies were placed at his disposal; and he had the opportunity of seeing and conversing with all chaplains who were appointed, before they left England. He prized this greatly, for no point was nearer his heart than the selection of fit men to serve the Church of Christ in India.

For sixty-one Sundays he had been silent. On the 8th February this long silence was broken; and he began his pulpit ministrations by preaching from Psalm lxxi. 14—19, in the parish church at Islington.

On the 11th he was presented at Court by Lord Ripon, with whom he afterwards dined in private, and had some interesting conversation concerning the Cathedral, and the communion plate, which it was hoped Her Majesty would present as an offering to it.

These hopes were soon afterwards realised; and his own account is as follows:—

'On Wednesday, March, 19th, I was honoured with a private audience by the QUEEN, and submitted the plans of the Cathedral, with a petition that Her Majesty would give the communion plate.

'I was introduced also to Sir Robert Peel, who inquired how my designs for India were proceeding, and wished me heartily success.

'Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and Sir Robert Peel much admired the views of the Cathedral.

'I was also introduced to the Duke, who said he was in better health than he had been for twenty years. Lord Ellenborough also was very kind to me.

‘For all these mercies, blessed be thy holy name, O Lord.’

An entry in his journal following this interview, presents an interesting contrast:—

‘*March 29th.* Went to No. 31, Milk Street, where, in 1792, I was an apprentice. I visited the warehouse, counting-house, parlour, kitchen, bedroom—where “I passed with my staff over Jordan” in my boyhood. Humiliation—Thanksgiving—Joy!’

The success of the petition (customary in all such cases) to Her Majesty is thus recorded:—

‘The Bishop of Oxford has written me word, that Her Majesty will give the communion plate. Deo laus!’

As soon as the weather permitted, he began to travel, in response to many invitations he had received. His object was to inspire interest on Indian subjects; and to obtain contributions, now urgently needed, for the completion of his Cathedral.

The May meetings were now at hand, and he had consented to preach the annual sermon at St. Bride’s, before the friends of the Church Missionary Society. For a few days’ previous quiet and preparation he retired to Beckenham Rectory: and on his return home wrote as follows:—

‘*Saturday, May 2nd.* I have returned this morning from Beckenham, having had three uninterrupted days for writing my anniversary sermon. I am much exhausted by over-application in preparing it. May it please Thee, O Lord, to assist thy servant in correcting what is amiss, and in delivering it with an humble contrite believing heart; simply relying on thy grace and Holy Spirit for any, the least blessing at the Church and afterwards. Amen.’

This prayer was heard and abundantly answered. Few anniversary sermons of this excellent Society have been attended with a larger blessing, and none before or since, have met with so liberal a response. The text itself—“They

overcame by the blood of the Lamb," (Rev. xii. 11)—arrested attention, and the sermon rivetted it. His demeanour in the pulpit was calm and grave; his delivery animated and impressive; and when in the middle of the discourse he paused and asked for a glass of water, appealing to his audience to "forgive the infirmities of an old man," many a heart was touched, and many an eye filled with tears. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the discourse itself, since it was not only published in the annual Report, but printed at the time by the Society, and widely circulated. It sealed the testimony delivered twenty-nine years before.

'It took me,' he says, 'eighty-five minutes in the delivery; and the heat was so intense that I thought I should have broken down more than once. The Committee are printing the sermon for immediate publication. Deo soli per Jesum Christum sit gloria! I have now done with public duties, and shall turn myself to preparation for re-embarking on August 26th, for dear INDIA. Amen.'

He had however many other calls to meet. He attended the Anniversary Sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in St. Paul's Cathedral:—"The service was sublime," he says; "most of the older Bishops knew me and were very friendly—Murray of Rochester, Copleston of Landaff, Kaye of Lincoln, Bethel of Bangor. I had to make an address in the evening."

He dined with the Goldsmiths' Company, who had given one hundred guineas to his Cathedral Fund; and with the Merchant Tailors' and Mercers' Company, whom he wished to interest in the same cause.

He had much pleasant intercourse with Sir Robert Harry Inglis, and told him he repented of the approbation he had given to the Act of Roman Catholic Emancipation in 1829, because he "considered that the Roman Catholics had violated all the oaths and promises then made."

'Sir R. H. Inglis,' he adds, 'went on Tuesday last to Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, sat down with him on the Treasury bench, and showed him a Delhi Gazette requiring more chaplains, with a bishop for Agra. Sir Robert Peel of his own accord said, "It would be a fitting testimony of our gratitude to Almighty God, and the new bishop might have the territories of the Sutlej under his



jurisdiction." Sir R. H. Inglis then asked him if he should put the question to him publicly in the House, as Premier. He, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who sat at his side, both said—"No, no: it would put up the backs of the East India Directors."

• On Ascension Day, he dined with the Archbishop of York, and met about twenty-two Bishops. "Nothing," he says, "could be more grave and becomiing. The dinner was the usual one given on state occasions. After coffee, the Bishop of London read the fifth Report of the Colonial Bishop's fund. It was most encouraging; nine sees erected, and several more determined on. May God bless. Prayers were read in chapel before dinner: the Communion Service for the day being all that was used."

He mentions that on May 24th, Dr. Marsh had sent him two texts. "I will keep thee in all the way that thou goest, and will not leave thee till I have done all which I have spoken to thee of;" this, he said was 'for my encouragement.' "Be thou faithful unto death;" this was 'for my direction.'

On June 2nd, he was at Winchester:—"Being at Archdeacon Hoare's," he says, "I have preached, for the first time in my life, in one of our ancient and magnificent cathedrals—collection 78/. At luncheon afterwards, more than fifty were present, half of them clergy, to whom, I trust, the sermon may have been useful. There is an unsettledness and agitation in the minds of the younger clergy. O Lord! have mercy on me, and on the Church, and enable me to bear my testimony aright to the Gospel."

On June 14th, he says, "I have preached, this morning in one of the very largest churches in London—St. Andrew's, Holborn, in which parish I was minister of St. John's from 1808 to 1824. Yesterday I had a delightful evening with Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem, Mr. Pratt, and my two sons. We prayed together. The Bishop asked me to preach his Consecration sermon, which I shall be happy to do if in my power."

• He was also engaged to preach the annual sermon for the Radcliffe Infirmary at Oxford. Preparatory to this, he went down to Worton, and spent a few days in that quiet spot, endeared to him by so many associations. Some extracts from his journal will follow:—

‘WORTON, *June 18th.* I have been preaching once again in Lower Worton church. Here I came as curate, forty-three years since. Blessed be Thy name, O my tender-hearted Saviour! for another sabbath in this most peaceful spot.’

‘WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD, *June 25th.* To Thee, O Lord, be the glory and the praise, for Thy assistance and goodness to thy servant, in carrying me through the Tuesday sermon before the University. May it tend to promote Thy glory and the good of souls.’

‘CLAPHAM, *July 5th.* I have now gone through the four difficult public duties of my residence in England. (1), The “Reply” of July 23rd, 1845. (2), The Church Missionary Sermon. (3), The Oxford Radcliffe Sermon. (4), The Jerusalem Consecration Sermon of this morning. Of this last I had extremely short notice, and it involved a variety of matters of dispute. I took all the pains I could; working upon the substance of a sermon begun in 1812, and preached twenty-seven times. It took an hour in the delivery. The Archbishop and Bishops of London and Lichfield were present. The service was most solemnly conducted. It lasted three hours and a half, and as the heat was excessive, I was overcome with weariness. The body of the chapel was crowded with gentlemen, and the gallery and Archbishop’s pew with ladies.’

‘HAMPSTEAD, *July 8th.* At one o’clock yesterday, I attended the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The Archbishop and the Bishop of London were present. I thanked the Society most sincerely for their gift of 5000*l.* towards the Cathedral, and their undertaking to print an improved edition of the Hindustani Prayer Book. I mentioned Her Majesty’s gift of communion plate, the Rev. Mr. Craig’s (of Leamington) gift of the lectern eagle, Mr. T. Natt’s gift of 750*l.* for a Canon’s residence, and the grant of 300*l.* from the University of Oxford. I also went through the general estimates. All was received and replied to in the kindest manner possible.’

‘FULHAM PALACE, *July 14th.* On Sunday last, I preached my fortieth sermon since February 8th. It was at Christ-Church, Spitalfields—the parish of my birth. There was an immense congregation, and deep attention.

‘I was struck with the fleeting tenure of life, as I sat here in Bishop Porteus’s library, with the portraits of Ridley, Sherlock, Lowth, and others around me. The collection is

complete. The land on which the Palace stands was given to the Bishop of London, A.D. 693.'

'CHOBHAM, *July 16th*. I have once more been permitted to preach in Mr. Cecil's pulpit at Chobham, after forty-five years from my first coming here in 1801, as curate. Blessed be God for what he has done in this parish by Mr. Cecil and the two Jerrams.

'A little leisure fills me with confusion and shame, as I meditate on my own heart. Every evil is ready to rise up. The fancy, memory, imagination, are Satan's workshop in advanced life. O Lord! cleanse the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit. Grant me that purity of heart which prepares for seeing Thee.'

After visiting the Rev. Henry V. Elliott at Brighton, and preaching in St. Mary's Church, he complied with the earnest invitation of the Bishop of Exeter, with whose son, as an officer of escort, he had been very friendly in India, and visited him at Bishopstowe, his villa, near Torquay.

On July 24th he preached in the Cathedral at Exeter, a sermon which was afterwards printed. "I preached," he says, "more strongly and clearly than at Winchester. The Cathedral was crammed. The Bishop thanked me expressly for the discourse without any qualification. A public meeting was afterwards held, and 100% contributed for the Calcutta Cathedral."

After visiting J. Garratt, Esq., at Bishop's Court, Torquay, and Sir T. D. Acland, where he preached in the private chapel, and met a distinguished and pleasant party, he left Devonshire, and returned to Islington:—but not to rest. Huddersfield was again visited, and Manchester, Hull, Ripon, Sheffield: at all which places he preached, inspiring great interest and making large collections.

'HUDDERSFIELD, *August 10th*. I finished and preached yesterday the sermon I mean to make my "farewell" one, from Psalm lxxix. 10, "Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is their God." It is a great relief to have the foundation of a discourse laid. One or two repetitions will prepare it better for August 30th. The collection last night was 78%. I have had a most happy and blessed visit to my beloved children here.'

'ISLINGTON, *August 15th*. After an absence of almost

three weeks, and collecting rather more than 600*l.* for my Cathedral, I returned in safety to this dear home, and found all well.'

Engagements now crowded on him. On August 12th he dined with the East India Company and bade them farewell, entreating a favourable judgment of his proceedings, and a calm consideration of the different plans he had proposed for the good of the Church in India. Changes in the Board of Control had taken place, and Sir J. C. Hobhouse, now Lord Broughton, was President. The Bishop when paying his respects, had found him personally friendly, but hopeless on the matters which had been so frequently discussed. "Thus it has pleased God," he says, returning from the interview, "that I should fail for the present in all my three objects. His holy will be done. I must wait for better times, and go on as well as I can. Two most unexpected gifts, however, have come in. One of 500*l.* from J. Hardy, Esq., M.P.: and one of 1000*l.* from Mrs. Oakeley, of Tan-y-bwlch. God for ever be praised!"

On August 25th he took leave of the Church Missionary Committee at Salisbury Square. Sixty gentlemen were present, and Lord Calthorpe presided. The Rev. H. Venn, the Honorary Secretary, read an admirable address: and after his reply the Bishop of Oxford bade him farewell in a speech "subdued, affectionate, dignified, and full of heart."

Now came in the QUEEN's magnificent present for his Cathedral. It consisted of ten pieces of silver plate, richly gilded, and bearing suitable inscriptions. Having deposited these carefully in a case, he bore them with him to India, with unmixed pleasure, and feelings of grateful loyalty.

On Thursday, August 27th, accompanied by his two sons, he paid a farewell visit to the Archbishop at Addington Park, meeting many distinguished guests, and spending two very pleasant days.

The prominent features of his visit to England have been thus noticed: but it has been impossible to describe all the social intercourse with his old friends, and all the Communion of Saints, which constituted its great charm. These may be readily supposed, and must be supplied by the imagination of the reader.

His passage to India had been already secured in a fine

sailing vessel called *The Prince of Wales*, for he dreaded the fatigue and exposure still attendant upon the overland route. He now returned to Islington to preach his last sermon, and bid farewell to his family and friends. The following are his reflections:—

‘ISLINGTON, *August 30th, Sunday*. Enable me, O my God, on this my last Sunday, and whilst preaching my last sermon in England, to honour Thy great name. Inspire, strengthen, guide, bless me, O Thou Saviour, Redeemer, and Sanctifier of my soul!’

‘*August 31st*. I am now leaving this dear abode which I entered on Thursday, June 25th, 1845: health recovered: children well: sixty-one sermons and addresses delivered. Blessed be God, even the God of salvation. Yesterday I was hurried to the very last moment of going up into the pulpit, and had been at work from half-past five in the morning. God helped me however. The collection was noble, 92*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.* Now, O my Master! I commend myself and all I have and am to thee! I commend to thee India, Indian Governors, Bishop’s College, Archbishop, Bishops—THEY WILL BE DONE.’

‘OFF PORTSMOUTH, “*Prince of Wales*,” 1350 tons, Captain Hopkins, *August 31st, 9 P.M.* Into thy blessed hands I commit my body and soul on coming on board this vessel. My children and twenty-two friends sat down with me to-day at the Portsmouth Inn. An address was presented by twenty-four of the neighbouring clergy. The Bishop of Oxford called: and Dr. Dealtry joined the party. The Lord now direct and bless.’

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Viewed after a lapse of years, there is surely something of the self-devotion of an earlier and a better day, in this second departure from his country, his kindred, and his father’s house. The romance of India had long since passed away. He knew the afflictions which awaited him. He had felt the strife of tongues. The sun had smitten him. Life was waning. The communion of the Church at home, the sympathy of friends, the love of children—all had to be relinquished. Yet none of these things moved him. The grace of Christ never failed, and his purpose never faltered. He called his chaplain to his side; and stedfastly set his face towards India, not counting his “life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the

ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." Not a word was said to dissuade him. The charge so solemnly laid upon his children before he left India, was strictly kept; and whatever had been their hope, their grief was silent. They felt that they should see his face no more!

The second voyage to India, now commenced, will need no description. His health improved, his leisure was occupied by classical and divinity studies, and his ministrations amongst the passengers and ship's company were uninterrupted and most effective.

He landed on Monday morning, December 14th; and, accompanied by the Archdeacon, Colonel Forbes, Dr. Webb, and Mr. Pratt, drove round at once to his Cathedral. He found there an assembly of all the clergy in and around Calcutta, and at once offered up with them a prayer of "thanksgiving to God." The first view of the Cathedral delighted him, though the progress had scarcely kept pace with his anticipations. He considered the whole edifice, thus far, "a grand success." He was received and entertained for a few days by the Archdeacon, and finally entered the palace and resumed his long-suspended duties on Friday, December 18th, 1846.

The reader will not expect such incessant labours and decided action in the time to come as have been described in the time past. The Bishop himself felt that it could not be. "I must go softly," he said. "I must take in sail." And so he did. But still the gradual lessening of effort, the contentment with daily duties, and the general superintendence of the Church, were varied by many novel incidents and vigorous movements; so that, with chastened expectations, the sunset will be found the pleasantest part of the day.

At first all was confusion. On the Sunday after Christmas he says, "Oh! blessed calm! How gracious is the institution of the Lord's Day! Yesterday, from ten till three o'clock, I was engaged incessantly without a moment's intermission, talking, consulting, and receiving the clergy. To-morrow I shall have to begin again. But, interjected, is the repose of Sunday; and, as I do not preach to-day, I have only to turn to Thee, my God and Saviour, for comfort

and grace. I am not yet settled. I have not yet possession of the state of things. Furniture, books, correspondence old and new, are not yet arranged. I think with much tenderness of Islington and Huddersfield, and the many places where I have sojourned during my MAGICAL visit home."

He had written to the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, on his arrival, and soon received from him the following letter:—

"CAMP INDIA A, near UMRITSIR, December 28, 1846.

"I have had great pleasure in receiving your letter, which assures me of your cordial congratulations; and I value such expressions very highly as proceeding from a prelate whose good opinion we all respect and venerate. I am truly rejoiced that your Lordship returns to the country which you have adopted, in good health.

"Since we separated, I have visited many of the quarters which had the benefit of your presence, and I find throughout the whole christian community one prevailing sentiment of affectionate attachment towards you, and a great desire to have you once more amongst them.

"I am on my way to Lahore, having concluded a new agreement with that government, by which the little Maharajah is to be under British protection for the next eight years; our garrison remaining in Lahore; and the civil, as well as military, administration of the country being under the guidance of our British Resident, a most able officer, excellent man, and good Christian."

The Bishop was delighted with this "charming letter;" and he was equally pleased to find that Sir Frederick Currie, "a first-rate man and excellent Christian," was about to enter Council. He augured well for India from these things.

His journal-letters to his children were now resumed; and, whilst he remains in Calcutta, extracts from them will carry on the narrative as before.

'January 14th, 1847.—The chimes of Vulliamy's clock in the Cathedral are beginning to delight all Calcutta. The inscription on the great bell, "Its sound is gone out into all lands," is to be gilded. This, with the gilded arrow "of

the Lord's deliverance," will, I hope, prove an augury and pledge of the salvation of India.'

*'January 16th.* Archdeacon Dealtry is going up the country for a year. His health is materially impaired, and he would certainly be driven home if he did not take this tour. It is a great loss to us in Calcutta.'

*'January 28th.* I have had a melancholy day at Bishop's College. I had not visited it for three years. Nothing could exceed the personal kindness and respect of the Principal and Professors. The buildings are in excellent order. My visitor's room was ready. The number of students greater than ever. But when I came to examine the youth in divinity, their ignorance was deplorable. They seemed to have no love to Christ and their missionary work. The commonest questions puzzled them. I made an address, and adverted to three matters which had been reported to me. First, that two students had called on Dr. Carew, the popish Archbishop, and one of them had kissed the ring on his finger, which is the common token of allegiance. Secondly, that another youth had declared he was ready to go and join the Romanists. Thirdly, that the head mistress of the Military Orphan Asylum had professed herself a nun.

'We had a long talk afterwards with the Principal and Professors. It is quite clear to me that things have been going on for three years as I feared. I really came away, after seven or eight hours spent at the College, sick at heart.'

*'February 7th.* I have had more general depression, inaptitude to cope with my duties, and disturbance of health (without positive illness) during the last eight weeks, than I ever remember. But all is WELL; for God is LOVE.'

*'February 20th.* Last evening I delivered my first Lent Lecture. The subject of the course this year is, The nature and importance of habitual penitence of heart before God:—not to the exclusion of joy and peace, but as associated with them, and means of preparing for them. There were six hundred and sixty-seven present.'

*'March 3rd.* I have just returned from my morning drive. The triumphal reception of the troops, and of the Sikh guns is preparing. A temporary arch is reared, with the words Aliwal, Moodkee, Sohraon, and Ferozeshur, on the four sides. The fields of the esplanade are crowded with natives: and at one extremity of it stand two hundred



and fifty-two Sikh guns. Elephants and camels are crowding in. I had the utmost difficulty in getting through the dense crowd.'

'*April 14th.* I called on Sir Frederick Currie, and he accompanied me to the Cathedral, where Sir H. Maddock, Mr. Millett, Mr. Cameron, and Sir J. P. Grant met us. The stalls, communion rails and table, eagle, and pews, were all put up in a temporary manner. Everything seemed to be excellently well. God's name be praised! In a few months all will be completed. Oh! that the spiritual building may rise to the glory of Christ, and the salvation of the heathen.'

'*June 6th.* On Sunday next our four dioceses will be called to Humiliation and Intercession before Almighty God for our personal and national sins. The solemn and devout manner in which this Fast was kept at home, is surely an encouragement to us: and the Governor-General's acceptance of my proposal, is no small blessing. The similar attempt I made with Lord Ellenborough was pointedly refused.'

'*September 11th.* The sermon for the opening of the Cathedral, and the "Final Report," are both in hand. I go twice each day to the building. The pulpit is nearly finished. The lectern is in position. The statue of Bishop Heber is ready to adorn the northern transept. It was finished by Chantrey in 1835. It is colossal, and in a kneeling posture, with the right hand on the breast, and the left supported by the Bible. The likeness is not striking: but the countenance is full of benignity. I put my hand on the left hand of the figure; and it was as a pigmy's to a giant's!

'I have need of tenfold watchfulness and humility, now that the excitement of the approaching Consecration is coming on like a flood. Friday three weeks is the day fixed on. The Lord bless! It is the "contrite spirit" which He makes his abode: and not the "temple made with hands." May this be the frame of my soul before him. Amen.'

'*September 14th.* We had our last "Building Committee" meeting yesterday—the fiftieth. I dissolved it: and then formed the members into a Cathedral Vestry, to meet for the first time on October 4th, just before the Consecration. I have invited sixty persons to the consecration dinner.'

'*October 2nd.* The time draws near. The Governor of Bengal and the members of Council came to inspect the

Cathedral fittings last evening. We had pushed on everything, so that, to the unpractised eye, all seemed complete. The superb organ struck up as Sir H. Maddock entered the choir. The slips of matting carried the eye along two hundred and thirty-one feet from the west door, to the steps of the Communion railing. The Governor sat in his magnificent chair, which Colonel Forbes declares is a more classical one than the Queen's in the House of Lords. The bell tolled for the first time. The whole appearance exceeded the expectations of all present. Thus far, thank God, it is well that no failure has taken place. Now for the humble heart, and the spiritual ends.'

'*October 3rd, Sunday.* Oh! Lord Jesus, Thou art the light of my blinded mind. Shine inwardly by Thy Spirit. Dispel my darkness of soul. Feed me at thy blessed table, as "with marrow and fatness." Preserve me in patience and equanimity this week, when the Consecration is designed to be performed and the sermon preached. May all be done in contrition of spirit, and with a single eye to Thy glory.'

The day at length arrived when the object of so many anxious cares, so many waiting years, so many bright anticipations, so many liberal contributions, so many earnest prayers, was to be attained, and St. Paul's Cathedral dedicated to the service of Christ and His Church. Eight years had elapsed since the first stone was laid on October 8th, 1839. The estimated cost then was 10,000*l.*; and the real expenditure was found now to be nearly 50,000*l.* The length of the whole building was two hundred and forty-eight feet; the width eighty-three feet; the length of the transepts across the lantern tower one hundred and sixteen feet, the height of the spire from the ground two hundred and six feet: and it stood upon a precinct of seven acres, surrounded with a dwarf wall and iron palisades. It was designed to answer a threefold purpose—First, it was to be a Parish Church for a large district of Calcutta. Secondly, it was to be served by a body of clergy, who under the designation of a Dean and Chapter, were to bear a Missionary character and carry out Missionary objects. Thirdly, it was to be the Cathedral of the Metropolitan See of Calcutta; the Bishop's seat being transferred to it, and all Episcopal functions performed in it. For the commencement of the second of these designs a large Endowment Fund, amount-

ing to nearly 30,000*l.*, had been raised, and for the completion of it, a similar amount was still required. The annual income thus accruing would have sufficed for the maintenance of six Missionary Canons, who, with the addition of the Archdeacon and six Honorary Canons, would have constituted the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral. But the failure in obtaining the Act of Incorporation frustrated this part of the design; and the funds were eventually disposed of in a way which will be told in its proper place. For this failure, and the disappointment consequent upon it, the Bishop was in no way responsible. He had done what he could. But the reluctance of the East India Company was not to be overcome. The "better times," for which he waited, are yet future.

On the whole, about 75,000*l.* was raised. Of this amount, the Bishop himself gave originally 20,000*l.*, or two lacs of rupees—one for the building, and the other for the endowment. The Honourable East India Company appointed two additional chaplains, gave the site, and contributed 15,000*l.* towards the building; being careful in doing so, to avoid any connection with its avowed and well-understood missionary character. The subscriptions raised in India, including the benefaction from Mr. Gorton, which has been already mentioned, amounted to 12,000*l.* The subscriptions in England, originating with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who called a meeting in Lambeth Palace, and headed the list with 200*l.*, and including nearly 7000*l.* raised by the Bishop himself when in England, reached 13,000*l.* The University of Oxford contributed 300*l.* in money, and 200*l.* in books for the Cathedral library. The Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel made a grant of nearly 5000*l.* for the foundation of a native Canonry. The venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge presented 5000*l.* in five annual payments, and a superb Bible and Prayer-book. Mr. Thomas Natt, of London, gave 4000*l.* and 750*l.* for a Canon's house.

But besides these direct contributions, various offerings were made to the Cathedral. The superb set of communion plate offered by Queen Victoria has been already mentioned. Her Majesty also sanctioned the offering of a large stained glass window by the Dean and Chapter of Windsor. The subject was "The Crucifixion," after a design by West; and the tone of colouring was quiet and subdued. It was executed at a cost of 4000*l.*, and was originally intended as

a present from King George the Third to St. George's Chapel, Windsor. From some cause unknown, it had never been completed, nor erected in the place designed; and it was now transferred to Calcutta, and placed in the East window of the Cathedral. The British and Foreign Bible Society granted twelve beautifully bound quarto Bibles. The Rev. Mr. Craig, of Leamington, presented a brazen eagle for the lectern, and Captain Kittoe a handsome stone font, wrought from his own design, and measuring eight feet square at the base. Mr. Llewellyn, of Calcutta, procured to be made in Italy a large alabaster model of the Cathedral, and presented it to the Bishop, who eventually deposited it in the picture gallery of the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

All these details, and an accurate statement of accounts, were published in a "Final Report," drawn up by the Bishop himself, and widely circulated both in India and England. It contained also the Sermon preached at the Consecration, an account of the ceremonial observed, etchings of the exterior and interior of the building, and important original documents connected with the Bishop's designs and the Government grants.

Power had been retained to transfer, in case of need, to the Building Fund some part of the Bishop's own benefaction to the Endowment Fund: and, with the partial application of this resource, no debt of any kind remained: so that the Offertory collection, made on the consecration day, amounting to 200*l.*, was bestowed upon the Calcutta Additional Clergy Society. It is rarely that so great a scheme sees so happy a termination! The Bishop always attributed it mainly to the gratuitous and most able assistance of Colonel Forbes, who superintended the work with a zeal and perseverance almost unequalled, for eight years. "His services," says the Bishop, "fully met all our warmest desires, and surpassed all the highest anticipations we had formed."

And now the Consecration Day has dawned. The whole area is crowded, every seat occupied, every aisle filled. For the first time the voice of prayer and praise ascends. Then all is hushed, and the venerable Bishop's voice is heard repeating as his text the sublime words of inspiration:—"Will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot con-

tain Thee, how much less this house which I have built" (2 Chron. vi. 18). The discourse founded on these words lasted for an hour; and then forty clergy, with twenty students of divinity, and eighty of the laity knelt before the Lord's table and partook of His Sacramental Supper. The service, which had commenced at half-past ten, was not ended till half-past three. Then followed the assembling at the Palace, and all the kind congratulations and addresses incidental to such occasions. The Bishop had borne up well through all the excitement and fatigue; but, about nine o'clock, exhaustion became apparent, and at the suggestion of his medical adviser, he left the company and retired to rest. He had felt poorly for two days; he had not slept for two nights; and now he was laid aside:—"I am a prisoner of the Lord," he says next day; "as Jacob halted on his thigh at Peniel, so it was at the consecration of my Cathedral. But how merciful that I was just able to go through the duties of the day! And now God has laid me low, to chasten and humble me, to empty me of self, to make my religion more real, to allure me and bring me into the wilderness, and there 'speak comfortably to me,' to prepare me for my last remove, to quicken me in prayer, faith, resignation, love."

His illness did not last long; but it compelled him, though suffering from the failure of a Calcutta bank, and threatened with heavier liabilities, to engage a house at Cossipore, near Calcutta, to which he might occasionally retire for air and rest. He called it Bishopstowe, and took much delight in the grounds by the river side.

His journal-letters for 1848 may be now resumed.

'*January 16th.* I have been delivering a sermon from "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another" (Rom. xii. 10). The late and the present Governor-General were both present, and sat in the two chairs provided for Lord and Lady Dalhousie in the Governor-General's stall. It is the first time, I believe, since England put her foot in India, that two Governors-General appeared together in church.'

'*January 22nd.* Yesterday I attended Lord Dalhousie's first levee. He sent me most kindly a note, saying I should have the entrée. And accordingly the Members of Council, Commander of the division, and myself were admitted before-

hand, and took our stations in a semi-circle on one hand of the Governor-General, whilst his staff was ranged on the other. Four or five hundred presentations took place, after the manner of St. James'. Lord Dalhousie said he had no idea the society of Calcutta was so large. I was myself rather glad to see so many of my old friends, and to make many new ones. Lady Dalhousie will, I suppose, hold a drawing-room; and then all will fall into its ordinary course.'

'*March 17th.* I took the Archdeacon, who has returned to Calcutta, to introduce him to Lord and Lady Dalhousie. Lord D. does not look well. I had a great many matters to lay before him. Nothing could exceed his kindness, and readiness to do all I propose. He is far more disposed to build churches than Lord Hardinge, who had a strange idea that in military stations, however large, it was not worth while to erect any, because it was possible the troops might hereafter be differently posted. My answer is—that if your stations induce you to build barracks, storehouses, hospitals, and long rows of bungalows, then you may at least erect at the same time a "house of prayer."'

'*March 20th.* Yesterday the mail came in. The death of Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, whom I have known for thirty-six years, deeply affects me. I wrote above the line of the letter which communicated the intelligence, these words:—"I hope the Bishop of Chester (Dr. J. B. Sumner) will succeed. No appointment could be so good."'

'*Easter Day, April 13th.* I have been enabled to preach my sixteenth Easter sermon. Oh! for a Resurrection blessing. On Good Friday evening I was so exhausted with my hour's sermon (concluding the series of Lent lectures on the Temptation), that I totally forgot to give the Benediction. We have need to pray for our bodies, as well as our souls.'

'*May 2nd.* I have finished reading the incomparable Maclaurin, and made progress in Hooker's fifth book on Confirmation and the Lord's Supper. Lord Campbell's first volume I have gone through: and Lord Brougham's Statesmen of the time of George III. These books I take up, for half an hour at a time, in the languor and imbecility of April and May afternoons; that is, between the close of my siesta at three o'clock and my drive out at six.'

'*May 5th.* I have had an audience of the Governor-General. There is a kindness and friendliness in him which is most attractive. The Court of Directors have sent out a fierce letter prohibiting any more churches being built.

Such is still the anti-christianity of these worldly-wise merchants. The Governor-General says we must build large school-rooms. And my notion is to add a little ecclesiastical appearance to them. Thank God I have got my Cathedral!

‘*Sunday, May 7th.* It is seven o’clock in the evening, and I am sitting exhausted in my verandah, incapable of anything mental or bodily. I have been dragged twice to church—“faint yet pursuing,” and preached once from 1 Peter, ii. 19—25. Oh! thou good Shepherd and Bishop of souls, do thou be pleased to bless it to the salvation of many. And do thou be the Bishop of my soul—my inspector—my guardian—my overseer—my watchful gracious protector. May this be my comfort, as an under shepherd, that Thou, the great and good Shepherd, art the Bishop and Ruler of souls in Thy Church.’

‘*July 28th.* I was very poorly on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. Dr. Webb says it is the chills and heats of the rainy season, and inevitable. He wants me to leave Bengal after October, and proceed to the milder winter of Madras, Bombay, and Ceylon. I have, therefore, spoken to the Governor-General, and sent in the usual public letter. My plan is to hold a Confirmation on November 28th, an Ordination on St. Andrew’s Day, November 30th, a Visitation on December 5th; then to embark on December 6th, arrive at Madras, December 13th, and stay twenty-one days; arrive at Colombo, January 8th, 1849, and stay twenty-one days; arrive at Bombay, February 8th, and stay twenty-one days; arrive again at Calcutta, March 19th. I am very old, very peevish, very fractious, very touchy; and though I strive against these infirmities, yet they pervade my conversation and letters, I fear, more than I am aware of. Forgive me. They are the old man’s sins and snares. Dr. Webb is not sorry to see a touch of gout as a safety valve. I have my great chair with four staves, to be carried about the house—a hand-carriage to be drawn about the grounds—my flannel shoe to enable me to walk from room to room.’

It is singular to hear of the “great chair,” the “hand carriage,” and the “flannel shoe,” in connection with a contemplated journey by land and sea of five thousand miles. But the mind mastered the body now, as in times past; and the plan proposed for a fifth Visitation was, in the good Providence of God, effectually carried out. The

Confirmation and Ordination were held as proposed; and on November 3rd the Bishop delivered his fifth general, and second metropolitical charge. The consideration of it will belong to a new chapter, and meanwhile the present one will be concluded as before by a few extracts from his Correspondence.

TO COLONEL (THE LATE SIR HENRY) LAWRENCE.

• ‘CALCUTTA, April 14, 1847.

‘I am greatly obliged to you for your letter, and for filling up the “title” for Mr. Parker.

‘I beg to add my name to your subscription list (on behalf of the “Lawrence Asylum,” in the hills near Simlah for the education of the children of English soldiers) for two hundred rupees annually, to date from May, 1847.

‘The single point for Mr. Parker to attend to, is to leave the children whose parents object to our Protestant forms of church government, quite free to receive instruction from their parents’ ministers at proper times. But, in truth, the privilege will not often be claimed, if no irritation is excited. It is a noble institution, and will do you infinite honour. And may God bless it abundantly!

‘I am glad your sketch of rules is only experimental, It is better to wait and consider things well, before final arrangements are determined on.’

• TO THE REV. H. V. ELLIOTT.

• ‘CALCUTTA, August 1847.

‘I have just lighted on a kind note from you, dated one twelvemonth since, and the affection it awakened in my heart induces me to beg for a similar line of love from you.

‘I want to be stirred up, comforted, and strengthened in the weary land where no water is, to which I have returned. Let me know how to get nearer to God, and live more by faith. Tell me how to pray, and mortify sin.

‘I hope to consecrate my cathedral on October 8th. I want two or three men of God to supply it—men of the Beatitudes—men of the gold of Ophir.



‘In my seventieth year I only wonder I am so well as I am. But the time draws near. May I be found with my loins girded, and my lamp burning.

‘Love to all Brighton.’

TO DR. WILBERFORCE, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

‘CALCUTTA, October 23rd, 1847.

‘Will you allow me to tender through you to Her Most Gracious Majesty a “Final Report” of St. Paul’s Cathedral, to which Her Majesty has so munificently contributed.

‘The service of Communion plate was placed on the sacred table on the day of Consecration, October 8th, and was universally admired. The great eastern window, with West’s superb picture of the Crucifixion, which Her Majesty sanctioned the gift of, on the part of the Dean and Canons of Windsor, was immediately over the holy table.

‘The Appendix to the Report contains the chief correspondence which took place during the eight years that the Cathedral was in building.

‘Daily prayers have been celebrated since, and a steady congregation is being collected.

‘The Native Cathedral Mission will be begun gradually, as the one missionary already appointed, acquires the Bengalee language.

‘In a word, I may venture to assure Her Majesty that all the ends proposed in erecting a Protestant Cathedral in heathen India appear likely, under God’s blessing, to be effected.

‘I commend myself to my Gracious Sovereign’s favourable consideration, and send an aged Bishop’s blessing to the Royal House and Family, for whom my prayers are continually put up in this distant land.’

TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

‘CALCUTTA, October 28th, 1847.

‘I have the honour to submit a copy of the “Final Report” of St. Paul’s Cathedral, to which is prefixed the

sermon I preached at the Consecration, and an Appendix of documents.

‘Everything has succeeded to admiration as to external matters, and we hope that the internal blessing, as regards the salvation of souls, will follow; nor have we any reason to doubt it, if the bishop and clergy preserve the simple, pure, evangelical spirit of our Protestant Church.

‘The service lasted five hours; and in the evening, between sixty and seventy sat down to a Consecration dinner at the palace.

‘Your Grace will not be surprised to hear that my strength broke down after all the excitement of the long previous preparation, and the duties of the day. I am, however, recovering through God’s mercy; and hope to use all diligence to make my “calling and election sure.” I commend myself to your Grace’s prayers, and trust to secure your confidence and affection during my few remaining days.’

To this letter the following reply was received. It was written just one month before the venerable Archbishop’s death, and would be amongst the last he wrote. The trembling hand tells of the effort made.

“LAMBETH, *January 8th, 1848.*

“I cannot sufficiently express my acknowledgments of your kindness in sending me an account of that most interesting solemnity—the Consecration of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul’s, Calcutta. I have received it with those feelings which are naturally excited by the occasion, and are called forth in the highest degree by your Lordship’s description of the ceremonial, and the deep interest felt by the multitudes assembled to witness a sight, the first of the kind which has been ever exhibited in the British dominions in India.

“This edifice, which your Lordship has seen completed, will, I trust, be preserved by the merciful care of God’s providential goodness, to the end of the world, a monument of your zeal and munificence, conspicuous alike for its architectural beauty, and for the application of wealth to the noblest of purposes in a country where, for a length of years, the public attention has been almost solely directed to mercantile and political objects.

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‘Our satisfaction is only abated by the effect which your Lordship’s exertions have had on your health. We trust that your recovery will be complete, and that you will not fail to guard against a relapse by all the precautions requisite in an Indian climate.

‘ “I have for some time hardly answered a letter; nor would anything have prompted such an exertion, but the fear of losing a fortnight in expressing the pleasure derived from your recent communication. Commending you heartily to the mercies of God, I am, &c. &c.”

TO THE REV. C. JERRAM.

‘ CALCUTTA, July 1848.

‘You, my beloved friend, are before me in the vale of life. I was reading my notes of our interview at the Vice-Chancellor’s in June, 1846, and I found your age marked at seventy-seven. Well, we are in God’s hands: “We are immortal,” said one of the Fathers, “till our work is done.” Dealtry is gone to his rest. Archbishop Howley is removed; Simeon, Cecil, Scott, Newton, Foster, Venn, Buchanan, Robinson—all our contemporaries almost are gone to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God. Soon must the time of *our* departure arrive. I am most anxious to END WELL, as Bible Scott used to say. I feel nature sinking, I have not the spirits nor strength which I used to have. And my spiritual feelings sympathise with my natural. I never had much joy. I was always too conscious of the holiness of God, and the obligations of the Law and the Gospel, and too sensible of my inward corruptions, to be very high in joy. No; if I can creep into heaven as the poorest and vilest of sinners, I shall then be prepared to sing with an angel’s voice, “Blessing and glory, and honour, and power to him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever.” I have a hope, but it is a faint one, in the Lord Jesus. But I am quite clear *I have no other hope*. I pray God that I may die with two Scripture sentences in my heart and on my lips—“God be merciful to me a sinner,” and “Lord Jesus receive my spirit.”’

## TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, WILLIAM BATEMAN, ESQ.

‘BISHOPSTOWE, *July 1st, 1848.*

‘I used to write regularly to my beloved sister whilst alive, on my birthday, which falls to-morrow. I write, therefore, to-day to assure you of my affectionate love, and to beg the benefit of your continued prayers for me. Entering to-morrow on the seventy-first year, of my age, I feel that my work is done, and that I may daily expect my Lord to be calling me to himself. His long-suffering to me is wonderful. I have been preserved in this mortal climate for a year and seven months since my return. Truly I may say, “Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life,” and I hope I may add, “I shall dwell,” through a Saviour’s infinite merits, “in the House,” the upper House, “of the Lord for ever.”

‘Few things encourage me more in looking forward to the near approach of death than the remembrance of the most remarkable consolation and support which my beloved sister experienced under bodily sufferings so exquisite and long continued previously to her departure. Blessed be God, the love and power of Christ remain the same. His covenant is ordered in all things and sure. His Word is the food of the new life. His Holy Spirit can sustain, sanctify, and cheer, in the dark valley of the shadow of death.

‘My dear brother, let us stand fast in the Lord, and examine ourselves, and see how we may more glorify our God whilst we remain here amongst a world of sinners.

‘My dear nieces, do you make sure work for eternity. A mother’s—a father’s religion will not save you. Each must individually give herself to the Lord in sincerity of soul.’

## TO THE CHAPLAIN AT LUCKNOW.

‘CALCUTTA, *July 24th, 1848.*

‘I have duly received your letter inquiring how far it is allowable for a lay gentleman to perform divine services in a station where there is a resident chaplain.

‘2. The answer is clear. No lay gentleman can lawfully perform divine services of any sort, in any church consecrated by the diocesan, without his permission.

‘3. In stations where there are no resident chaplains the bishop requests the favour of some pious lay member of our Church to read a portion of the prayers, and such a sermon as the bishop approves, to the Christian flock.

‘4. This is a case of necessity, and ceases when a chaplain resides.

‘5. At Lucknow it appears that the chaplain gives one full service in the cantonment church every Sunday. No lay gentleman can, therefore, have the least right to perform any services there. The Christian flock can edify themselves during the hours before and after divine service in private devotions and meditations.

‘I beg of you to communicate this letter to the parties concerned.’

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### FIFTH VISITATION.

1848—1851.

Bishop's fifth Charge—Voyage to Bombay—Accident—Ceylon—Madras—Calcutta—Journals—Thanksgiving sermons—Validity of Ecclesiastical Law in India—New Palace—Mr. Pratt made Archdeacon—Principal Kay of Bishop's College—Journals—Visitation—Church built from *Illustrated London News*—Rev. J. Blomfield, domestic Chaplain—Voyage to Borneo—Rajah Brooke—Return to Calcutta—Journal—Professor Street's illness and death—Cathedral Mission converts—Dangerous illness—Correspondence.

THE Charge with which the Bishop commenced his second Metropolitan and fifth general Visitation was inferior to none of its predecessors. He called it his "dying Charge;" and it was written under the impression that it would be so. Firmness and decision are mingled with gentleness and affection. The style is simple; and the things brought out of the treasury are both new and old. He first dwelt upon the peculiar duties appertaining to the clergy in the stirring times in which they lived; and then entered upon the encouraging statistics of the diocese, and events of recent occurrence in India. He spoke of the CATHEDRAL: of its completion: its daily prayers: the extent of its design: its bearing upon Missions. He discussed at some length and with great force the subjects of the Church, the Lord's Supper, and Holy Baptism. He concluded by pointing out what he did not "consider it safe to omit from any Charge," the real nature of the Gospel, and those peculiar doctrines involved in it, which men in general are "so reluctant to embrace."

Certain additions rendered necessary by local circumstances were made at Bombay, Ceylon, and Madras, and the Charge, when printed, was dedicated to the Bishops of those dioceses. A second and improved adaptation of the

"Prayer for the High Court of Parliament" to the circumstances of India, was added as an Appendix.

After the delivery of the Charge, and the usual entertainment given to the clergy, the Bishop at once embarked in the pilot brig *Tavoy*, Captain Hand, and proceeded to sea, with a fair wind: bound first for Bombay. Mr. Pratt accompanied him; and after a pleasant voyage they reached the desired haven on December 4th, 1848. Dr. Carr, the excellent Bishop, and Mr. Pigott, were soon at the ship's side, and in a few hours he was occupying the same comfortable suite of rooms as in March, 1843.

Lord Falkland, the Governor of Bombay, welcomed him very kindly, and Dr. Carr and the clergy presented him with an affectionate address. He said he was "a good deal whirled about," and had "no Doctor Webb to look after him:" but was still able to perform all required duties, to deliver his Charge, and preach as usual. The "dear Bishop Carr," he remarks, on leaving, "is goodness itself. He has been thirty-three years in India; longer than any of his clergy."

The brig *Tavoy* having been previously dispatched, he hastened to overtake her in a small steamer on December 16th, and met with what nearly proved a very dangerous accident. Walking after the captain on the lower deck, and not perceiving an open hatchway, he was precipitated down it. Had he fallen on his head the shock might have been fatal. "As I was walking boldly on," he says, describing what took place, "it was on my feet I fell, and I am only now suffering from a livid bruise all down the thigh. God be praised for safety. I must learn not only to look to my guide, but also to the road on which I am walking."

After a short stay at Cottayam and Allepie, he arrived at Colombo, in Ceylon, on 29th December. Here for the first time, he found a Bishop, and "was overwhelmed with kindness." There were many local matters full of embarrassment, but he declined entering into them: confining himself to his duties as Metropolitan. On the last day of the year he writes:—"I have been preaching in the cathedral before the Governor, Lord Torrington, and a very large audience. My voice rather recovers itself. Thus ends the year 1848, crowned with mercies."

On January 5th, 1849, he delivered his Charge: and the Bishop of Colombo preached the visitation sermon. On Sunday, January 7th, he preached again, bidding the congregation farewell; and in the evening describes himself as sitting calmly in the beautiful grounds surrounding the house, "meditating on the past, the present, and the future of the visitation."

On Monday he sailed for Madras: and arrived on February 1st. There were one hundred and sixty-three letters and papers awaiting him, and he was at once immersed in business. No bishop was in Madras. Bishop Spencer, after long struggling with the climate, had been compelled to leave; and anxious matters of all kinds had accumulated. Sir Henry Pottinger, the Governor, sent an aide-de-camp to see him safely across the surf, and when landed, received him with courtesy, and treated him with confidence. He found a home with Archdeacon Shortland, whom he had long known, and much esteemed. He entered at once into the duties required of him; presided at the anniversaries of the various religious Societies, delivered nine sermons and addresses in fourteen days, held an Ordination, repeated his Charge—and then at once broke down. What might have been done with impunity in former days, proved now too much for his strength. He was attacked with low fever, and even whilst begging for a short respite in order to administer Confirmation to some hundreds of young persons, all prepared and longing to receive it at his hands, was hurried on board the vessel and sent to sea. His medical advisers were right in anticipating good effects from the sea air. His recovery was rapid: and when he arrived in Calcutta on March 2nd, Dr. Webb said he was looking "very well."

With his residence in Calcutta for awhile, the extracts from his journal-letters will be resumed.

'CALCUTTA, *March* 1849. A gentleman has brought me a letter from the Bishop of Exeter, who says "no difference of sentiment on points even of grave importance can impair my regard for you. May it please God that we meet hereafter in a world where there will be no difference of opinion, no question who is right, no doubt what is truth: but where we shall know even as also we are known." Is not this kind? I have a still better letter from the Bishop of Oxford in answer to mine, forwarding the "Final Report" of



the Cathedral. He at once applied for an audience of the Queen, and when he had read my letter and exhibited the engravings, "the liveliest interest was expressed," he says, "in all that I was doing, and the most earnest desire that all my plans for the good of India might prosper." "I trust," says the Bishop, "that from the other end of the earth you will sometimes think of the son of your old friend, labouring under a burden here at home, the weight of which you can appreciate, on whom rests the Metropolitan Episcopate of India, and aid him by your effectual prayers to God." "

'*March 15th.* Mr. Macaulay's history gains on me as I read, with the one very serious exception of a want of consistent and grave moral and religious principle. Philosophical liberalism will never have God's blessing. But what a marvellous writer! What memory! What power of description! What nice delineation of character! His account of the death of Charles II.—his sketch of the Jesuits—his estimate of Burnet, are capital. But all fades before his masterly development of the character, talents, and views of William. I never clearly understood the grounds of the revolution before. And the conduct of Mary—how sweet, when she first learnt her future position as Queen! I almost forgot to mention the incomparable opening up of Irish affairs in the second volume. I don't wonder that twenty-five thousand copies were sold off (as we are told here) in four or five days.

'*March 23rd.* We have been to inspect Mr. Wilberforce Bird's late house in the Chowringhee Road, which I am advised to make the Bishop's Palace, instead of the one which they have inhabited here for eighteen years. The advantages are, its immediate vicinity to the Cathedral—a more airy situation—and ground near which will suit for schools and Missionaries' houses. The disadvantages are, the moving of an old man after sixteen years, the inferiority in appearance, and the accommodation not being so great. The design is merely in embryo. With God are the issues of small as well as great concerns. If it be His will, and for His glory, and the good of my successor, it will take place. Otherwise I would not wish it to succeed for a moment. I am looking daily, I hope, for "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "

'*March 31st.* The war is over, and the Punjaub is annexed. It will be placed under Sir Henry Lawrence, a

most admirable and pious man, with E. Thornton, Macleod, Montgomery, Pearson, and other men under him—all able, and well-disposed. Surely I shall soon have a Bishop of Agra! for chaplains will be planted all over the newly-acquired territories with the army and civilians. Oh! that God would turn British India to himself, on the footing of these his “marvellous loving kindnesses.” I must do what I can to help on this mighty change. I want India, as with the heart of one man, hand joining in hand, to enter into covenant with God in Christ Jesus.

He did his best to carry out the idea thus expressed in his journal-letter, by preaching two thanksgiving sermons on the victory of Guzerat and the consequent peace.

Lord Dalhousie was absent with the camp at Ferozepore; and, in his “general order” announcing the successful termination of the war, he said:—“While thus congratulating the army and British subjects in India on the triumphant success which has been achieved, the Governor-General desires humbly to acknowledge the Hand by which alone victory is given. He has, accordingly, intimated to the Lord Bishop his wish that on the first Sunday in May, thanksgivings shall be offered to Almighty God for the successful termination of the war in which we have been engaged, and for the restoration to the people of the blessings of peace.”

The result of this was a Circular, addressed to all the clergy in the diocese, containing an arrangement for morning and evening services, and a form of thanksgiving to be used in all churches on the sixth of May. The Bishop himself preached in the cathedral, from Psalm cvii. 43; and both this, and the discourse preached for the victory of Guzerat, on “the deliverance vouchsafed to King Asa,” were printed and circulated throughout India. The sermons were admirable, and the effect good. “The second of these sermons,” he says, “has led me to meditate much on the love of God. What proofs have I of this ‘darling attribute,’ as Bishop Horne calls it, daily in Providence and Grace. How has God led and fed me all life long! How has he blessed me, and my children, and my grandchildren! What honour has he put upon my hoary hairs by my household’s walking in the way of righteousness! And, looking back upon the forty-eight years of my ministry, how can I bless

God enough for Chobham, Oxford, Worton, St. John's, Islington, and Calcutta! May my few remaining days be LOVE to my ever-blessed God in Christ Jesus. I feel quite relieved now that these sermons are done. I fully resolve to print no more."

\* A question now arose which from small beginnings became great, and demands consideration. It had been customary in India to apply to the Chaplain at each station when permission was required to erect a Mural Tablet in the church, or a monument in the churchyard; and on such permission being granted, a formal application was sent to the Bishop, and a fee of fifty rupees paid to the Registrar. This usage was now resisted simultaneously at Allahabad and Mhow; and the matter being taken up by government grew into formidable dimensions. The status of the chaplain, the custody of the church and churchyard, the validity of ecclesiastical law in India, the authority inherent in the bishop's office, and recognised in his Letters Patent, which assigned to him "all functions peculiar and appropriated to the office of bishop:"—all these questions were raised; all these rights were doubted, and in some measure denied.

This roused the spirit of the aged Bishop, and he came forth, as in former times, to defend the rights of the Church. "I have been writing," he says, "a long letter to the Governor, in reply to one addressed to me cutting up all my powers as bishop root and branch. I must for conscience' sake, for religion's sake, and for the sake of my successors, weak and old as I am, maintain the inherent rights of my office. If I fail in my remonstrance, I must appeal home." And again, a week after, he says, "O Lord! from whom all blessing proceeds, vouchsafe to prosper the long and anxious remonstrance which thy servant has now prepared for the government. Whatever the result, may thy servant rejoice in THY WILL. Such is the aspiration with which I sent off this morning the third copy with my own hand of my letter about my spiritual duties. I was six hours at work yesterday, and two, this morning. I am quite worn out."

So vigorous were his remonstrances, and so cogent his reasoning, that the Government which had raised the question, dropped it; and from the Council Chamber he received the following letter, dated May 12th, 1849:—

"I am desirous to acknowledge your Lordship's letter, dated May 2nd; and, in reply, to state that the President in Council had no intention, by the observations conveyed in the concluding paragraph of my letter, dated March 24th, to suggest any restriction to the exercise of your Lordship's spiritual functions. With this assurance on the part of the government, his Honour in Council doubts not that your Lordship will be satisfied."

"Blessed be God," says the Bishop, on the receipt of this letter, "who has all hearts in his hands! The Government has yielded the two grand points—Mural Tablets, and the Ecclesiastical Laws;" and in his reply he stated that he should continue to act in all respects as he had hitherto done.

Silence gave consent: the matter ended: and the journal-letters may be again resumed.

'*May 8th*,—My ninety-second clerical meeting was peaceful, holy, and edifying, last evening: subject, The Ascension of Christ. It was one of our best and sweetest meetings.'

'*BISHOP'S COLLEGE, May 26th*.—I have come over here to my tower-room. Nothing can be more beautiful than this place; the foliage so rich; the river so wide; the lawn so verdant; the chapel so exquisite; the whole edifice so noble. But it wants "the river of the water of life" flowing from the throne of God and the Lamb; and this is the main defect. I have nothing personally to complain of, nor have I had for several years. Mr. Street and Mr. Weidemann (now second Professor) are most truly kind and respectful. My complaint is not this. I had all the students assembled in the dining-room yesterday, and made them an address of forty minutes; and this morning I am to address them again after chapel. I asked Mr. Street what was meant by a young native sitting on a bench outside the chapel door. "He is doing penance," was the reply.'

'*June 3rd*.—I have been able to preach at the Cathedral. But two things are perfectly clear to me: that my voice is gone, and my hearing affected. Thus the earthly "house of this tabernacle" is being dissolved: The "three warnings" only lack one, my sight. This at present remains good.'

'*COSSIPORE, June 8th*.—Sir William and Lady Gomm were at morning prayers yesterday at the cathedral, and I showed them over it. He called afterwards, and they both

dined with me in the evening. He is a very amiable and pleasing person. Five days after his commission had been signed, the panic about Chillianwallah threw all England into terrors, and Sir Charles Napier was hurried off, and arrived in India before Sir William Gomm. The Duke wrote to him to apologise most amply for the unexpected change. Sir William takes it extremely well, and says the Duke was perfectly right.'

'NEW PALACE, CALCUTTA, *September 1st.* This is the first day I have come over here to study, and write, and meditate. I sit in the third story. The prospect is exquisite, the cathedral adjoins the compound, the esplanade stretches unobstructed to the south and south-east, the air is delicious. We shall not come to live here most likely till our return from Visitation; for we start again, please God, on September 21st. Now I desire to dedicate this new abode to Thy glory, O Lord! May every succeeding Bishop live and preach thy gospel more and more clearly; may every room have its altar of prayer and praise; and may this change be for the comfort and usefulness of thy servant's successors, and the glory of Thy great and holy name.'

On September 21st, as thus proposed, the Visitation was resumed: and in the usual accommodation-boat the Bishop ascended the river to Allahabad, and then dropped down, stopping at the various stations and performing the required duties. With these stations and duties the reader is now familiar, so that it will be sufficient to state that the journey was performed in safety, and Calcutta regained on January 22nd, 1850. A few events however require notice. The period of this Visitation was marked by the arrival of Dr. Kay, the new Principal of Bishop's College: by the appointment of Archdeacon Dealtry, whilst in England for health, to the See of Madras, void by the resignation of Bishop Spencer: and by the immediate nomination of Mr. Pratt to the vacant Archdeaconry of Calcutta. The Bishop rejoiced at being able thus to mark his sense of the unwearied and valuable services rendered by Mr. Pratt to himself and India for the space of ten years. The new Archdeacon found also at Bhaugulpore, in the daughter of George Brown, Esq., of the Civil Service, one to share his happy prospects, to promote his domestic happiness, and to walk with him as an heir "of the grace of life."

On the Bishop's arrival in Calcutta, he took up his

abode in the New Palace. The journal-letter will tell the particulars :—

*‘February 2nd, 1850.* I came in here to breakfast this morning, and had family prayers for the first time in the new chapel, when we devoted it and ourselves to God our Saviour.’

*‘February 4th.* I found the nearness of the cathedral most convenient this morning. You might have seen me walking from my house, well wrapped up, at a quarter to seven, and returning in the warmth of the early sun at a quarter to eight. I like also the chimes, which even my dull ears can follow out distinctly, and which guide my servants day and night. The accommodation will fully answer my expectations when the three new rooms are habitable. The only regret I have is the money I have expended, and the trouble of getting habituated to a new state of things.’

*‘February 22nd.* I have been dreadfully hurried since my return : and the Lent Lectures, preached in the Old Church this year, give me a great deal of work. The subject is, “The Christian armour.” One incident last evening was very affecting to me. The Bishop’s College students and catechists have been used to sit about the communion rails, and often became mingled and confused with the congregation. Last night, whom should I see humbly sitting amongst them, but the new Principal, Dr. Kay. I pressed him to take a seat in the pew, but he declined. There he remained like a father with his children. In a proud aristocratic city like Calcutta, this was a bold, but most commendable innovation, like everything else he does : and it endears him to his pupils prodigiously.”

*‘March 3rd.* In the beginning of March I always endeavour to look back with humble thankfulness to March 1796, when the infinite mercy of Christ first touched my heart, and led me to serious thoughtfulness about my soul. Different saints are brought into the fold in different ways. Many gradually and imperceptibly, as my late dearest wife ; others by alarming sickness ; others by the preaching of the Word ; and many, like myself, by some brief admonition addressed in common conversation, and brought home to the conscience by the Spirit of God. But I have never committed the great error of *resting* my evidences for heaven on the supposed date of this impression. No. I thank

God with adoring gratitude for that call : but my evidences of adoption must be sought for, in the habitual penitence, faith, love, and obedience of my heart and life. Christ must be to me "all in all:" my "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." May He so be to me to my dying hour! Alas! What am I in his sight as to myself. I enter the fifty-fifth year, lower and deeper I hope in self-abasement than in any one that has preceded it. I quite agree with dear Mr. Simeon, "that no human eye can ever detect the infinite depravity of the heart, nor any person form the least conjecture of what we have been and are."

*March 13th.* I met Lord and Lady Dalhousie at our deputy-Governor's last week. Both have recovered their health. Lord Dalhousie chatted pleasantly with me before and after dinner. I attacked him for not answering my private letters. "How ungrateful you are," he said, "I answered all except when you sent me your Charge, when I thought you were the person to teach, and not I."

*March 25th.* I am delighted with reading the "Life of Bishop Shirley." He was truly a first-rate person, so sensible, amiable, and diligent. His remarks on the "Trinitarian Bible Society," and "Irvingism," are incomparable. I learned one important lesson, from his most just fear at my appointment in 1832, that my "impetuosity of character" would endanger my usefulness. I pray still that I may be enabled to guard against it. The Bishop's opposition to Tractarianism is noble, and his views of its poison original. His piety, sweetness, influence, and tact are wonderful.

*April 1st.* I have finished my Lent Lectures. Sketches of them have appeared in the "Christian Intelligencer." It has been a great effort for me altogether. My voice was stronger whilst delivering the last two, than when I began. The numbers attending I do not know; for they do not count numbers in the Old Church: but on Good Friday evening the church was crammed from end to end, and many were sitting on benches in the verandah outside.

*April 12th.* The reading of Dr. Chalmers has succeeded to Bishop Shirley. I have finished with wonder and admiration the first volume. A great man he was—raised up to do a great work. No one, perhaps, has done more. The disclosures of his inmost soul in his journal are the most touching I ever read.

*April 19th.* The Act for the establishment of Liberty of Conscience here, passed on April 11th. This will be as

memorable a day as December 4th, 1829, when Lord William Bentinck abolished the rite of Suttee. Now, the Hindoo or Mahometan, who may embrace the Christian faith, will no longer forfeit his inheritance. He will stand, as to civil rights, exactly where he did before. This, with the new plan of education proposed by Mr. Thomason, is a grand step in the right direction. On Wednesday last I had a few friends to dinner. We sat in our new western verandah, with the moon, five days old, beaming upon us, and retired at eight to Mrs. Pratt's drawing-room, who always gives us a hymn at evening prayers. I was in my own room before nine.'

'June 11th. Experiments are about to be made of an electric telegraph. This will shorten, by seven days, our news from England, and bring it down from thirty-five days, to twenty-eight. How wonderful compared with the four, five, or six months of 1832! A committee is also appointed to prepare a plan for a *one anna* postage, similar to your *one penny* postage, which has so admirably succeeded. Our railroad is also to begin at Howrah, and run to Burdwân.'

'June 12th. I am arranging for the resumption of my Visitation in the autumn; and have sent in my public letter to government. I propose to divide it into two parts, beginning in August with Archdeacon Pratt as my acting chaplain; and ending it in February with my new domestic chaplain, the Rev. J. Blomfield.'

'July 2nd. My nineteenth birthday since I left England in 1832. Surely I am a wonder unto many, as well as to myself! Surely I have to bless God, who has permitted me to enter my seventy-third year. Oh! for joy, faith, love, hope, resignation, heaven. Christ is "all and in all." I have no other trust—none. His atoning blood, and Holy Spirit, are all I want for eternity.'

In this spirit he prepared for his usual confirmations and ordination; and then, on August 5th, 1850, he embarked in the *Damouda* steamer on his route to Dacca. He was soon on entirely new ground; for, after four days' stay at Dacca, and the performance of a busy round of duties, he entered Assam, and made for the station of Gowhatti. Ascending the Brahmaputra river, the vast ranges of mountains, which divide Assam from Thibet on the north,



and 'from the Burman Empire on the south, soon came in sight. The rains were but slight, and the temperature was agreeable; so that the change from Calcutta at its bad season was very advantageous.

Gowhatti was reached on the 23rd, and the whole population were delighted with the visit, and warm in their welcome. The Bishop, having determined to stay over three Sundays, all duties were systematically arranged with Mr. Bland, the chaplain, and in due course satisfactorily performed. A handsome church, recently erected, was consecrated, confirmation administered, and several sermons preached. At the Holy Sacrament there were but twelve communicants; but the whole congregation begged permission to be present during the administration. "Perhaps this may be a step onwards," said the Bishop.

They next passed up to Dibroghur; touching at Tezporo, or the City of Blood.

The arrival of the steamer there caused an immense sensation. No one had ever seen the like. Thousands of natives came flocking down each hour to the river side, "making poojah" to the engines; and the native pilots, when called to take charge of the vessel, and guide her through the intricacies of the channel, prostrated themselves, in turn, before they took the helm.

Greatly to the honour of the few Christian residents—amongst whom the Bishop mentions Captains Vetch and Reid, with a Mr. Shurlock, the son of the very gentleman at Farnham, Hants, who received and entertained him when in the year 1801 he went to receive priest's orders—a very handsome church was being erected. The architect was Captain Reid. He had never built a church before, but took the plan from an engraving in the *Illustrated London News*, and for eight thousand rupees, had so nearly completed the structure, that the Bishop was able to perform divine service in it.

Diverging from the upward track, and following a winding stream for thirty miles, the steamer reached and anchored off Seib Saugor, a remote spot, but getting into note by the very successful cultivation of the tea plant. A congregation of nineteen, including some pious American missionaries who had been located there for nine years, and had gathered both converts and schools, was assembled for divine service, and the Bishop preached. This was the

extreme point of the Visitation, and the steamer's head was now turned homewards. Each station was again visited in passing : Mymensing, Burrisaul, Culneah, had a "word in season" : and Calcutta was regained on the 20th September.

'In thirty-six days,' says the Bishop, 'I have preached eighteen times. The good seed sown in these visitations is of the last importance. I am satisfied a Bishop does nothing more useful. The tone of religion is raised. Individuals are touched. The gospel is better understood. The clergy are roused. But I shall be glad of rest now, after a journey of two thousand miles, and eight stations, with about a thousand Christians altogether. Most of these have never been visited before. Besides preaching, I have held four confirmations, have consecrated one church and cemetery, and opened two others. Eben-Ezer ! Hitherto the Lord has helped us. Fine weather, a favourable entrance amongst the people, grace sufficient, good health, our beloved church strengthened, tractarianism denounced, Christ alone exalted, many souls, I hope, blessed for ever :—these have been the characteristics of this Visitation.'

In Calcutta he found his new domestic chaplain, the Rev. J. Blomefield. "His arrival will form an era," says the Bishop : "a fresh starting-post in life." But whilst rejoicing in this new helper, he was thunderstruck by the receipt of a letter from the Bishop of London, bearing the following direction :— "The Lord Bishop of Calcutta, Sarâwak, Borneo : care of the Rev. Mr. Church, at Singapore."

The object was to request him to visit the island of Borneo, which being included in none of the Eastern dioceses, fell under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London ; and when there, to consecrate the new church recently erected by Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarâwak. A voyage of fourteen weeks, and a journey of four thousand miles, was thus suggested, by the stroke of a pen, to a Bishop in his seventy-third year ! For a moment his heart sunk within him, but he had never yet declined the call of duty, and his courage soon revived. He communicated with the Government, and no obstacle presenting itself, he resolved to go. "On the whole," he says, "I believe it to be my duty ; and my concern is only to 'die daily,' leaving results with sovereign faithfulness,

love, and power." The Archdeacon and Mrs. Pratt readily and willingly accompanied him.

The reader needs not to be told the history of Rajah Brooke, of his settlement at Borneo, and of the bright hopes once attaching to that beautiful island of the Chinese Archipelago. These hopes have been somewhat dimmed; and they rest now rather on the progress and stability of the Church, than on the aid and protection of the State. But at the time, they were surrounded with something of the halo of romance, and Labuan and Sarawak had become household words. The Bishop no doubt felt the influence of this, and since the next part of his Visitation admitted of expansion, he resolved to include Borneo in it. Accordingly, on November 11th, he set sail in the *Tavoy* pilot-brig, Captain Ransom, bound for Chittagong, Akyab, Moulmein, Penang, Malacca, Singapore, and BORNEO.

Sermons, discussions, addresses, family prayers, conferences, confirmations, consecrations at the various stations above enumerated—with the alternations of calms and storms at sea, may be passed over: and it will suffice to say that the vessel anchored in safety off Singapore on January 11th, 1851. Only a short stay there was contemplated, but embarrassments arose from the absence of the *Nemesis* steamer, which was to have taken on the party to Borneo, and from some uncertainty about the movements of Rajah Brooke. A large steamer, the *Semiramis*, was at Singapore; but there was no accommodation for passengers, and unless the Bishop himself assumed the responsibility, his own little brig, the *Tavoy*, had no orders to proceed beyond Singapore. The arrival, however, of a larger man-of-war, the *Amazon*, soon put all to rights. Captain Barker, who was in command, had run in to Singapore in order to meet the Bishop, and to afford his young midshipmen and ship boys the opportunity of Confirmation; and in the exercise of his authority as senior officer, he directed the *Semiramis* to comply with the Bishop's wishes and to take the *Tavoy* in tow—thus at once hastening the voyage to Borneo, and continuing the accommodation. A violent gale, however, frustrated the arrangement, broke the towing hawsers, and compelled both vessels to run for shelter to the nearest bay. It was then agreed that the Bishop and his party should be taken on board the *Semiramis*, though the defective accommodation had previously forbidden the idea.

When this was effected, the vessel sped on her way to Borneo against the monsoon, and through an adverse and stormy sea, and arrived at the mouth of the Sarâwak river on the 18th January. Here they remained beating about for fifteen hours, receiving neither letters, messengers, nor pilot. They then pushed on cautiously, and found on arriving at Sarâwak, that Sir James Brooke, being ill with fever, and not expecting them, had left in the *Nemesis* the night before! The Rev. Mr. Macdougall, however, who was then at the head of the Mission, and afterwards became Bishop of Labuan, received them most gladly.

The *Semiramis* could only remain a few days; but as much edification was condensed into that short period as possible. Pleasant and profitable intercourse of all kinds took place. A little company of sixteen assembled each day for social converse and family prayers. Divine service was celebrated in Mr. Macdougall's house, with a congregation of fifty-five; and the church, though not finished, was consecrated amidst an immense assemblage of Chinese, Malays, and Dyaks from all parts of the island. It was built of iron-wood and the palm-tree, and was a handsome structure. "Never," said the Bishop, "did I feel such delight in consecrating a church. The site of it, two years ago, was covered with thick jungle: and Sarâwak itself, ten years ago, was desolated by pirates. The whole is next to miraculous: and if the Evangelical spirit govern the mission, and strong heroic men can be sent forth, full of faith and love, glorious things may be anticipated in future years."

Having thus accomplished his object, the Bishop re-embarked on January 23rd, and arrived at Singapore on the 25th, "exhausted and pale as ashes." Sir James Brooke, though still ill, at once waited on him. "We had a good deal of chat," says the Bishop. "There is evident sweetness, and yet firmness in his countenance. He must have great qualities to have done what he has.

"When he dined with the Queen at Windsor in 1847, Her Majesty asked him how he could govern so many thousand people without troops. He said, in reply, that he managed the natives easily enough: but that the four or five English he had with him, gave him much more trouble. The Queen laughed heartily, and replied 'I understand that.'"

From Singapore the Bishop set sail on January 30th;

and calling at all the stations before visited in order that they might have a second benefit, and then making a long fatiguing journey of fifty miles from Pooree on the coast, to Kuttack in the interior, which was "more than old seventy-three could well bear," he arrived safely at Calcutta on the 14th March.

'Jehovah Jireh!' he says, 'The Lord will provide! Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all through this Visitation. Kind friends have appeared at every station, thirty-five sermons have been delivered, Borneo has for the first time been reached by a bishop, five thousand one hundred miles have been traversed, my own health with Archdeacon and Mrs. Pratt's preserved, the clergy stirred up, love, peace, truth, zeal promoted, the Church upheld, ten confirmations administered, three churches and cemeteries consecrated, congregations of three thousand two hundred people addressed, and one hundred and fifty letters written.'

With such words the Bishop entered once more on the duties of Calcutta: and his journal-letters will tell, as before, the narrative of events in the year 1851.

'*March 23rd.* I lie by on Sundays during Lent, that I may see how I get on with my Friday evening lectures on the fifty-first Psalm. What praise and gratitude do I owe to the Lord Jesus for bringing me back again to Calcutta! May it be for some great spiritual good to souls! I am trying to search out my spirit and learn the special duty of OLD AGE in such a world as this Indian diocese is. Prayer, faith, humiliation, love, joy, peace, hope of a glorious resurrection, mortality swallowed up of life. Such are my desires.'

'*April 10th.* I received a Sydney newspaper yesterday, giving a really wonderful account of a "Board of Church of England missions for Australia, and the western islands of the Pacific," which was formed by the six bishops of Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, Tasmania, New Zealand, and Newcastle (which dioceses were all parts of Calcutta when I came out, and 'until 1836). There was good speaking, good feeling, and good resolutions. Why cannot we have a meeting of our five bishops, and form a Board in India? For six reasons. 1. The Court of Directors. 2. The distance of our dioceses. 3. The small number of our Christians. 4. Their floating changing character. 5. The heat of the

climate. 6. And chiefly, the want of a commanding mind in the aged and worn-out Metropolitan.'

'*April 11th.* Our April north-westerners have begun. We have been refreshed by three rain-storms last week. The thermometer instantly fell 10°; and my new little garden at the palace looks vivid and gay: ὀλιγόν, φίλον δε. . . '

'*April 22nd.* I was astounded this morning by an alarming account from Dr. Kay, that Professor Street was seized with fever, the result of a cold caught by crossing the river as he went to Geon-Kali for Palm Sunday services. Dr. Kay considers him to be in a dangerous state, and that, even if he is spared, he will be sent immediately to England. How sudden! I have been praying for him morning and evening since I heard of it.'

'*April 26th.* At half-past eleven, Dr. Kay wrote as follows:—"May I solicit your prayers on behalf of our dear friend? A change has come over him. I fear he will not last long." I received this at half-past two (for we are five miles on the other side the river), and Pratt and I determined at once to go over to the college. We arrived before five o'clock. The three doctors were there, and reported a possibility of recovery; but that the medicines had not touched the disease. He wished to see me, and we immediately went up. His appearance was death-like, and though, from the spasmodic action of the throat, he could not speak, yet his intellect was clear. I directed him to the bleeding Lamb, and his one offering for sin, in a few strong words: and then made a short prayer to the same effect—mentioning the righteousness of Christ alone for justification, and the influences of the Holy Spirit for sanctification. I then kissed him, pronounced the benediction, and retired.'

As the Bishop, after thus affectionately ministering to him, was retiring, the dying man raised himself in his bed, and with an effort which taxed all his powers, said, "God bless your lordship." This proved the last interview; for, though the Bishop went again next day, he was not permitted to see him.

Professor Street died on April 29th, and was interred on the following evening in the beautiful cemetery attached to Bishop's College Chapel. The Bishop read the funeral service, and a large assembly gathered to show respect to his memory.

The extracts from the journal, interrupted by this sad event, may be now resumed.

'*May 16th.* The first fruits of our Cathedral Mission have appeared. One of the boys in the school, the son of a high Coolin Brahmin, seventeen years old, has for some months been convinced of the truth of Christianity, and he was baptised in the cathedral last Sunday by the name of "Paul." A second lad has also declared himself, and, after a due interval, he will be admitted into the visible Church. He has some property, which the new *Lex loci* will secure to him. The family would carry him off if they dared. They have already charged him before the sheriff with a pretended debt of five thousand rupees, for which Archdeacon Pratt and Mr. Davis have been obliged to become bail. The school is reduced from mere fright in consequence of these things, but will soon recover. Indian heathenism in the nineteenth century can no more stop the work of Christianity than the Roman heathenism of the first.'

'*May 26th.* I am negotiating for a country-house at Serampore; fine air; overhangs the river; accessible by water; opposite Barrackpore; seventeen miles from the palace; good road. Dr. Webb insists on my having some place out of town, and I thought, by living on the spot, I might encourage and help the newly-appointed chaplain. I dined with John Marshman last night, and found him very friendly. He is full of information, was brought up in India, and knows everybody.'

'*June 3rd.* Last night the formal resignation of the dear Bishop of Bombay (Dr. Carr) came in, and my acceptance must be given before the vacancy can be declared and acted on. May God direct Lord Broughton's choice.'

'*June 3rd.* I baptised Mr. Davis's second convert this morning at the cathedral. His name is John. Blessed be God for this great mercy.'

The very next day the Bishop was attacked with an illness which assumed a most serious form, and finally became chronic, rendering him liable to dangerous seizures at any moment, and requiring occasional surgical relief to the end of his life. Referring to this, he says,

'My dear Saviour knows and orders all. My times are in his hands. I trust, nay, I am persuaded that He will give me grace to meet whatever He may see good to appoint. All the days of my appointed time, I hope to wait, till my change come. Pratt and Boswell visit and pray with me.'

I endeavour, as much as extreme weakness will allow, to meditate on the prospects, and joys, and rest, and holiness of heaven. My only reliance is in the atoning blood of my great High Priest—mind that, my children! Christ, and Christ only is my hope. If I look to myself I see nothing but imperfection, sin, defilement, insincerity, worldliness, pride, rebellion, guilt. It is only as I look out of myself to Christ, that I have a single ray of light. All I have written and said against Popery and Tractarianism I stand to. Not a sentiment do I retract. With my dying breath do I proclaim the fatal seduction of what is called the Sacramental system. The only point in the controversy which I regret, and have regretted from the beginning, is dear Mr. Gorham's theory of prevenient grace in the case of infants. This will never stand.'

Again, on June 22nd, he writes, "I am weakness itself, and can hardly command mind enough to scrawl these lines. But Dr. Webb pronounces me WELL. Of course this is a respite only at my time of life, and so I regard it. But I do not the less "love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplication."

'But I cannot write. My soul is swallowed up in wonder and praise; and Dr. Webb says I do not know the twentieth part of the mercy God hath bestowed on me.'

It was a long time before he regained his accustomed strength, and then the time had come round which required him to prepare for the delivery of another Charge; for such is the extent of the diocese of Calcutta, that, before one visitation is ended, the three years which render another necessary have very nearly expired.

It was, however, deemed inexpedient that, in the critical state of the Bishop's health, he should encounter the risks and fatigue of a long land journey to the Upper Provinces; and he resolved that, after the preparation and delivery of his Charge, he would remain quietly at Calcutta or at his country house at Scrampore, and give a commission to the Archdeacon to visit the Upper Provinces in his stead. This arrangement was in due time carried out; and, on the 1st October, the clergy in and around Calcutta were assembled to listen to his Sixth Charge. Before, however, it is introduced to the notice of the reader, a small portion of the Correspondence of 1848—51 will be interposed.



TO ARCHDEACON DEALTRY.<sup>1</sup>‘BISHOPSTOWE, CALCUTTA, *March*, 1849.

‘I assure you of my love and constant prayers. The dear “Old Church” has been shut up for repairs, but re-opens next Sunday.

‘I have written to the secretary of the India House, to propose, first, that the Bishop of Calcutta should be honestly paid the 5000*l.*, or 50,000 rupees assigned to him by Act of Parliament. Secondly, that 3000*l.*, or 30,000 rupees should remain as the Bishop of Calcutta’s stipend. And thirdly, that 2000*l.*, or 20,000 rupees should go to the salary of a new Bishop of Agra. To this the Court of Directors ought to agree at once. But—but—but——

‘Let me affectionately remind you, my most truly beloved Dealtry, how Mr. Cecil for twenty-eight years, and I for sixteen, got on at St. John’s. (1.) It was by steady and diligent preparation; (2) hard study; (3) texts chosen on the Sunday night and sermons begun on Monday morning; (4) matter collected from all our great authors during the early days of the week; (5) sermons finished on Friday; (6) Saturdays left for the refreshment of the body by country air; (7) *Saturday night’s assurances* obtained by meditation and prayer on the preparation made for the following day.

‘An immense congregation of acute lawyers and busy curious merchants, amounting to nearly two thousand, can only be kept together, as a means under God, by such a course of solid, well-digested food, carefully prepared. I would also recommend to you a GOOD CHURCH SPIRIT (without extravagance or Tract follies, of course), to pervade your doctrine, as sugar flavours tea, in order to restore the taste and feeling of the flock.’

## TO THE REV. CHARLES JERRAM.

‘“*Tavoy*,” *Pilot-brig*, February, 1859.

‘I seem not to have heard from you for a long time. The wilderness is nearly passed to both of us, dear brother: Canaan is in view: and the Lord will be with us in passing

<sup>1</sup> When the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel seceded from the Church, Archdeacon Dealtry, then at home for health, was appointed to the temporary charge of St. John’s Chapel, Bedford Row.

Jordan as he was with the Israelites. Whether that river overflow its banks previously, or not, he will carry us over safely if we fix our eyes on the ARK which goes before us. On looking back on the nearly fifty years of our intimate friendship in the wilderness, what hath God wrought for us ! What miracles of grace are we ! How mercifully hath he borne with us ! What blessings hath he showered down upon us ! Farewell, my beloved friend ; which of us may enter eternity first, who can tell ? But God knoweth. May He be with us, and all shall be well !'

TO MRS. PERCIVAL WHITE.

' "Tavoy" Brig, February, 1851.

'Thy Maker is thy Husband, my dear, bereaved sister : the Lord of Hosts is his name. Yes ; this is the consolation of the widowed and the desolate. He doeth all things well, whether in Providence, or in the operations of Grace. To lie passive in his hands is our wisdom, our interest, our duty, and our happiness. "If we try to carve for ourselves," says an old writer, "we are sure to cut our fingers." The spiritual ties are drawn closer when the temporal are unloosed ; and those temporal ties were from the first designed to be temporal, and nothing more. The Lord *lends* our comforts to us with the condition of withdrawing them at his pleasure.

'The "pillar of the cloud by day, and of fire by night," will now direct you. Your "shoes shall be iron and brass," notwithstanding your age and infirmities, and "as your days, so shall your strength be."'

TO THE ISLINGTON CLERICAL MEETING.

' CALCUTTA, November 6th. 1850.

'Our state in India is certainly, through God's mercy, on the improving hand. We have more chaplains and more missionaries, and a brighter prospect of success. Nothing, however, of a striking and wide-spread work of grace is at present apparent ; but the preparatory steps have been, and are being taken, which may lead at any moment to an outburst of glory in every part of the East, and the rapid conversion of souls to Christ.

'The movement follies are confined to very few, and are

much modified and restrained where they are theoretically held. At the same time, the tendency of human nature is so strong, and so insidious towards forms and the authority of man, that it is impossible to be too watchful against it.

‘Nor are the opposite errors less agreeable, under certain circumstances, to our fallen hearts. The Sadducee is sometimes more seductive than the Pharisee. Both are amongst the abortions of human pride and self-righteousness; and they are to be met by that holy and undoubting faith which we place in the full inspiration of the Scriptures, and by the blessed, interior, experimental efficacy of the truth of those Scriptures in our own hearts. Truth stamps holiness; error, rebellion and every evil work. And that error is more fatal which is built on some great truth. All the heresies in the world have been owing to the taking of unconnected texts, and making them speak whatever the critic pleased. And no one error is ever solitary, as Mr. Cecil said, it is always attended by a thousand others. We have, therefore, as much need to watch against Neological fancies, metaphysical subtleties, sceptical doubts on the entire inspiration of the Holy Word, and a rhetorical sort of religion, as we have against what is termed the Sacramental system. The remedy or preventive of both is the experience of Christ’s grace, daily gathered from doctrines well distinguished and applied as they lie in the Divine Book, and precepts and warnings devoutly received and obeyed. The moment the heart breaks off from Christ, Satan comes in with a Bible under his arm—as Bishop Hall says—and deludes us by some plausible error.

‘You will observe that in speaking of the inspiration of the Scriptures, I have used the strongest language. It is a vital point. If the Bible is not the perfect, unadulterated, adequate Revelation of God’s will, we have no chart to direct surely our course. The Tractarian system springs from a distrust of the sufficiency of Holy Scripture. Fathers, church decrees, canons of popish synods, the abominations of Trent—even the protestant offices of our own Church, and the writings of our commentators—all these are called in to supply the deficiency of the Inspired Word.

‘Still, dear brethren, let us “look up,” and lift up our heads, for the day of our redemption draweth nigh. The worst state of a Church is a dead calm. Better these evils and tumults known, than concealed.’

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SIXTH VISITATION.

1851—1855.

Charge—Journals—Sudden deaths of Mr. Weitbrecht and Professor Weidemann—Sermons on “The Great Atonement”—Bishop of Victoria—Impression made upon him—Visitation—Electric Telegraph—Mrs. Ellerton at the palace—Gathering of the Bishops—Consecration of the Bishop of Labuan—Correspondence.

THE Charge already referred to as preceding the sixth visitation of the diocese was dedicated to the three Suffragan Bishops as before, and congratulated two of them, Dr. Dealtry and Dr. Harding, on their appointments to the respective sees of Madras and Bombay. It bears the same character as those which preceded it, and takes the same wide range of doctrines and duties. The plain speaking, which had now become habitual to him, was very manifest, and broke through the reserve common on such occasions. Names were mentioned, books denounced, and systems condemned without reserve: and he seemed more than ever resolved that the last note of the trumpet should give no uncertain sound. “Don’t tinker it,” he said to his son, when an edition was called for in England: “don’t leave out plain words such as ‘shuffle.’ The only real word to be altered is *pardon* for *person*.”

After the delivery of the Charge, the clergy were invited not to dinner, as usual, but to breakfast at the palace, on the following morning. All met in the Chapel at nine o’clock, and after the devotional services were ended, they had “a most loving, comfortable breakfast.” Both sermon and charge were to be printed “by request,” and in an hour the archdeacon set off on his Visitation, and the clergy retired each one to his own home.

The first entry in the Bishop's journal-letter for the year 1852 is as follows :—

“ Time by moments steals away,  
First the hour, and then the day ;  
Small the daily loss appears,  
Yet it soon amounts to years.”

‘ I have been preaching my New Year's sermon. My six candidates for Ordination were at church. May I be enabled to begin the new year with a larger measure of the true circumcision of the Spirit, that my heart and all my members being mortified from all carnal and worldly lusts, I may in all things obey His blessed will, through Jesus Christ our Lord.’

‘ *January 24th.* I have been exceedingly interested with a chance book I bought yesterday—“ Lord Dudley's Letters.” The volume was published in 1841, but had not attracted my notice. There are seventy-nine letters, almost equal to Cicero's, Sevigné's, or Cowper's. They run from 1814 to 1831, with such brilliant sketches of home politics, persons, and books, and such masterly and original descriptions of Rome and the other chief cities of Italy, Germany, France, and Switzerland, that I have been charmed. The lively impressions of the events of these eighteen years, as the facts occurred, and by a man of first-rate talents, are to an old fellow like me, who remembers from the first outburst of the French Revolution in 1789, to the last of 1848 and 1851, a source of the highest gratification.’

‘ *January 26th.* I am thinking of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah for the Lent Lectures this year, which are to be preached in St. John's Church. It is an easy subject : and yet a most rich and important one. May the Lord, if it seemeth to him good, preserve me to fulfil this duty once more.’

‘ *February 4th.* The Governor-General has arrived in Calcutta, and I had my first audience yesterday. He is in fine health, and very kind. He granted all I asked, and will write home in favour of the Agra Bishopric. He thinks there will be no Burmese war : expects they will submit : gets on very well with the Court of Directors : will not let them behave uncivilly : has written home a stringent Minute to enforce the building of more churches : wants fifty thousand troops in the Punjaub, and ten Chaplains.’

‘ *SERAMPORE, February 20th.* I have had ten friends to

breakfast with me this morning. By this means I am able to keep up a little hospitality. I have been laying out my little compound. The Agricultural Society have given me a hundred and fifty flowering shrubs, and by lattice work of bamboo against the walls, I shall after the rains have an ornamental kind of look. The larger garden at the Palace has wonderfully succeeded, and is universally admired.'

*February 28th.* Bedroom! For my gracious Saviour has again in his mercy and loving kindness laid his hand upon me: blessed be His name! On the day before yesterday, after breakfast, I felt a shivering come upon me; the same as at Umballah in 1845. I knew what it was and went to bed instantly. Dr. Webb was with me in a few minutes, though my hand shook so I could scarcely write to him intelligibly. I had the cold fit of a fever: and the hot fit soon came on. All the evening I was delirious. Strong remedies were administered, and about midnight I came to myself. The moment the case admitted of it, quinine was administered, and to-day I am free from fever.'

*March 3rd.* My progress towards recovery has been very slow: but what then? This is a part of the heavenly chastisement, and shall I not rejoice to lie in my Saviour's arms? What am I that I should look for miracles!

'An astounding event has happened—the sudden death of Mr. Weitbrecht! Yes. It is too true. He preached on Sunday evening for Mr. Boswell, and on Monday, March 1st, at 10 A.M., he was a lifeless corpse. Cholera was the disease which Jesus sent as a messenger to call him to Himself. He had come up to attend a Church Missionary conference. A presentiment of death was upon him. On Wednesday last he preached an admirable sermon to the missionaries from the words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." He said he thought he was near to Canaan. On Sunday his text was "Behold I come quickly: even so, come, Lord Jesus." Mr. Boswell says it was such a sublime and heavenly discourse that it made him long to be with Jesus himself. He was not well when he went to church: and on his return he was seized with this mysterious disease. Dr. Webb was with him almost all night—but in vain. God's time was come. We have lost in him one of our best missionaries. I looked on him and Leupolt as our first men. They resemble Swartz, Henry Martyn, Bishop Corrie—such sweetness, such capital

sense, such talent, and such indefatigable toil. With a mind well stored, with long experience in India, with influence widely spread, he combined true spirituality and deep love to the Saviour. There was a brightness, a halo of holiness around him, which is indescribable. He was only fifty years old. God's will be done. Amen.'

*March 30th.* I had an unexpected blessing on Friday. I had been turning in my mind for some days whether I should write to a gentleman in Calcutta who is well disposed, and ask him to help our labouring "Additional Clergy Society." At last I thought I would call. I did so. And when I had stated my case, he replied, "Providence has sent you. I had been intending to make a donation to that Institution: but you must promise me not to disclose my name to any human being; not even to your chaplain." I promised. He then intimated that next month he would send me three thousand rupees in bank-notes. I quite started with joy.'

*April 7th.* A most melancholy and distressing event happened on Saturday afternoon. Professor Weidemann was drowned by the boat in which he was returning from Howrah to Bishop's College being in one moment upset. The suddenness and violence of the north-wester was almost unprecedented. Weidemann was generally very cautious, quiet, prudent, and never ventured on the river in dangerous or threatening weather. The native boatmen warned him of a coming storm; but he thought he could safely make his way by keeping close to the banks of the river. He was mistaken. The wind raised a thick dust cloud, and, with a violence scarcely ever remembered, the boat was overset. He received some blow on the head, and rose twice; but the boatmen saw him sink at last. They escaped by holding to the boat. The sad tidings came to me in a note from Dr. Kay on Sunday morning. We all clung to the hope that he might have struggled to the shore; but, after two days, the body was found, and at six o'clock last night I read over him the last solemn service. He was a good man and true. I have endeavoured to console the weeping widow and friends. Such a thing has never before happened in my time to any clergyman.'

*April 10th.* I have finished the last of my Lent Lectures, thank God. I do not think I shall undertake another course even if I live; but I may have a few copies of this struck off for my diocese.'

The intention thus signified was in due time carried out. In the following August, a small volume containing this series of Lectures, somewhat altered, under the title of "THE GREAT ATONEMENT," was published, and circulated by himself, as "The Silent Preacher," throughout India. "I am doing it at once," he said, "or I should never do it at all. There will be nothing new. It is only a digest of Vitranga, Michaelis the good, Calvin, Scott, Henry, Barnes, Hambleton, Gill, Poli Synopsis, Berthier, Poole, Adam Clarke, Venn, Diodati, Simcon, the two Louths, Daillé, Pyc Smith, &c.; and, curious to say, I have my notes of Dr. Blayney's lectures on this portion of Isaiah taken down in March 1801."

'*December 1st.*—The Bishop of Victoria arrived this morning. He impressed me at once with love: such a mild, gentle countenance. This morning I introduced him to all my clergy, and he made an address of twenty-five minutes. After the close of the meeting, he arranged his plans for visiting the Propagation Society and Church Missionary stations. He will confirm for me at Burdwân, Krishnaghur, and Barripore. This will relieve me from these (to me) hazardous journeys. He leaves on the 3rd of January. I have invited two parties to meet him at breakfast.'

'*December 6th.*—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" I have read and wept over. The genius, talent at description, choice of scenes, contrasts, are all admirable. The religion is not clear; the conversations are enthusiastic; the character of Cassy ought to have been suppressed.'

'*January 1st, 1853.*—How many mercies have followed me in 1852.' (1) Health; (2) Recovery; (3) Comfort of my two families at home; (4) Seventy-eight sermons; (5) Two ordinations; (6) Peace and love amongst all the clergy; (7) Arrival of four holy and able chaplains; (8) Vestry and societies going on well. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! Oh, to be ready! To end well! My motto for 1853 is—"This year shalt thou die."

'*January 7th.* The dear Bishop of Victoria was present at my hundred and twenty-second clerical meeting. There were thirty-three present—the largest number we have ever had. He gave us a charming farewell address. His visit to the Governor-General has been very satisfactory. He sailed yesterday, having highly gratified us all.'



The Bishop of Victoria himself describes the impression made upon his own mind by this visit, in a letter dated Jan. 8th, 1853. The following is an extract; it was addressed to the Rev. Daniel Wilson, at Islington:—

“ Three days ago at Calcutta I took leave of your honoured father, and my dear and reverend friend, the Bishop of Calcutta. Even now I feel almost sad at not having formally bidden him farewell. He gave me a fatherly kiss, said a few kind words with an affectionate and full heart, and was soon out of the room and in his private study. I thought I should see him again: but his chaplain told me that his pain at parting made him unwilling to have a more formal leave-taking.”

“ And now how can I express the full feelings of my heart in the remembrance of my month’s visit to him! How describe his rich flow of wisdom—his powerful expositions of Scripture—his affectionate love—his energy—and his glorious anticipations of dying in India at his post! It is one of the most noble, as well as one of the most affecting spectacles I have ever witnessed, to see an aged man like him, voluntarily separated in his last years from his beloved family (and my presence when he read his last letters from his children enabled me to perceive how greatly he loved them), and waiting for his summons in humble faith and love. I never before saw him. I should imagine that he is getting feeble in body, but he retains a wonderful amount of mental energy and vigour, and sits up many hours in the day to his desk, reading or writing. The voice fails him most, so that he does not now preach so often, but gives most powerful expositions at morning and evening family devotions. It has been a great privilege and event in my life to visit India, and enjoy intercourse with the venerable Bishop of Calcutta.”

The journal-letters will again carry on the narrative.

‘ *February 9th.*—I preach my Lent Lectures this year at the Cathedral, at early morning prayers (seven o’clock), for several reasons. First, crowded churches in the evening now too much fatigue me. Secondly, my own congregation is entitled to lectures. Thirdly, the Cathedral is the Bishop’s proper place. Fourthly, many can come to early service who have no health for evening service. Fifthly, it is but

a trial. Sixthly, the other churches will be set at liberty to begin their own lectures.

‘I have chosen the seven Epistles of our Lord to the seven Churches of Asia, as the subject.’

‘SERAMPORE, *March 14th*. There is a new superintendent of the gardens at Barrackpore Park. He comes over and looks at my flowers. The roof of all my hot-houses is on the level of my drawing-room, where I live when here, and study. I walk out, therefore, continually morning and evening, and watch the glorious hues of the flowers in their pots. The roofs are flat of course, with a low parapet wall on each side. On these parapets are all the finest flowering shrubs India produces. Think of five thousand five hundred species of flowers in our Indian Hortus alone, and each full of exquisite grace! My knowledge of Botany is nothing. Still I have in it a new field of wonder and adoration opened to me.’

‘*April 4th*. The Archdeacon and Mrs. Pratt’s return to me, after an absence of eighteen months, is as life from the dead. I shall now arrange everything I can for my departure hence, for I have the sentence of death in myself.’

‘*July 26th*. I had an audience of the Governor-General yesterday. It is true that his letter decided the Ministry. It was to the Duke of Argyle, who asked him about putting off the Indian question. The Governor-General replied, “Do what you will with India. Sweep away the Governor-General if you like. But DON’T POSTPONE.”’

‘*August 6th*. I have been running through the two volumes of Lord John Russell’s “Life of Fox.” It is a first-rate book of its kind—quite superior to the “Memoirs of Thomas Moore,” which are a disgrace to Lord John. The interest Fox’s life has awakened is quite thrilling. I have always been fond of Demosthenes, Pericles, Cicero, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, and all great orators. I remember buying, in December, 1792, the *Morning Chronicle*, and almost getting by heart Fox’s wonderful speech. To read, therefore, his interior history, his letters, the secret negotiations, George the Third’s notes, the progress of the peace of 1783, the coalition, the India Bill, the Regency question—all this was so fresh, that I confess it gratified me not a little. Lord John has done his duty well, honestly, candidly, and with great judgment. The work is awkwardly made up. The moral of it is mournful. Such a display of chicane, craft, depravity of private character, and absence of all reference to religion, is

quite disgusting. Bad as public men may be now, they are infinitely better than they were seventy years ago.'

'*August 27th.* I am busy in changing my house at Serampore. The owners (Baboos) would not repair it. I am going into a larger and much better dwelling.'

In the month of October the Bishop's eldest grandson, Daniel Frederic Wilson (with his wife), arrived in Calcutta. He was gladly received, admitted into Holy Orders, and during the short period of his visit, attached to the Cathedral.

At the commencement of the year 1854, a short visit was paid to the missionary stations of Krishnaghur and Burdwan; but the more lengthened Visitation was reserved for the autumn, when, with Mr. and Mrs. Blomfield as his companions, the Bishop ascended the river to Allahabad as in former times. Here he stayed a week, and performed the customary duties, holding an Ordination for three missionary candidate, one of whom was Daoud Singh of Umritsir, who had maintained a steady Christian character for nine years. Then, dropping down the river quietly, he performed without fatigue the duties of each successive station; and, having "set in order the things that were wanting," he arrived in Calcutta at the close of the year 1854. His journal-letters will tell the history of 1855.

'*CALCUTTA, January 25th, 1855.* Who should come in yesterday about noon, but Dr. Macdougall of Borneo, now the Bishop-elect of Labuan. He landed last evening with wife and child. He has only received Sir George Grey's notice of his appointment; and has come here with the anticipation of being consecrated by my Suffragan Bishops and myself. Many things, however, must be cleared up before I can act: and some months probably must elapse.'

'*January 27th.* Mrs. Ellerton has informed me that Dr. Jackson, with whom she has lived eight years, is going home, as soon as he can settle her in a comfortable residence—"Would I take her in?" "Yes; and rejoice to do it," was my reply. When the Archdeacon has embarked, she will come and see what accommodation I can give her.'

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Ellerton was the mother-in-law of Bishop Corrie, and universally respected for her genuine piety, unaffected simplicity, and extensive usefulness.

<sup>2</sup> Archdeacon Pratt had been compelled, by serious illness, to resort to England.

The Blomefields have four rooms. If Mrs. Ellerton comes, it will be a blessing to my house and family, my guests and clergy.'

'*January 28th.* Bishop Carr was perfectly right, I think, in taking the rectory of Bath—perfectly. To wait for an English Bishopric, would be pride and folly combined in an Indian Bishop.'

'*February 5th.* On Saturday the East Indian Railway was publicly inaugurated by the Governor-General. Alcoves with flowers, formed a covered way from the ghât to an ornamented steamer: and other alcoves led up to the station-house. At nine o'clock the Governor-General arrived, and I read a prayer, in my church robes, before the trains started. Mr. Fisher, who was acting as archdeacon, and Mr. Blomefield, in their surplices, read some portions of Holy Scripture. Twenty-four carriages then carried six or seven hundred gentlemen to Burdwan, a distance of sixty-seven miles, in three hours. There a breakfast was prepared; and a number of excellent speeches were afterwards delivered. I reached home by half-past seven, after eleven hours of great heat and fatigue.'

'*February 7th.* The hundred and fortieth clerical meeting was held to-day. There were twenty-seven present. My exhortation in chapel, before breakfast, was on the "Christian Race;" and after breakfast I asked Dr. Macdougall to address the clergy, and give an account of the Sarâwak Mission.'

'*February 23rd.* Yesterday I received a telegraphic despatch from Madras. It was as follows:—

"The Bishop of Madras has returned in safety to the Hills, and would be glad if the Bishop of Calcutta would come and spend three months of the hot weather with him: an answer is requested."

'My answer is:—

"Prepare to come here in October to assist in consecrating the Bishop of Labuan. I cannot go to you."

'Now to write by the Dâk, I could not have heard and replied under twenty-eight days: as it is, it has taken twelve hours. What changes are taking place in India! This is almost miraculous!

'Dr. Macdougall has gone back to Sarâwak, and it is arranged that he shall return for consecration in October, if all be well and right.'

'*March 31st.* Mrs. Ellerton came to reside with me on

the 27th. She enters her eighty-fourth year on May 30th. She is very chatty and pleasant, and punctual in coming to meals. Many useful remarks fall from her in conversation. She has a turn for humour, and tells anecdotes of former times. There is a savour of downright piety and simplicity of heart in all she says. Her faculties are perfect. She loves authority and obedience. She jokes with me; and calls me "twice seven" (77). I keep four bearers for her exclusive use. We sit round our tea-table at a little before eight—Mrs. Ellerton, Mr. and Mrs. Blomfield, Mr. and Mrs. Yate, myself, Margaret (a school girl, waiting on Mrs. Ellerton), and Andrew, my writer; and then I expound briefly, have a hymn read, and close the day with prayer.'

The picture thus drawn of the family group is surely very interesting, and has something in it of primitive simplicity.

The arrangement by which Mrs. Ellerton was received into the Palace, proved permanent. Her only relatives being absent, and her little property settled on them by will, she spent her last days there in peace. Their intercourse was very pleasant, though chequered with frequent and serious attacks of illness. When she was well, the Bishop would go and sit in her room after dinner for conversation: when ill, he would visit her twice each day, or oftener, for reading and prayer. She survived the Bishop just three weeks.

'April 12th. My last journey certainly did me good, as I hope it may have done spiritual good to my clergy and their flocks. My next plans lie thus, *Deo volente*. In October, my Charge, Ordination, Confirmation, Consecration. Then from November to February the visitation down the Straits, all by steamers—no sailing—no dak travelling. It will be five years since I visited the Straits, and it will be my first visit to Burmah. But the heavenly visit and transfer may come first.'

'October 13th. Things are moving on. The Bishop-elect of Labuan arrived last week; Bishop Smith (Victoria) on the 10th; Bishop of Madras and Mrs. DeLtry are expected to-morrow. Dr. Macdougall, with his buoyant spirits, fine health, and romantic zeal, is very much liked. All the gentry are asking him to dinner. I have promised him the Offertory on Thursday, and a sermon on the 28th, for the benefit of his Sarâwak Mission.'

' *October 16th.* Yesterday and to-day have almost over-  
set me. I have been in a whirl. I have three bishops in my  
house. I have not been able to finish my Charge. A party  
of forty are invited to breakfast on Friday, and on Saturday  
and Monday an hundred and twenty more. This morning  
we sent out two hundred letters of invitation to all the gentry  
to attend the Consecration. It is the first time such a ser-  
vice has taken place out of England, since the Reformation.  
We fear a crush. But I endeavour to keep all in a calm,  
holy, waiting spirit. It is difficult amidst so much unavoid-  
able distraction.'

' *Monday, October 22nd.* The CONSECRATION took place  
with wonderful success on Thursday. Bishops Dealtry and  
Smith only just arrived in time. Dealtry preached a glorious  
sermon, which will be printed. The Cathedral was crowded.  
Hundreds crammed themselves into every corner; but  
hundreds could get no admission. The sight of the two  
assistant Bishops conducting the Bishop-elect in his rochet  
from the distant vestry, and presenting him to me, was most  
affecting; and when, having returned to robe himself, he  
kneeled at the Communion rails, the congregation seemed  
overwhelmed. The presence of three Bishops in the heart  
of heathen India, setting apart a Missionary Bishop for the  
immense field of Borneo, was an event almost miraculous.  
Bishops Dealtry and Smith preached yesterday at the  
Cathedral, and the Old Church. But I have fallen sick:  
and was unable to be present at my breakfast this morning.  
How I shall get on to-morrow with my Charge, I know not.  
But I am in God's hands, and have only to commit myself  
to Him in humble penitence, faith, and prayer.'

' *Tuesday, October 23rd.* I have had a great deliverance  
from my fears. I thought "I shall never be well enough  
to hold my Visitation and deliver my Charge." But I have  
held it; and with the help of my chaplain, and leaving out  
some parts, the Charge did not take much more than an  
hour. Thus an anxiety of four years, and a close applica-  
tion of six months is terminated. But I was not fit for the  
duty, as you will easily judge when you read the Charge.'

This Charge will introduce as usual a new chapter. The  
Correspondence which intervenes, and which in this case will  
run beyond the proper date, shows a pen as vigorous, and a  
mind as clear as ever.

TO MRS. PERCIVAL WHITE.

'CALCUTTA, *July*, 1851.

'You will have heard how ill I have been. I was seized with a chill, which produced internal inflammation, and at the time threatened my life. I thank God I was more calm in the prospect, than I could have thought. I was enabled, and am enabled, to trust myself simply and without reserve, on the infinite atonement and propitiation of the Son of God, and on his equally boundless wisdom, love, and power. This is enough. I stand to all I have said and taught for twenty years. Not a word do I retract. I only mourn over the mixture of human infirmity in the manner of my defence of the "truth as it is in Jesus." Farewell, perhaps for ever in this dying world: but in the hope of a reunion and recognition in the world ABOVE.'

TO HIS GRANDCHILD, LUCY ANN WILSON.

'CALCUTTA, *May*, 1851.

'God's love is as much seen in chastisements as in the blessings of prosperity. We soon forget ourselves if everything goes smooth. The "Hill of difficulty" and the "Valley of humiliation" are to be passed, as it were, alternately by the Christian pilgrim: and both conspire to make the views from the "Delectable mountains" brighter and more attractive. I am looking forward, dearest Lucy, to the RIVER, and whether Christian's fears may be mine, or Hopeful's more cheerful confidence, if I do but pass safely over all will be well. The grand thing is to stand *prepared* when the Master calls. If HE is with me, I need fear no evil.'

TO MISS CATHERINE CECIL

'CALCUTTA, *May*, 1852.

'I received a few days since my eight copies of your venerable father's THOUGHTS, and I shall be glad of twelve more copies being sent for me. The work is invaluable. The intertwining of the mysteries of Christ with the feelings and practice of daily life, is unequalled. I know nothing like it in the compass of theology. I lent a copy of the first

edition to a young clergyman in sickness, exacting a promise that he would read one a day. I have given a copy of my second edition to one of my Cathedral missionaries under the same condition. Thus I disperse the invaluable blessing far and wide in this dry and desolate land. How does my friend Miss Cecil do? Does she still play the organ in St. John's, Bedford Row? How is that dear old church going on after the earthquake of B. Noel's secession? Seventy years has that "well of salvation" been now open! And how many, many, like Mrs. Hawkes, have been born there! Farewell, till we meet before the throne; and, then, which of us will sing loudest, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"?"

TO A CHAPLAIN IN THE UPPER PROVINCES.

'CALCUTTA, February, 1852.

'Knowing that your own mind privately is fixed, and has been for years, I did not choose to enter into communication with you except in an official manner.

'2. I have now only to state, that you are hereby required to abstain from all the customs and habits to which the venerable Archdeacon, knowing my mind, objected so properly.

'3. You are not to turn your back on the people when reciting the creeds. You are to preach in your black gown, and not in your surplice. You have an organ and singers who chaunt the *Te Deum*, &c., and sing a psalm or hymn between the Litany and the Communion service—you will direct them to sing a psalm or hymn between the Communion service and the Sermon also. You are not to use the prayer for the Church Militant except when the blessed Communion is administered. You are not to call the Communion table an "Altar."

'4. The practice of this diocese is not to be broken in upon by an individual clergyman or his private opinion.

'5. The late Archbishop's circular-letter expressly recommends that no old usage, though in strictness rubrical, is to be revived, nor any new usages introduced in times like the present.

'6. But I take the higher ground—my authority as Bishop, to regulate what usages may be retained, and what omitted in the climate of India: keeping to the practice for an hundred and fifty years at home, as nearly as possible, and to that of my episcopacy for nearly twenty years.'



## TO ARCHDEACON PRATT, AT THE CAPE.

‘CALCUTTA, *June*, 1854.

‘I have been very poorly for eight days with the same complaint as laid me so low in 1851. Dr. Webb does not anticipate a speedy recovery. Can I wonder that, just completing my seventy-sixth year, I should be “going the way of all the earth?” And ought I not to praise the Lord that the alleviations of my complaint are so great that I can read and write letters, and attend to indispensable business? And shall I not trust His love who has borne with me during a ministry of fifty-three years? Yes: my beloved friends, praise becomes me continually. Mr. Boswell sat with me an hour yesterday; he rejoices in the promise, “at eventide it shall be light:” he says Baxter’s last words were “almost well:” and that Mrs. Fry said, “the brooks of refreshment were more abundant as she drew near her end.” He also gave me some Latin lines said to have been hung round the neck of Mary Queen of Scots at her execution:—

“Care mi Jesu,  
In durâ catenâ,  
In miserâ pœnâ,  
Flendo, gemendo,  
Et genu flectendo,  
Adoro, imploro,  
Ut liberas me!”

‘All Calcutta is quiet, and going on well. Bishop Carr has taken the Abbey Church, Bath, which Mr. Brodrick resigned from ill-health. Mr. — has come out with a prophetic volume which quite chokes me. But it is in a grave and evangelical spirit, and worth reading. The Governor-General has gazetted the notice for a day of Humiliation. “Christ is all” to D. C.’

## TO THE REV. DR. STEINKOPFF.

‘CALCUTTA, *February*, 1854.

‘Your varied and long-continued trials, my beloved friend, have been ordered by infinite wisdom and love. In one lesson which you speak of having learnt, I can fully sympathise with you—the secret evils of the heart. Yes; the recesses of corruption, the undiscovered territories laid open;

this is indeed the lesson I also have been taught by the Divine dealings with me. The government of the thoughts is an especial difficulty with me. The association of ideas, the recurrence of old sins, the defilement of the fancy and imagination: these are my burden and grief. But the infinite atonement of the eternal Son of God is our refuge. There we hide our confusion of face, and look to our heavenly Father with humble confidence. To this blessed Saviour I commend you, my beloved friend, and beg the continuance of your prayers.'

TO HIS GRANDCHILD, ALICE W. BATEMAN, ON CONFIRMATION.

'SERAMPORÉ, *June*, 1855.

'As I hear that you have just been confirmed, I force myself to find strength and spirits to write you a word of love and counsel on the important engagement you have entered into. All depends on yourself under God. Confirmation will of itself do you little good unless you meant what you solemnly promised; that is, to take on you, now you are come to age, the vows made in your name at your baptism. You were then dedicated and made over by your pious parents to God your Saviour, to renounce the Devil and the miserable slavery and bondage of sin, to believe from your heart all the great truths of the Gospel made known in the Bible, and to walk in the pleasant paths of God's blessed commandments.

'To this end, you must pray, my love, for God's Holy Spirit to teach, to illuminate, to strengthen, and guide you.

'When you begin to pray from your heart, you will soon feel the reluctance of your nature. This reluctance you must overcome by God's Spirit helping you.

'So when you would shut out the vanities of the world, the same opposition will arise, and must be conquered in the same way.

'Religion is a very gradual thing, imperceptible almost (except in the case of very extraordinary conversions), and only to be discerned, like the wind, in its effects. Therefore go on and form good habits, and obey the voice of conscience. Consider all religious duties, not as an end, but as a means towards an end. Perform all your obligations as a scholar, a daughter, a young lady in society, with diligence and simplicity, relying on God for help, and seeking pardon for all

your sins and short-comings. Don't be discouraged because you cannot altogether do the things you aim at. You never will as long as you live. But CHRIST will wash you in his blood, and comfort you if you are sincere.'

TO HIS GRANDCHILD, LOUISA WILSON.

'SÉLANGORE, *March*, 1857.

'Follow, my dear grandchild, the steps of your beloved parents in the faith and love of our blessed Redeemer, and you will be happy in time and eternity. Be earnest in your secret prayers. Commit to memory passages of the holy Bible. Thus you will learn what a sinner you are by nature and practice—and what a great atonement our Lord Christ has made on the Cross. He will give you His grace if you seek it, and by his Holy Spirit will make you a new creature.'

TO A CHAPLAIN IN THE PUNJAB.

'CALCUTTA, *May*, 1856.

'Nothing can be more honourable to you than the high sentiments you entertain of the dignity and responsibility of your office: and I have the less difficulty in answering the question you propose, because it has been decided again and again by the Supreme Government, and by myself, during the course of my episcopate.

'The Roman Catholics are not committed to your care. Your office, as a chaplain of the Hon. Company, is confined to the Protestants in the regiments at your station.

'You are expressly prohibited by the Government from provoking the displeasure of the Brigadier, the jealousy of the Romanist priest, and the possible discontent of the soldiers themselves, by attempting to instruct that division of the troops who are Roman Catholics, and have duly salaried priests for their spiritual guidance.

'Your Ordination vows direct you to minister the Holy Sacraments "in the congregation when you are lawfully appointed thereto."

'At home, the limits of the parish where a priest is located and licensed, form the boundaries of his calling, and to proceed into other parishes would be an irregularity which would incur spiritual admonition.

‘The limits of the chaplain in India are the Protestants in the stations where he is licensed to serve; and even amongst the Protestants he would not be authorised to attempt the proselytism of Presbyterians or Baptists.

‘The universal method of Indian chaplains is to hold divine service twice a week with the Protestants in hospital; collecting the convalescents in some convenient verandah, or other place.

‘The bed-ridden Protestants are instructed individually by a few words affectionately directed to them in their beds.

‘If the sick are too numerous for one visit, they are divided by the chaplain into classes, and he visits first one class and then another, as his time and strength allow.

‘In case of any voluntary application to the chaplain on the part of the Romanist, it will be the chaplain’s happiness to comply with it in a mild and unobserved manner.

‘It removes all responsibility from your own conscience when you are thus told that you must confine your ministrations to those to whom you are legally appointed and licensed.’

TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA ON ASSISTANT  
CHAPLAINS.

‘October, 1856.

‘I have the honour of submitting to your Lordship’s favourable consideration the enclosed petition of the body of assistant chaplains.

‘The object is to obtain a settled period when all assistant chaplains will be entitled to the higher remuneration of the chaplains on full pay.

‘The present uncertainty of the period of their promotion is depressing to the last degree, and prevents that careful forethought and arrangement for the support of their perhaps growing families, which a fixed prospect would enable them to form.

‘The larger number of assistant chaplains will, indeed, never reach the higher grade till the whole of their period of service has expired; that is, they will never enjoy it at all.

‘At the same time, the moment they come out, they are liable to be appointed, from the exigencies of the service, to

the most weighty and responsible stations ; three have been recently marched off to Peshawur, to cite one example, and another placed in Calcutta.

‘They seem entitled, therefore, to the hope of advancement within some fair and moderate period.

‘Nor do I doubt that our Honourable Masters will cheerfully take the case into their favourable consideration, if only your Lordship in Council would ‘make the warm and urgent representations I am persuaded you will.

‘It is my firm opinion that, taking the circumstances of India into consideration, and the contingent afflictions, separations, and expenses which invariably attend all chaplains, that the ecclesiastical establishment, as respects the assistant chaplains, is underpaid.

‘The indisposition of the Honourable Court to changes I well know. But India is not what it was when the plan of a double measure of remuneration was first devised. The relative position of the assistants has been becoming worse and worse for years. I feel a considerable confidence, therefore, that the petition I now enclose will be conceded to the Reverend Chaplains, who address it, through me, to your Lordship.’

## CHAPTER XX.

### SEVENTH AND LAST VISITATION.

1855—1857.

Last Charge—Visitation to Burmah—Meets Lord Dalhousie—Successful applications—Prompt action—American Missionaries—Primitive abode—Takes spiritual possession of Burmah—Sermons—Confirmations—Voyage to Madras—Bishop Dealtry—Visit to Ceylon—Pearl Sermon—Lord and Lady Canning—Calcutta Journals—Thanksgiving sermon for Peace—Cathedral Improvements—Donation—Terrible Accident—Tenderness of spirit—Cathedral Endowment Fund—Coadjutor Bishop—Indian Mutinies—Sermon on “Prayer, the Refuge of the afflicted Church”—The Bishop enters his eightieth year—Meeting for Prayer—Humiliation Sermon—Captain Peel and the “Shannon”—Trip to Sand-heads—Captain Key and the “Sanspareil”—Four Letters—Receiving Ship—Reflections—Return to Calcutta—His DEATH—Funeral sermons in Islington—Respect paid to the Bishop’s memory—Testimonies to his worth—Last Will and Testament.

THE Charge which the Bishop delivered on October 23rd, 1855, was HIS LAST. It was based upon the address of St. Paul at Miletus to the elders of the Church at Ephesus. All the parts of that address were carefully expounded and applied to the condition of the Church, and the characters of the clergy in the present day. This was followed by honourable mention of Colonel Forbes, the architect of the Cathedral, of Mr. Weitbrecht, the Church Missionary, and of Mr. D. Jones, the Propagation Missionary—all of whom had departed to their rest. The recent Minute of Government for making “grants in aid” for the promotion of education, after the plan of the Privy Council at home, was discussed and approved. The progress of Missions and the statistics of the diocese, with other incidental topics of interest, were introduced. All was gentle, quiet, and subdued; and the last words ever addressed by him to the assembled clergy were as follows:—

‘And now, brethren, I most affectionately commend you to God and to the word of His grace. This is a guardianship

under which we may comfortably leave each other. The *inheritance of the Saints in light* is before us. The more we study the Word of God's grace, the better shall we be prepared for that unspeakable blessedness—an inheritance *incorruptible and undefiled, and which fadeth not away*, as all earthly possessions do, and must—an inheritance *purchased for the Church of God by His own blood*, to which *repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ*, are the means of conducting us—an inheritance for which they only who are *sanctified* and prepared will be admitted.

'The time will come on earth when the dearest friends must be torn one from another; but we look forward to a state where nothing shall separate us, nothing give occasion to the words which St. Paul spake, and which were above all grievous to his flock, *that they should see his face no more*; but where a blessed reunion with those, whom we have loved here below in Christ, will efface every preceding sorrow and trouble, and all the past will be swallowed up in the eternal fruition, and joy, and holiness, and mutual love and transport, of seeing Jesus our Master as he is, and being with him for ever and ever.'

The whole spirit and tone of the Charge was what it professed to be, paternal and affectionate; and it bore the same relation to the preceding ones, that the calm and tranquil evening does to the early dawn and sultry day. The Church in India should ask for the re-publication of these seven (or if the missionary Charge at Tanjore, and the local Charge at Bombay be added—these nine) Charges. No topic of interest was omitted in them. No labour was ever spared. The statistics are most valuable, and the narrative of events most important. Whilst they bear testimony to the Bishop's faithfulness as a ruler in the house of God, so do they furnish materials for a history of the Church in India. Collected into a small volume, they would prove a valuable deposit for the one, and a lasting memorial of the other.

When the Charge had been delivered, and the usual duties performed, the Bishop and his chaplain embarked in the *Tenasscrim*, a large armed steamer, purposing to visit Chittagong, Akyab, Rangoon, Prome, Thyat-moo, Moulmein, Penang, Singapore, Point-de-Galle, and Madras. It will not be necessary to follow him over ground already trodden, but the last Burmese war had brought large acces-

sions of territory to British India, and these will require notice. A whole district had been annexed, important places were occupied, large military cantonments were fixed on, a new town (to be called "Dalhousie") was in contemplation, the magnificent Irrawaddy was commanded, commerce was rapidly developing itself, four European and thirteen native regiments kept the peace, and everything betokened at the time a permanent and profitable occupation of the annexed provinces. To these the Bishop's course was directed, in the hope that he might be enabled to give things a right bias and a strong impulse. Lord Dalhousie, also, was expected for a final visit ere he resigned that authority which he had held with so firm a hand, and so clear a head—but with such short prescience!

After stopping at Akyab, and performing all required duties there, the Bishop pushed on for Rangoon, part of the newly acquired territory, and situated on a navigable river forming part of the network of the Irrawaddy. He arrived on November 14th, and was most kindly received by the Commissioner, Major Phayre, the Brigadier, Colonel Russel, and the Chaplain, Mr. Bull. There was much to be done—chaplains to settle, churches to build, sites to choose, sermons to preach, hospitals and schools to visit. Old times seemed to have returned, and the approach of the Governor-General stimulated him to have all his requests in readiness. Lord Dalhousie landed on November 20th, and fixed the next day to see the Bishop. The result may be best told in his own words:—

'His Lordship has granted everything I asked. First, three churches, to cost thirty-five thousand rupees each, in the cantonments. Secondly, one church in the town. Thirdly, an order to the Executive Engineer to begin them at once. Fourthly, burial-grounds to be set apart and consecrated. Fifthly, all I asked for Akyab also was granted. Blessed then, be Thou, O God! for these fresh and undeserved mercies. I never had a larger budget of requests to make, and I obtained them all. The Governor-General asked me to dine with him to-morrow. He embarks for England from Calcutta on the first of March.'

On the morning of the very next day, the foundation stone of the church in the town was laid. The Bishop made a long address on the occasion, and called the church "St.



Andrew's," in reverence and gratitude for "Andrew, Marquis Dalhousie." In the evening he held pleasant intercourse with his Lordship. Large parties were no longer desired by him, for his voice was feeble, and his hearing dull; but a small party like this, when, as he says, "Lord Dalhousie chatted with all freedom and kindness," he thoroughly enjoyed. The talk was of Sebastopol and the Duke. Our commanders were freely criticised, and their errors, as pointed out at home, openly condemned. "Veteran soldiers should have been sent to storm the Redan; and not raw recruits." "Reserves ought to have been at hand to insure, or to complete success." Had the Duke been alive, the Russian war would never have taken place, nor would the Russian army ever have crossed the Pruth. The Emperor of Russia had a most profound awe for Wellington. When one of the Grand Dukes, his son, came over to England some time back, he had orders to call first upon the Duke, and tender his respects; but the Duke came up at once from Walmer Castle in his green uniform, as a Russian Field Marshal, to anticipate him.

In such racy converse as this, the evening passed away, and the Bishop retired at nine o'clock. The next day the Governor-General and Lady Susan Ramsay, his daughter, embarked for Calcutta; but the Bishop's duties were not completed, and he remained. He staked out the ground for another church, preached several times, held confirmations, re-visited hospitals and schools. He went also to Kanendine in the jungle, to see the American missionaries labouring amongst the Karens, and found there twelve thousand converts, with four thousand catechumens. The converts not only maintained themselves, but cultivated the land, and were becoming rich. All this excited deep interest.

He then embarked in another steamer called the *Nerbuddah*, and went four hundred miles up the Irrawaddy, passing Donabew and Promé, to Thyat-moo, the most advanced European station on our side the river. Here he arrived on Saturday the 1st December, and was received by Brigadier Lane into a most primitive abode. It consisted of a few upright wooden posts and beams supporting a house of matting—the roof matting, the floor matting, the walls matting, the partitions matting—through all which the rather chilly wind had free and full circulation. "It is far worse than a tent," he said. On the Sunday divine services

were performed. On Monday the site of the new church was selected, the ground staked out, and the adjacent cemetery consecrated. The military officers gathered round him when the service was ended, and begged him to consecrate the old ground, in which many of their comrades who had fallen in battle, lay at rest. He hesitated, lest he should give offence to the Roman Catholics, many of whom had been interred there. Finally, however, he consented to walk through the ground, blessing, or consecrating, as he passed, the graves of the Protestants.

He was then invited to visit the frontier line. It was about ten miles from Thyat-moo, and four miles from Meaday, the extreme station on the opposite shore; and was marked by a lofty pillar. The steamer bore the party up the river to the nearest landing-place; and all then pushed through thick jungle, for about a mile, to the pillar of demarcation. It stood before them, built of brick or stone, and with a flagstaff on the summit. Three steps constituted the basement. The Bishop ascended them, and looking towards the Burmese side, he said:—"We bless Thee and praise Thee, O Lord, for the peace and tranquillity granted to this land, and we pray that the light of Thy Blessed Gospel may be diffused throughout it." The Doxology was then given out, and all present united in singing it.

'Thus,' said the Bishop, 'I dedicated Burmah by faith, to Christ our Lord; as I did the Punjaub, when on my way to Lodianah in 1836 or 1840. May the prayer be answered.'

The officers of the Native Regiments entertained him at dinner. He dined also at the mess of Her Majesty's 29th Regiment. Long conferences were held as to the propriety of building the new church of iron or brick; the decision being in favour of iron. In due time the foundation was laid by the Bishop, the troops being all paraded, and thousands of natives assembled.

All this, with sermons and confirmations, wore him out, and he "was quite glad to escape on board his steamer." "I leave this beautiful station," were his parting words; "may the Lord Jesus be pleased to establish His own words in many hearts."

Speeding on to Huzadah, the steamer grounded on a sandbank, and remained fixed for two days. Divine service

had been announced, and the congregation had in due time assembled; but no steamer and no Bishop appeared. "Some accident has happened," they said, "or he would certainly have been here at the appointed time." "Sec," says the Bishop, commenting upon their words, "the advantage of a good character for punctuality."

From thence he passed on to Amherst and Moulmein; and, falling into the usual track, performed the usual duties. The 27th December found him again in Calcutta, not very well, but waiting for the Peninsula and Oriental Company's steamer, *Bengal*, to take him as a passenger to Madras. On his arrival there he was welcomed by Bishop Dealtry, his old friend, and Lord Harris, the new Governor. His stay was limited by the steamer to twenty-four hours: so that he could not do much. At a public evening meeting he renewed his friendship with all the clergy and a large body of the influential laity. At a morning breakfast the next day the Governor and all the authorities were invited to meet him. On both occasions he made addresses. After the second, Bishop Dealtry said to him, "Now, my Lord, you need do no more. You have delivered your 'charge' last evening and this morning."

"So good is God," adds the Bishop, "so wonderful are his dealings. Nothing more than this was or could be required of the Metropolitan with such an admirable Bishop in the diocese. I cannot bless God enough for my two suffragans."

The absence of the Bishop of Colombo from Ceylon, in consequence of ill-health, made a visit to that island expedient; and, on January 30th, he was on his way thither. But he was now again deprived of the services of his chaplain, for the Rev. J. Blomfield had found it necessary to accompany his wife and family to England. For this part of the visitation therefore the Bishop was happy to secure the aid of Mr. Tarleton, his "curate at Serampore." He arrived at Ceylon on February 1st, and was received gladly by Archdeacon Matthias and the clergy. Purposing to stay only four days, he was detained, by the delay of the mail steamer from England, for eighteen. This time was divided between Colombo and Point-de-Galle, and fully occupied. He was much struck with the general progress of things, and greatly admired the new Cathedral and

College, reared by the liberality and labours of Bishop Chapman. He found, however, that daily prayers in the Cathedral were gradually superseding prayers in the family. This did not please him, and he resolved to have a short exposition and prayer, "in his own way," each day during his short stay. Every Sunday also he preached; and, on one occasion, having selected for his subject the "pearl of great price," he covered his table with books on the subject of the pearl fishery in the Gulf of Manaar; and thus, as in former times, discoursed upon, 1st, The Pearl; 2ndly, The Search; 3rdly, The Purchase; in a manner familiar and very interesting to a Ceylon auditory.

He was delighted also to welcome Lord and Lady Canning, who touched at Point-de-Galle on their way to Calcutta; and then stretching across the Bay of Bengal, so often traversed, he visited Singapore, Malacca, and Penang: but having now, for the first time, no vessel at his own command, he did not reach Calcutta himself till the 17th April.

Surely no one can read even this sketch of the Bishop's last Visitation without astonishment at his vigour, decision, and success. He was seventy-eight years old, and compassed about with infirmities. Yet he travelled thousands of miles, penetrated new countries, shrunk from no labours, and, whilst God gave health, used it all to his glory!

The return to Calcutta brings forward once more his journal-letters.

*'April 23rd.* I had my first audience of the new Governor-General on Monday. He was kindness itself; and Lady Canning is the sweetest of ladies. When I had done my business with the Governor-General, I rang the little bell I had with me in my cabinet-box (for I now always go with all my papers in a box), and he smiled at finding I brought everything with me. In the evening I took Lady Canning in to dinner, and had much pleasant conversation about the dear Queen and the royal children. She gave me Caird's sermon, preached before the Queen, which I read both with pleasure and displeasure. It is a Scotch sermon, and sound at bottom; but all is put, not simply and evangelically, but abstractedly. There being no light of Christ shining in the discourse, I fear it will do little good.

'I have been deep in Thiers' History 1809—10. He surpasses Alison. He is striking, elegant, laborious, lucid;

and as fair to THE DUKE as perhaps a Frenchman can be. Napoleon he condemns without reserve. His account of the Battle of Busaco is superb; Massena graphically described; Torres Vedras minutely pictured; style beautiful.'

'*May 8th.* Last evening Mrs. Ellerton and I went to see the Misses Suter at their normal school for providing and training teachers for the females of India. They are now in a temporary home near Mr. Sandys' at Calcutta. The institution flourishes under these dear ladies. Nineteen females are being educated. Three have gone out to respectable native gentlemen's families, two of whom have admittance into the Zenana. Miss Sophy Suter marries my Mr. Tarleton; and I have agreed to let her and her husband live with me till he obtains his chaplaincy. My spirits and strength are low; my digestion weak; my sleep full of dreams.'

'*June 2nd.* I am deep in Elliott's "Warburton Lectures." The style is rather obscure, but the plan very good. The "Christian Observer" for April has an excellent article against the fripperies of Godwin. The "Quarterly" and "Edinburgh" are capital. The "Life of Wardlaw" is very heavy. I can't get on with it. I have written to Mr. Mangles and Sir P. Melville about my applications for chaplaincies—with thanks for eight good men arrived, and three more expected. Bishop Dealtry is to be here the end of October to spend five months in visiting for me the Upper Provinces. It is twelve years since my last visit.'

'*June 14th.* On Thursday I had the wonderful young Editor of the "Friend of India," to breakfast, with Mr. Hunt the great railway man, and Mr. Wylie, who is one of those noble, kind-hearted, thoroughly good men, of whom there are so few in the world. On Friday I had a very different breakfast party—Dr. and Mrs. Duff. I had not seen him for some years. He is indeed a marked man in his generation—like Dr. Chalmers. But he has worn himself out at the age of forty-eight. Still he is as well here as in England. He visits his magnificent schools, and has built a school-house at an expense of eighty thousand rupees. A lady in England has sent him sixteen thousand rupees to build a church. I have finished Elliott's "Warburton Lectures," with great approbation on the whole. His scheme is at least consistent and comprehensive. I look on two points as clear, almost to demonstration—the meaning of the term Antichrist—and the year-day theory.'

'SERAMPORE, *July 10th.* At length after sixteen months residence at the Palace, Mrs. Ellerton has accompanied me to this place. I have fitted up spare rooms for her and her little maid, and very happy she seems. She has not been at Serampore for fifty years! She made me take her to Henry Martyn's Pagoda. She remembers the neighbourhood, and Gharetty Ghât and House, in Sir Eyre Coote's time (1783). At the distance of seventy-four years she recalls everything. The ancient Governor of Chinsurah, with his fat Dutch wife, is full in her mind. When she visited him with her first husband (she was then sixteen), the old Dutchman cried out—"Oh, if you would find me such a nice little wife, I would give you ten thousand rupees!"'

'*August 25th.* I am in correspondence with Dr. Oliffe, the Vicar Apostolic. He is a true Italian priest. He called some time ago. I was very civil of course; but did not return the call. However, I sent him a copy of my "Prince of Peace" sermon. He returned it the next day with some warmth, as having given him personal offence by ascribing corruption of doctrine and morals to the greater part of Christendom. I replied off-hand that I had no intention of offending him individually. He answered, and sent me "Dr. Wiseman on the Rule of Faith;" and entreated me to "consult my salvation" by submitting to Peter and the Pope. Whether I shall send him Goode's incomparable "Divine Rule" I do not know; or whether I shall let him drop.'

'*October 6th.* I have been led to begin the seventh and eighth volumes of Lord John Russell's "Life of Thomas Moore." It is very amusing, and lets the eye penetrate into the recesses of the world's life. And what a vapid, heartless, irreligious life! I am contrasting it with the "Life of Venn" of Huddersfield.'

'*October 4th.* I met the other day with Prescott's "Histories." I am delighted. His style is simple, pure, and attractive; his research unwearied; his selection of topics full of tact. I wish he was a Christian man:—but he is nearly as good as Robertson and Tytler.'

'*October 22nd.* I am half through Milman's sixth volume. He is as industrious and prying as Prescott; and has read everything—except Dean Milner! He has done the great Wickliffe justice. John Huss is brought out nobly. Æneas Sylvius (afterwards Pius II.) is exposed in his

vileness. Indeed Dean Milman excels in describing the private characters of the Popes, which are often a compound of every vice. His sixth volume will do immense good as 'against Popery: but he sadly fails in spiritual and evangelical views, as all the ecclesiastical historians do:—except *Mxner*.'

'*October 29th.* On Sunday I was very poorly; but this morning I had all my Calcutta clergy and their wives to breakfast, to meet Bishop Dealtry, who has arrived. There were forty-six present. Dr. Dealtry expounded in chapel the 139th Psalm: and, after breakfast, addressed our friends excellently for half an hour.' We then sang "We thank Thee Lord for this our food," &c., and the Doxology: and the whole house was filled with the resounding notes of nearly fifty voices, like Mary's ointment, the odour of which filled all the house where our Lord and his disciples were assembled. My "Thoughts of Peace," which I read each morning in common with you, my children, were mislaid, but have been recovered. I read this morning "Number 300."

'*November 5th.* I have received twenty-five copies of Archdeacon Pratt's "Eclectic Notes." I go through two or three pages every day for devotional reading. They delight and edify me.'

'*November 7th.* I have read straight through "Dred." It is admirable: equal I think to "Uncle Tom." I look upon "Dred's" character as a fine conception of the fanaticism engendered by Scripture phrases in an oppressed and powerful mind.'

'*November 25th.* Hurried, hurried with the dear Archdeacon Pratt's arrival, and the transfer of three years' arrears from dearest Fisher: with prayers thrice a day in poor Mrs. Ellerton's room: and with current duties. The Archdeacon is full of love, and is putting his shoulders to the wheel with all his heart. He preached on Sunday at the cathedral, after an interval of three years. Bishop Dealtry is gone on his Visitation of the upper provinces for me, on one side of India: and Bishop Harding is going on the other.'

'*December 8th.* I have begun the delicious "Life of J. Haldane Stewart," my friend of fifty-two years! There have been few such men!'

'*December 10th.* We have settled a noble series of finishings for the Cathedral. There are to be four porches







CATHEDRAL AND BISHOP'S PALACE, CALCUTTA, 1850

to the side doors, a pent roof over the flat one, the eastern window is to be defended by an outer covering, and a handsome screen is to be placed behind the Communion Table. For all this our repairing fund must suffice. I give to it what economy and resigning other objects will enable me to do : and thus after twenty years, this Oriental Cathedral, which gives the first status to our Church in India, will, I trust, be finished, whilst the grand spiritual ends are made more prominent than ever. Then if my endowment fund is settled wisely, I shall indeed be ready to sing my *Nunc dimittis*.'

It is thus he speaks of a donation of twelve thousand rupees. The cost of these last repairs and improvements of his Cathedral, including a raised and pointed roof, "light, strong, and not expensive," to use the words of the Engineer officer, were estimated at twenty thousand rupees. Towards this amount he resolved to give himself twelve thousand rupees, though he had but three thousand at the time to give. Finding on inquiry, however, that cheques, signed during his lifetime, would be valid after his death, he sent the Archdeacon all the money he had, and added nine signed cheques for one thousand rupees each, in order to ensure the payment of his benefaction and to prevent the necessity of a codicil to his Will. This expedient was not, however, required. The Bishop lived long enough, not only to pay his promised benefaction, but to increase it to sixteen thousand rupees ; and, had not the original estimate been exceeded, all expenses would have been thus defrayed. Whilst the first edition of this work was passing through the press, the suggested improvements were completed : and a view of the Cathedral in connection with the Bishop's Palace, arrived from India in time to be engraven and introduced. The Archdeacon, who kindly sent it, reports that the change has called forth "universal expressions of approval in Calcutta." And surely all the helpers and well-wishers in England will reciprocate the feeling, when they look upon a print which charms the eye, and satisfies the taste, and upon which photography has affixed the stamp of truth.

Thus the year 1856 drew towards its close. It had been chequered with many attacks of illness more or less severe, though not requiring specific enumeration : but had been characterised on the whole by great energy and success. —

From the journal-extracts just given, it will be seen how fresh and healthy was his mind, and how he kept up with all the current literature of the day. His criticism from India was oftentimes the first announcement to his children of the publication of some work in England. His love of home and country never faded. His interest in what was going on never ceased. No one cut the leaves of the Quarterly and Edinburgh, of Blackwood's Magazine and the Christian Observer, with more eagerness than he did: no one ever rejoiced more over good articles, or mourned more over bad. It was not indifference to English associations that made him cleave to India, for his recollections were as vivid, his friends as dear, his family affections as strong as ever. But his great and oftentimes expressed desire was to END WELL: and where should a Bishop end his course so well as in his own diocese? Where rest so calmly as in his own cathedral? This conviction and determination removed all uncertainty from his mind. He felt that he was in his proper place, and doing his proper work: and hence he waited God's time for deliverance, and gratefully recognised God's mercies.

But with the opening of the year 1857 the narrative must be resumed. One of the attacks to which he was now frequently subject, had prostrated him towards the close of the year, and kept him from church and duty:—

"I have just crawled out of bed," he says, referring to it on December 17th, "for an hour or two. I am in St. Peter's Epistles, in my annual journey through the Bible, to be finished, if God pleases, on December 31st. Very, very instructive are these Epistles, commending, as they do, precious faith; precious promises; precious JESUS. May I have more of the first, that I may lay hold more firmly of the second, in order to attain through all eternity the fruition of the third."

He was recovering from this attack, and was able to go out, when a terrible accident happened to him, intelligence of which was conveyed to his family by Archdeacon Pratt, who was now happily again domesticated at the palace. The Bishop was walking alone in the verandah, when, looking at his watch, he found that it was four o'clock. This was his dinner hour; and urged by his habits of punctuality, he suddenly and hastily turned round

to enter the room, and thus came into violent collision with a sun-shade, or wooden screen, fixed to the wall to divert the rays of the sun without excluding the air. The shock brought him to the ground, and he fell violently upon the right hip. His chief Sirdar, a faithful old servant, entering the room at the moment, rushed to his help, raised him up, and with assistance led him down stairs. Not feeling much pain, he sat down to dinner as usual, with Mr. and Mrs. Leupolt, who were on a visit. In the middle of dinner, however, he turned faint and giddy, and was borne in a chair to bed. An accurate examination at first was impossible; but the next day, under the action of chloroform, Dr. Webb discovered that the great trochanter, or upper part of the thigh bone was fractured in the socket: the bone itself also was displaced. With great skill this was replaced: splints and bandages were applied: and then nature, assisted, was left to work. Permanent lameness was not anticipated, but the effects of confinement to the bed, and a continuance in one posture, were much dreaded. Even here, however, God showed mercy, and by His blessing upon the means employed, the danger was averted. The fracture closed, the wounds healed, the lameness gradually passed away, and the measure of health previously enjoyed was regained. It was a wonderful cure for one nearly entering his eightieth year, and showed vast constitutional vigour. The state of his mind whilst thus lying helpless, is portrayed in his own letters. Some have thought him wanting in tenderness:—can they read the touching expressions he uses, and see how his abiding still in India was the result of self-control and mastery over his own will, without arriving at a very different conclusion?

‘On the whole,’ he says, ‘I believe I am doing well. I was able to pray a good deal in the night, and to cast myself simply upon Christ, just as I am. Sins come with awe to my remembrance—secret sins—sins of the heart. The glory of that God I have so often provoked strikes me through and through!’

‘I consider His great mercies. I contrast the comforts and alleviations of my case with those of others. I have kind friends; good servants; nice house, bed, and every relief of an external kind; spared to the age of seventy-eight; twenty-five years’ residence in India; five thousand seven hundred and sixty-five sermons preached from 1801, and

two thousand two hundred and twenty-three of them in India; my will signed; public accounts all straight; no debts; finishing of the cathedral settled; clergy all love!

‘One thing I could have wished for, if it had been God’s will; that I might have died in the midst of my beloved family; that Eliza and Lucy might have closed my eyes, and Daniel and Josiah comforted me in my dying moments. I should have loved to have urged my grandchildren to stand fast and be decided for THE LORD! But we shall soon meet in heaven, never to part again, if we are indeed born of God, and led by the Spirit of Christ.’

To the earnest request of his children, called forth by this event, that he would retire from his scene of labour, return home, and rest in the bosom of his family, his reply in due course was as follows:—

‘Your letters, my beloved ones, convinced me, by the abundant love with which they are filled, of the deep impression which the account of my fractured limb made on you. But it is gone by. I walk, though not as firmly, yet as really as ever. Your tears, however, are dear to a father’s heart, especially yours, my sweet Eliza! They will be returned into your own bosom. Your passionate wishes that I should at once come home, would be all disappointed if I complied. No: I hope to leave my bones in India whenever God may call me from this miserable world to the blessedness of being for ever with him in heaven.’

The gradual progress towards the recovery thus announced is given in his previous journal-letters.

‘*January 1st, 1857.* A happy new year to all my beloved ones, in that true circumcision of the Spirit which we this day pray for. Thank God, I am somewhat better. The wind couch is a great relief. I slept somewhat, and can move my limb, and am free from pain. I finished the glorious book of the Revelations last night, and am beginning with Genesis to-day: the “seed of the Woman” (Gen. ii. is thus connected with “the bright and morning star.” (Rev. xxi.)’

‘*January 3rd.* Blessed be God, last night, the eleventh since the accident, I was enabled really to close my eyes in

sleep. The refreshment, from contrast, was most lively. The first time I awoke, I could not believe I had been sleeping. I burst out into praises to the God of my mercies !’

‘*January 7th.* Dr. Webb considers me to be improving still. I have found four jewels in my search from Genesis the fifteenth to the eighteenth :—

‘1. “I am thy shield and thine exceeding great reward.”

‘2. “Abraham believed God, and he counted it unto him for righteousness.”

‘3. The giving of Circumcision.

‘4. “I am the Almighty God : walk before me, and be thou perfect.”’

‘*January 26th.* I have taken drives for four days, and am to have a warm bath to-day. I may hope to walk in a fortnight. My chief difficulty is want of sleep, and a teasing cough, which, however, are in God’s hands, as every part of this gracious visitation is.’

‘*February 2nd.* I still sleep very indifferently, but in the measure God pleases. And what mercies have I received in the six weeks which have elapsed since the fracture took place ! They have been new every morning. Oh ! for spiritual blessings above all.’

‘*February 8th.* I have returned thanks at church this morning after nine Sundays’ absence. Dr. Webb told me as we came from church, that at one time he thought I should never have entered it again ; nor, indeed, that my life would have been preserved. May gratitude and love fill my whole heart !’

‘*March 11th.* Last Sunday I preached at Serampore, after a silence of thirteen Sundays. Yesterday I confirmed one hundred and ninety young persons in the Cathedral. I addressed them for half-an-hour from the pulpit ; and then, by walking to and fro within the Communion rails, I was much exhausted, and my lame limb wearied.

‘I have offered my domestic Chaplaincy to the Rev. Mr. Walters, and he has accepted it. I have resolved never to let any of my privileges remain in abeyance in this new and anomalous diocese.’

His attention was seriously directed at this time to the state of his “Cathedral Endowment Fund :” and after much reflection, the interest accruing from it was placed at the disposal (with certain necessary restrictions) of the Society.

for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society. This relieved him and his co-trustee, the Archdeacon, from much labour and anxiety. He was also desirous of obtaining the assistance of a coadjutor Bishop, after a plan which had been adopted in the diocese of Jamaica. This scheme he earnestly pressed; and wrote many letters, mail after mail, to various influential persons, entreating their co-operation; but it was deemed liable to misconstruction, and was certainly encompassed with difficulties. The authority of the Queen in India was not the same as in a Crown colony, like Jamaica. A coadjutor would naturally expect to succeed his principal, and could not easily be overlooked. When a vacancy, therefore, really occurred, the Minister in office at the time would find himself virtually despoiled of his patronage. The plan finally came to naught, and passed away, leaving no great cause for permanent regret. For the time, though as yet unforeseen, was close at hand, when all Visitations necessarily ceased; and when the sympathies, prayers, and exhortations of a Bishop of eighty years, were more valuable than all the activity and energy of a younger man.

The Indian Mutiny had begun!

This terrible event, inviting narration at least, if not discussion, must not however be allowed to turn aside the course of this biography. When first the intelligence arrived, the Bishop felt, as all old Indians did, bewildered and incredulous. It was a thing unknown, unheard of, difficult to be believed, impossible to be realised. But soon his sympathies were roused, and his heart touched. Valued friends, whom he had known and loved, were cut down in all parts of India. His own clergy and missionaries were falling—Mr. Jennings, the chaplain of Delhi; Mr. Hubbard, the Propagation missionary; Mr. Sandys, the son of his Church Missionary friend—were amongst the first victims. “Thus,” he said, commemorating them, “the noble army of martyrs is being increased.” Soon the danger drew near. The conspiracy was matured amongst three native regiments, and on Sunday morning, June 14th, all Barrackpore and Serampore were to have been given up to murder and rapine. The plot was just discovered in time; and on Saturday night a Highland regiment marched in from Chinsurah. Their gallant bearing, and a battery of guns, prevented the outbreak; and the mutineers gave up their arms. At the very

moment the disarmament was taking place on one side the river, the Bishop, all unconscious, was preaching at the little church at Serampore, from the words of Scripture, "Peter was kept in the prison, but prayer was made without ceasing unto God for him" (Acts xii. 5). The imminence of the danger, even when known, produced no personal alarm. Some of his guests betook themselves to Calcutta; but he remained unmoved for another fortnight. "I have my servants about me," was his only reply to all remonstrances.

But when a conspiracy was imagined or detected in Calcutta itself—when the King of Oude was arrested and confined in Fort William—when the native gentry of Serampore took refuge each night within the walls of the college—when the festival of the Ruth Jattrā was at hand and a gathering of eighty thousand Mahometans anticipated, he took the advice seriously tendered, and returned to the seat of Government.

'I am advised,' he says, writing to Archdeacon Pratt, on June 20th, 'not to stay here over Tuesday, when the ordinary crowds of the Ruth Jattrā will be in a state of dangerous excitement by the admixture of the mutineers. I have the fullest confidence that all will be put down under God's good providence, and also that a new plan of government in India will be adopted, as it respects the Mahometans, the Hindoos, the native army, and the proper avowal of our Christianity. It is a crisis, but not a catastrophe.'

He now set himself to enlarge the sermon just referred to, and to point out in it the duty which seemed to him to be required by the present crisis—the duty of "UNITED PRAYER AS THE REFUGE OF A DISTRESSED CHURCH." In the sermon, which was preached in Calcutta, and afterwards printed and widely circulated, he dwelt upon the *occasion* for such prayers, the *character* of the prayers, and the temporal and spiritual blessings which might be expected as their *result*. Being anxious neither to exaggerate, nor lessen unduly the surrounding perils, he had collected information with great care and caution. For this purpose he had an interview with the Governor-General, and called on Sir Patrick Grant, General Lowe, Dr. Duff and others. His great object was "to express sympathy, and err by excess rather than defect in meeting the incredible occurrences of the passing moment." His end was answered, and his suggestion of UNITED



PRAYER met with a response from every true Christian heart. It was the call of one just entering his eightieth year.

'CALCUTTA, *July 2nd*, 1857. Is it possible? Have I, a poor weak creature, been preserved to enter my EIGHTIETH year? Well, it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good. But think only of last December, when, all in a moment, I fractured my thigh, and was for three months hanging between life and death! The chief public duty I have performed since (and for which perhaps I have been in part preserved) is this "Refuge" sermon. And now I believe I have done. Tottering limbs, exhausted strength, giddy head, stomach past work, waking from disturbed sleep at the "voice of the bird," and feeble appetite, are warnings more than enough to remind me that "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." I enter however on this year with gratitude, humiliation, faith, hope, love, anticipations of heaven!'

All Calcutta was now crowded with fugitives from the Upper Provinces, and large funds were raised (the Bishop gladly joining) to meet their immediate necessities. The press had been put under restraint. A special Council had been held at Government House, and despatches sent to Madras for guns, tents, and reinforcements. When preaching himself on a public occasion at Barrackpore, General Harsey had surrounded the church with a guard of soldiers, as a precautionary measure. Rumours of all kinds were afloat. Men's hearts were almost everywhere failing them for fear.

"At this critical moment," says the Bishop, "WE ARE ALL PASSENGERS TOGETHER IN A SINKING SHIP:" and he applied to the Governor-General for a day of Humiliation, and invited all the ministers and missionaries of every name and denomination in Calcutta to meet and unite with him in prayer.

The Governor-General declined acceding to his request in any official and authoritative manner; but left him at liberty to pursue his own course in his own way. Prompt action followed. Notice of a special sermon in the Cathedral on Friday, July 24th, was given, and divine service was fixed at an hour when all public functionaries and mercantile men

could attend. Proper Psalms and Lessons were also selected and printed; and every chaplain throughout India received a copy, and was *recommended* to use it:—"It is all illegal I know," says the Bishop, "but I trust it will be passed over, and forgiven; and that the extraordinary circumstances of the insurrection will warrant my taking these unusual steps."

These notices being issued, the meeting for united prayer was held. Thirty-five assembled at the Palace: and the Bishop said that "a true spirit of prayer and humiliation seemed to prevail."

He now set himself to prepare for his "Humiliation sermon;" and, whilst doing so, the clouds grew darker and darker. Sir Hugh Wheeler was killed, and the horrible massacre at Cawnpore consummated. Lucknow was besieged, and Sir Henry Lawrence dead. Disbanded Sepoys were prowling about everywhere, and none could tell "whereunto all this would grow." It was truly a time to humble the soul before God; and to this, in default of public authority, the Bishop called all India in a noble sermon preached on July 24th, from the words, "Art Thou not from everlasting, O Lord my God, mine Holy one? We shall not die, O Lord: Thou hast ordained them for judgment: and, O mighty God, thou hast established them for correction." (Hab. i. 12.) There was encouragement as well as humiliation in these words, and such was the object proposed by the sermon founded on them. Strength was granted equal to the day. The words spoken were such as an Elijah or Jonah might address to a land over which God's judgment was impending; whilst at the same time, they conveyed encouragement and inspired hope. The sins most prevalent in India were pointed out:—the close connection with idolatry, the accumulating guilt resulting from it, the opium traffic, the recognition of caste, the neglect of the Lord's Day, the prevalence of licentiousness, the deadly slumber of infidelity, and the shortcomings of "the sanctuary." Many grounds of hope were then suggested, if God's people should be brought to humble themselves before Him, and to put away the evil of their doings: and the whole address concluded with a most heart-stirring appeal to "all sorts and conditions of men."

This was the last sermon publicly addressed to India by—

the Bishop. The flame burnt brightly—then flickered—and went out. When printed, it was dedicated to Lord Canning, and accompanied by a short Pastoral Address, conveying the assurance that the day was so seriously and devoutly observed that the act of Humiliation before God might well be considered National.

The arrival of Lord Elgin, Sir Colin Campbell, and Captain Peel excited the Bishop's lively attention at this time. He saw them all, and was invited by Captain Peel to visit his noble vessel, the *Shannon*. This invitation he at once accepted; and went on board, accompanied by the Archdeacon and his Chaplain. Captain Peel received him on the quarter-deck; and the moment he set foot on it, the band struck up its liveliest notes of welcome. The officers were then introduced, and amongst them the young midshipman, with the Victoria Cross upon his breast, who had bound up his captain's wounded arm, under a heavy fire, at the siege of Sebastopol. The sight of the sixty-eight pounders, constituting the *Shannon's* armament, excited great interest; and, whilst the Bishop was viewing them with wonder, the shrill sound of the whistle called the four hundred men comprising the naval brigade, and preparing for active service in India, upon deck. Each man passed before the Bishop, cap in hand, and a "noble body of men," he said, "they were." He addressed a few words to them, recommending religion as the "one thing needful," and encouraging them to go forth and do their part in the deliverance of India. An allusion in his address to their gallant captain aroused their enthusiasm; and, at the close, three spontaneous and hearty cheers were given "for the Bishop." He returned to Calcutta delighted with the visit.

Now also, when the time seemed passed, a day of public national humiliation, in compliance with a numerous signed memorial, was proclaimed by the Government; and the 4th October fixed for its observance. The Bishop gladly prepared the proper forms; but he was too ill on the appointed day to take any public part in the services. Referring to his illness, he says:—"Perhaps this attack is the last blessed summons to my Master's presence. At all events it is sent to humble, empty, sanctify, to clear my heart from creature love, and make more room for CHRIST as the Lord of conscience and the spring of joy."

To stay, if possible, the progress of his malady, a trip to sea was recommended: and on October 30th, he went on board the *Francis Gordon* steamer, accompanied by Dr. Webb, bound for the Sand-heads. "Perhaps," he says, "it may please God to make the trip conducive to my general health; but I do not expect much. The old building may be patched up a little, but it is worn out. The order of nature fixes its speedy dissolution, and the purposes of the 'only wise God' will direct the time and the way."

Soon after starting, the *Francis Gordon* was recalled by telegraph to attend upon the *Sanspareil*, a noble screw three-decker, of seventy-two guns, twelve of them sixty-eight pounders, Captain Astley Cooper Key:—the largest man-of-war which had ever ventured up the Hooghly, and anchored off Calcutta. Her formidable appearance and tremendous guns had done much to cheer the timid and daunt the mutinous: and she was now on her way to China. Whilst the two vessels were anchored side by side on Saturday evening, the chaplain of the *Sanspareil* came on board the *Francis Gordon*, and begged the Bishop to visit and address his men on Sunday morning. He consented, and having breakfasted with Captain Key, divine service was performed on the quarter deck. One who was present describes the scene as never to be forgotten. The venerable old Bishop, so feeble that he was obliged to be hoisted upon deck, and so frail that he seemed unequal to the duty, addressed the men when prayers were ended, for some time. He sat in his chair, wore no robes, took no text: but dwelt upon four points. The first was, We have all souls to be saved. The second, We are all sinners, and are lost unless we find a Saviour. The third, Our great concern is at once and without delay, to renounce our sins and to believe in Christ with a true and lively faith. The fourth, The Holy Spirit can alone regenerate and change our hearts and enable us to believe and walk in the way of God's commandments from a principle of love: and the grace of this Holy Spirit must be sought in earnest prayer. The day was very sultry; there was not a breath of air; and the Bishop was much exhausted. But he spoke with great earnestness and power: and thus this gallant Captain and his ship's company heard what may be called his last words. He returned to Calcutta, appeared in the cathedral, held an ordination, expounded in the pilot vessel: but these were the last words—

spoken in the "great congregation," and they contained the substance of what he had been teaching and preaching for fifty-six years.

Called back once and again, the steamer never reached the sea, and the Bishop derived no benefit. He returned to Calcutta to hear of the relief of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell, and of the death of the renowned and lamented Havelock: and then, when the weather grew cold, and the disease still remained, he was recommended to leave Calcutta for a time, and establish himself in what was called the "Receiving Ship," a vessel of four hundred tons, cruising about the Sand-heads within a range of seven miles, to receive on board pilots who have been in charge of vessels to and from Calcutta. The plan was not unusual; and the vessel was provided with a skilful surgeon, a good table, and comfortable accommodation for invalids to whom sea-air was desirable. This expedient, or a trip to Singapore was deemed essential. "I am disinclined to either of these courses," said the Bishop. "At the age of eighty it seems cowardly and foolish to be going about hunting after health. It is more becoming in a Christian Bishop to resign himself to the Lord's will, and die in his nest: and there is no place for comfort to be compared with home. But I must do what is right, and not follow my own will."

Accordingly after some little delay, he prepared for his departure. During the interval, and a little before and after, he wrote a few letters to old friends—kind, gentle letters they were, breathing piety and humility. The first, to his old friend the Rev. John William Cunningham, is dated Nov. 20th.

'A letter fallen as it were from the skies, from my old and dear friend, arouses all my torpid feelings; and to write to you I am resolved, whatever else I neglect. I am myself fast sliding off the platform into the dark abyss on either side; but not without a Divine hand bearing me through the gloomy valley of the shadow of death, and hope gilding the scene on the further shore. Whether I have "Christian's" or "Hopeful's" experience at the departing hour, I trust the bright messengers will be waiting for me, as ministering spirits, and under God's appointment, to waft my spirit to the bosom of Him, "whom not having seen, I love; in whom, though now I see him not, believing, I

rejoice." I cannot quite finish the text. I have always taken very low ground. It is generally safer than the higher. Well, the truth is, I have now had pressing upon me the native disease of diarrhoea for three months, or more: and in my eightieth year, mind and body are effete, incapable of thought and action, only floating down the stream. I have not preached at the Cathedral since July 24th—the very sermon on "humiliation and hope," which I desired my son to send to you. Still God is with me, and I cheerfully sink into His paternal arms!

'I am much gratified with the "Christian Observer." You have evidently raised its tone. God only be praised!

'Farewell, beloved brother. The Lord bless you and yours, and also dear Francis.'

The next letter is to Mrs. Pearson, the widow of his earliest friend, the late Dean of Salisbury; and is dated Nov. 24th.

'I cannot allow your sweet favour just received, to remain a single post, without assuring you of the extreme pleasure which the account of my old and endeared friend's last days afforded me. It was, indeed, a Christian's end; and must be a source of inexhaustible comfort to you and your family during the remainder of your struggle through this troubled life to another and a better.

'How rich and endless are the mercies of God in the atoning sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ to us, miserable sinners that we are—rebels—traitors in arms against His Sovereign Majesty, and deserving nothing but His just wrath. The more does His grace shine forth conspicuously, in turning us from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God; and the more is His upholding and recovering mercy displayed in restoring our souls, and leading us back into the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

'Oh! to END WELL, as my beloved friend has indeed done. I shall not be long after him. In my eightieth year the seeds of death are fast maturing, and a long weakening indisposition is laying me so prostrate, mind and body, that even this hasty note is an effort almost beyond my strength. May I follow my dear friend in his last hours, as he followed Christ. There is no other Saviour. His atoning blood and justifying righteousness, His sanctifying Spirit and renewal

of the heart, are my religion. I have no other. My study is my Bible; and my labour is to cleanse myself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.

‘My love in Christ Jesus to Charles and all your circle. I beg your prayers, that I may hold out to the end, and not from any fear of death, fall away from Him.’

The third is to Dr. Dealtry, Bishop of Madras, dated December 5th.

‘You will have heard how impossible it is for me to come to Madras, even privately, and as an invalid. Such is God’s will, to which it is, I hope, my desire, as I am sure it is my duty, to bow with filial trust and joy. Dr. Webb’s advice now drives me to the Sand-heads, in order to avoid the bitter cold in December. What the result of this flight may be is with God; but at my extreme age I don’t expect much. No; I hope I am looking for a city of habitation, whose builder and maker is God.’

The last is of the same date to Dr. Harding, Bishop of Bombay.

‘I fear I must say I cannot hope to see Bombay this winter. But to one in his eightieth year, all is gracious and merciful on the part of my adorable God and Saviour. The wonder is that in my twenty-sixth year of residence I am so well. Indeed, God’s blessings are innumerable. My cup runneth over. The burden and shame of my heart is sin, indwelling sin, corruption of motives, the dregs of a long life at the bottom of the cup, defiling the memory and imagination. The atoning blood, however, and the sanctifying grace of my adorable Saviour are my hope, my trust, my joy, my sure confidence. I am still in the epistle to the Romans (chap. vii. 14, to chap. viii. 4). My anxiety and prayer is, as good Father Scott used to say, THAT I MAY END WELL; and that Christ may be magnified in my body both in life and death. God be merciful (through a propitiation) to me the sinner: this, I hope, will be my last prayer. I beg the benefit of your prayers, and those of all your clergy, for my departing spirit, whenever God may call me to that “house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”’

On December 14th, the Bishop was received by Captain Ransom on board the brig *Guide*, and remained there for fourteen days, surrounded by every comfort and alleviation of which his case admitted. At first he seemed to rally. He was able to take gentle exercise, to pursue his habitual studies, and to feel interest in the stirring events occurring in India. "IF I HAD HEALTH," he wrote, "WHICH I HAVE NOT, I SHOULD ATTEMPT SOMETHING, BEFORE I PUT OFF THIS TABERNACLE. BUT GOD'S WILL BE DONE." All on board were assembled each day at five o'clock for evening prayers, and on the second lesson appointed for the day he made many striking expository remarks, and strong appeals to conscience. On the Sundays, also, and on Christmas Day, he joined in divine service, and spoke briefly from appropriate texts. The improvement, however, had been rather apparent than real. The disease continued unabated. He got weaker and lost flesh. Appetite failed and his sleep departed from him: and on December 27th, when addressing the officers present, he told them truly that they would hear his voice no more.

Attacked with fever, and feeling very ill, he held a consultation with the Captain and others, and resolved to return at once to Calcutta. On the Sunday night he fell out of his cot, though the vessel was at anchor, and the sea calm. The Captain heard him, and ran at once to his succour. No bad result followed: nor could he himself account for it. His only remark to his chaplain was, "I wonder how it happened."

On Monday a steamer appeared in sight, but not being the one expected, the Bishop was asked whether he would avail himself of the opportunity, or wait. "I am in your hands, Captain," he replied, "I leave the decision with you." The steamer was signalled for, and proved to be the *Harbinger* from Madras. The Bishop and his chaplain were kindly received at once, and sped on their way to Calcutta. He was very weak:—"I feel like a log on the water," was his expression, "I can neither read nor think."

About three o'clock, the vessel anchored off the ghât; and the Bishop, in a very helpless state, was lowered down the side, and borne quickly to the Palace.

He was thenceforth under the care of Archdeacon Pratt and Dr. Webb, and the materials of the subsequent narrative are derived from their accounts. Seven letters had



been written to the Archdeacon during his absence, and the last, dated Dec. 26th, ended as follows :—

‘I am surrounded with undeserved alleviations. God is very good. I know that all is under His infinitely wise guidance. I have nothing to do but

“To praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that’s to come.”

‘But my powers of body and mind fail me, there is no collection of thoughts, no power of meditation. I seem to be waiting for the instant coming of the Lord, for whom I long, to whom I look for pardon and grace, and on whom ONLY I rely for time and eternity.’

His return had been anxiously expected, and it was hoped that the benefit derived from the change would yet appear; but God appointed otherwise. The end was at hand.

He looked very worn on his arrival. Dr. Webb pronounced him seriously ill, and recognised in the symptoms an attack of pericarditis of a rheumatic or gouty character, which would prove mortal. The probable seat of the disease was mentioned to him; and his attention was called to an attack of a similar character in time past. But he did not recollect it, and said with one of his peculiar looks and gestures, “I don’t believe, doctor, I have had anything the matter with my heart in my life.”

“I feel,” was his expression afterwards, “as if I could slip out of life at any moment.” “That feeling is instinctive,” was the reply: “it indicates a real truth. The heart is embarrassed in its movements, and death may take place at any time.”

A blister was applied, and in the morning he was better. And so often had he risen even from the gates of death, that hope was not abandoned.

After breakfast he asked the Archdeacon to pray with him, but a fit of coughing so violent and continuous came on, that he was obliged to defer it; and in the course of the morning sent for his chaplain to read the Bible, which, he said, he wished “to get into his heart.”

The 31st was a quiet day. He seemed more comfortable,

and gave the Archdeacon some letters to read. But after a little conversation he turned wearily away from the subject. He was recommended to seek rest in sleep; but before attempting it he called for prayer, and the expression, "none but Christ" having been used, he stretched out his feeble arms and with deep emotion exclaimed, "Ah! that is all I want; and all I have." In the afternoon he sat for some short time in the verandah, conversing quietly with Mrs. Pratt on a variety of subjects. In the evening he remembered that it was the last day of the year, and begged his chaplain to read his portion of Scott's comment—the last four chapters of the Book of Revelation.

This night he had no sleep; and the medicine given to induce it having failed, he remained in a dreamy half-wandering mood for a while, seeming disinclined to speak. On seeing his medical attendant, however, he roused himself, and expressed deep gratitude to God who had so ordered events that the old chronic disease, to which he had been subject, and which was so much to be dreaded, had not appeared. He sat up and wrote an order for two hundred rupees as a donation to the doctor's Native Hospital: but found it a painful effort. He struck his hand upon his chest, and exclaimed, "These old castle walls are tumbling down." He then added, "I think last night I was in 'the valley,' doctor: the valley of the shadow of death: and I think so still." Then, after a pause, "I wonder if my Master has any more work for me to do here. Ah! doctor, you cannot tell me that." He then related a strange dream he had had:—"I thought I was going to preach once again; and with more than usual difficulty I mounted the stairs; but, when arrived at the top I found the pulpit was cut off, and I could not get in. There was more of it; but my memory is gone—gone."

He expressed a wish this day that all books and letters should be kept from him, and that the servants should have orders accordingly. The Archdeacon was surprised; for all business communications had been purposely withheld. But the matter was explained by his turning round and taking from the bedside "Livingstone's travels," which the bookseller had sent, and the servants delivered. "I cannot read this book," he said, "but it is a first-rate book by a first-rate man." He had evidently been glancing over, and

trying to read it in his old way ; and had found the effort too great.

It was the first day of the new year, and he called upon his chaplain to read three chapters of the Book of Genesis. After listening to the account of the Creation and the Fall of man, he said, "The difficulties raised and felt by some as to the account given of the Creation are nothing to me. But I wish to be deeply humbled by a view of the fallen state of man." "I thank you," he added, holding out his hand, "for having read : it has been refreshing to me." They parted—and met no more.

Whilst the Archdeacon was attending morning service at the cathedral, the Bishop sent a little paper across to him with these words written on it :— "January 1st, 1858. Bishop's New Year's offering, 200 rapiers. D. C." After service was over, it was explained to him that it had not been usual to administer the Holy Communion in the cathedral at the Feast of the Circumcision ; and that his alms therefore had not been needed. "Give it, then," he said, "as you see best, in whole or in portions ; it is my offering to any object you may choose."

In the afternoon, when the doctor called for the second time, there was "more of the shadow gathering round him." He felt distressed at the failure of memory and loss of power. He asked for the date of the new year. Looking at his watch, he let it fall, broke the glass, and stopped the action of the repeater : this troubled him a good deal. He showed a reluctance to have anything done for him which he had been accustomed to do for himself : and when a cup of tea was held to his mouth, he refused to drink. The sense of his own extreme weakness seemed to agitate him ; and when the doctor expressed sympathy, and said he would send for some pomegranates, to quench his thirst, he said, "You don't think I care about thirst !"

The very last words written by his dying hand were sent in by a servant to the Archdeacon's room about half-past seven o'clock this evening. He had evidently intended to make the usual daily entry in his private note-book ; for the words, faintly written on a new page, are as follows :— "Frid. Jan. 1, 1858 ;" but, finding probably the book too heavy, or his weakness too great, he took a sheet of paper from the table by his side, and wrote the words of which a



By private  
Miss  
- but I am dead as a doornail.  
- July 1<sup>st</sup> 1847  
1847  
to W. L. M. - she is going on.  
I think in England.

FACSIMILE OF THE BISHOP'S HANDWRITING A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

fac-simile is annexed. It will be perceived that a part, be it one word, or more, is unintelligible; but the most probable rendering is this:—

“No. 17. Bishop’s private notes. Jan. 1st. Friday evening, 7½ p.m. All going on well; but I am dead almost. D. C. (Daniel Calcutta). Firm in hope.”

These words were partially, but not completely torn from the sheet. Probably, even for this, his strength sufficed not; and he sent it as it was into the Archdeacon’s room to be entered in the book.

The Archdeacon at once went to him; and, about the same time, the doctor arrived for the third visit. He talked to the latter about his large family and private affairs, and prospects of retirement. “Ah! ten children: well, God bless you, God bless you all.” These were the last words the doctor heard him speak.

Conversation on religious subjects followed with the Archdeacon. The Bishop said he had been pondering on those glorious chapters in the Epistle to the Hebrews which he had lately read and expounded at family prayers; and which, it appears, had not only deeply impressed his own mind, but the minds of all who heard his glowing exposition. Some of the topics then dwelt upon were repeated in order to save his mind the fatigue of thought and recollection; and sleep was recommended. But he was restless and sleepless; and, about half-past ten, sent for the Archdeacon, and resumed the conversation. It lasted for an hour. Several times the Bishop said, “Good night,” then called him back, and began to converse again. “I thought I should just like to see you before you went to bed. Therefore I sent for you. You don’t seem much interested in those English letters which I lent you to read.” “Indeed I was,” said the Archdeacon, “but, when I returned them, you were too weary to talk much.” “They were a great delight to me. How graphic Josiah’s description of his visit to the dear Archbishop, was it not?”

Conversation then turned upon the Archbishop; and, on the plans recently devised for obtaining a coadjutor-Bishop; and he alluded to what he had said about it in his last letter home. Through the whole conversation he spoke with difficulty and hesitation, as if something was in his mouth.

But his mind was clear and cloudless. Little did the Archdeacon, that true friend of nineteen years' standing, realise the fact that he was then talking to a dying man, and that this was the last flickering of the light of former days. He was about to leave once more, when, in a marked and emphatic manner, the Bishop said, "My love to you;" and gave him his hand to kiss; adding, "My love to Mrs. Pratt also, ten thousand times heaped up." "'We all love you, my Lord,'" was the reply, "and pity you in your weakness; but rejoice in your firm faith." "Ah! I am like old Father Scott," he said; and added many humiliating remarks about himself, showing that the broken heart and contrite spirit was the sacrifice he was offering to God. He was reminded how much Divine grace had done for him; and that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." He seemed to take the comfort; but, referring to former conversations in which he had strongly deprecated the readiness with which some take that text without the context, he said, "Ah! yes; but remember it is for those who 'walk in the light.'" "There is no perfection," said the Archdeacon, "on this side the grave. You have walked 'in the light,' and may claim the promise."

He then with difficulty opened the desk at his side, and made the Archdeacon read the last paragraph of his letter to his children at home. He reminded him that Monday next was the day appointed for the vestry meeting:—"I fear I cannot be there," he said, "but you will manage it all for me, will you not?" He was asked, "Do you feel any pain?" "None whatever," was the reply. Occasionally his mouth was moistened with an orange as it got parched; and some of Dr. Webb's pomegranates were the last things tendered to him. "Now you had better go:" he said, as the night drew on, "I only thought I should like to see you once again before you retired." He was asked to send a summons at any time during the night if he wanted anything, and was then recommended to compose himself to sleep. "SLEEP," he replied, "I AM ASLEEP ALREADY. I AM TALKING IN MY SLEEP." Remarkable words! Death in his case was felt without being realised. It was the "SLEEP OF DEATH."

As the Archdeacon was rising early in the morning to visit the sick room, a servant came running to call him.

Through the night, it appeared, the Bishop had been somewhat restless as aforetime. At half-past five in the morning he had his usual cup of tea: and the bearer, at his wish, combed the few thin white hairs which were to him "a crown of glory." He then lay down again, and seemed to fall into a dose. His old and faithful Sirdar, the man who had assisted him when fallen in the verandah the year before, sat with the other servants, just inside the door, waiting and watching. As time passed on, they were all struck with the unusual stillness—not a sound was heard—not a movement made—all was silent and motionless. At length they became frightened, and one ran for help. The Archdeacon hurried to the room, and found the Bishop lying calm, and apparently unconscious. Doubtful whether what he saw was life or death, and unwilling to utter a disturbing word, he instantly knelt down, and offered up the prayer appointed by the Church for a departing soul—"Wash it in the blood of that immaculate Lamb that was slain to take away the sins of the world, that whatever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the lusts of the flesh or the wiles of Satan, being purged away, it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee."

Then rising from his knees, he kissed the pale cold cheek, and sought for any lingering signs of life. But none appeared. Without a struggle, or a sigh, the soul had left its earthly tenement: and in that hour the Master had granted the oft repeated prayer, that his servant might "END WELL."

Soon a little group of mourners stood around the lifeless body. It lay upon a couch in the study where so many hours had been passed, surrounded by books and papers; the eyes closed, the features calm, the hands gently crossed upon the breast. On a table by his side stood the desk so lately opened by his trembling hands. There also lay the broken watch, the unfinished letter, and the oft-read Bible. It was a sight inexpressibly affecting to those loving friends, and sent them at once to the throne of grace, and the God of all comfort. Thanksgivings mingled with their prayers. They thanked God for having taken to Himself the soul of the departed in such perfect peace, and prayed that they might follow him, as he had followed Christ. Then rising from their knees, they went to duty.



Long before the narrative of these events reached England, the electric telegraph had flashed across both sea and land seven words of mournful import, which, mingled with tidings of enemies subdued and victories gained, sufficed to fill many hearts with grief and many eyes with tears. It announced the fact, that "THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA DIED JANUARY SECOND."

No further intelligence arrived for many days: and full confirmation of the sad tidings was not obtained till February 14th, which was the day fixed for funeral and commemorative services in Islington. On that day the parish church was hung in black, the bells rung muffled peals, the family assembled, and immense congregations, clad in mourning garb, came together to listen to three admirable and affecting sermons, preached by Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester; the Rev. Henry Venn; and the Rev. John Hambleton. These sermons, which bore in turn upon the episcopal, missionary, and ministerial character of the deceased prelate, were full of interesting details, and were subsequently printed.

In India, the Governor-General was at once informed of the Bishop's death: and on the same day an extraordinary Gazette appeared, containing the following tribute from his own pen:—

"DEATH OF BISHOP WILSON."

"FORT WILLIAM, HOME DEPARTMENT, ECCLESIASTICAL.  
2nd January, 1858.

"NOTIFICATION.—With deep sorrow the Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council publicly notifies the death this morning of the Right Reverend DANIEL WILSON, Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

"After a career of pious Christian usefulness as Metropolitan, extending through a quarter of a century, marked by a zeal which age could not chill, and by an open-handed charity and liberality which have rarely been equalled, this venerable Prelate has closed his long life, leaving a name to be remembered and honoured throughout British India.

"The Governor-General in Council requests that the Principal Officers of Government, Civil and Military, and all who may desire to take this opportunity to mark their respect for the memory of the deceased Bishop, will attend the sad ceremony of his interment.

"The flag of Fort William will be hoisted half-mast high at sunrise on the morning of Monday, the 4th of January, which will be the day of the funeral.

"By command of the Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council.

"CECIL BEADON,"

"Secretary to the Government of India."

Funerals in India take place commonly and of necessity without delay: and a morning's death requires an evening's burial. But in the present case it was resolved, with certain precautions, to postpone the interment for two days. It took place accordingly on the 4th January: and about 4 o'clock, P.M., the coffin was removed from the Palace to the Cathedral. It was borne by twelve English sailors, picked men, of good repute, belonging to H.M.S. *Hotspur*, then lying in the river: and was followed by the Governor-General, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Members of Council, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Secretaries, many Civil and Military Officers, almost all the Clergy and Missionaries, and a large concourse of people of all classes. The Archdeacon was chief mourner. The Cathedral Chaplains performed the funeral service. The sad wailing notes of the organ, at its conclusion, added to the solemnity of the occasion; and, though the crowd was immense, the quiet demeanour of all was admirable. The coffin was deposited in the vault under the Communion precinct, and every one present vied with each other in having a parting look at its last resting-place, and seemed impressed with deep grief at the loss they had sustained.

The representatives of public opinion, differing on all other points, agreed in paying tribute to the worth of the departed, and doing honour to his memory: and many extracts might be given from the *Bengal Hurkaru*, the *Friend of India*, the *Calcutta Intelligencer*, and other periodicals, speaking "good of his name."

Nor was America wanting in her tribute. She mourned over the extinction of, "one of the great lights of the Church here below," and wondered "upon whom his mantle would fall."

The Bishop of Madras preached a funeral sermon in his Cathedral, which he repeated in Calcutta on the 29th February, 1858, when called to the temporary charge of the vacant diocese. He bore the following eloquent testimony to the deceased:—

"I believe, as a clear, simple, and forcible expounder of the Word of God, and an ambassador to enforce its claims upon the hearts and consciences of men, he has hardly left an equal in the Church of Christ, and his popularity never waned. To within a short period of his death his natural powers were unabated, and the same attractive influence attended his ministry to the last; and in the sermons he has left behind him, published a very short time before his death, there is the same power and vigour as formerly, if not more so; so that 'he being dead yet speaketh.'

"I scarcely think it would be modest in me to speak of him in the discharge of his Episcopal functions. It would be the less animadverting on the greater, the pupil on the master. I would only observe that I believe, as an authoritative and public teacher, he was seldom if ever excelled: as a ruler and Governor in the Church he was blessed with a high order of administrative talent, and has done more to enlarge and consolidate the Church in India than all his predecessors, and that his moral qualifications were such as to commend themselves to the imitation of ministers and people. I could hardly add more, I could not say less.

"Most of the voluntary Societies for the promotion of truth which are now at work throughout this country, have either been raised through his unbounded generosity and energy, or had an impulse given to them which has raised them to the efficiency which they possess. The Chaplains and Missionaries have been more than doubled through his exertions; and the Churches throughout the Bengal Presidency multiplied at least tenfold under his watchful care, zeal, and benevolence. But his great work, and that on which his heart was fully bent, and which he believed would give a status to religion in this country which it never yet possessed, was the new Cathedral in Calcutta. To that building he devoted from his own resources at least two lacs and a quarter of rupees, and labour and trouble more than can be conceived. I believe that his heart was single in what he did, and that God will not wipe out this love and enlarged liberality for His House and the services thereof.

"In a word, his life has been spent in honouring God by manifesting the influence of Christian principles in his own conduct and experience, and by urging the ministers of religion and all Christian people to spread the blessings of the Gospel to every creature under heaven. For this end all that God gave him both of mind and body, of spiritual

gifts and graces, of wordly substance, and influence of position, have been consecrated to the service of his God and Saviour: and I believe no living man has been in God's mercy more successful in their application. He has been, pre-eminently a blessing to India."

The archdeacon of Calcutta, also, and most of the chaplains throughout India, following his example, preached funeral sermons on the occasion.

Individual testimonies, also, were not wanting, and two brief extracts may be admitted from public letters written by Dr. Duff and Mr. Wylic. Both being members of the Free Church of Scotland, their testimony is at least impartial. Dr. Duff says:—

"It is not for me to attempt to delineate the character and labours of such a man. And yet I should be false to my own convictions, and a traitor to the great cause of the communion and brotherhood of saints, were I to pass over in silence the departure from amongst us of such a 'master in Israel.' When he arrived here a quarter of a century ago, he was in the very zenith of his powers of active usefulness; and certainly few men have toiled more, or to more good purpose. Naturally endowed with great energies of mind and body—energies, in his case, happily sanctified and consecrated exclusively to the promotion of God's glory,—he kept all around him in a state of constant friction and glow. About his manner of speech and action there were some peculiarities, and even eccentricities, which might have proved fatal to the credit and influence of a more ordinary man; but in him, like the somewhat corresponding qualities in Rowland Hill, they served only to impart a certain spicy zest to all his appearances, alike public and private. While fondly and conscientiously attached to the government and discipline of his own Church, he had a large catholic heart, which eagerly embraced and sympathised with whatever was really good, holy, or excellent in the membership of any other.

"Besides his services in the cause of Christ generally, those which he rendered to the cause of Missions must ever be conspicuous. The evangelisation of the world at large, and of India in particular, was ever uppermost in his heart as a subject of prayer and exhortation. Under this head, perhaps, his most notable achievement was the authoritative

repudiation and ejection of the Caste system from the Native Churches of Southern India. His task was all the more difficult from its having been tolerated in modified forms by Swartz and his associates, and treated and connived at as a civil rather than a religious institution by the gentle Heber and his successors in the Indian Episcopate. But the principle of Caste being evil and heathenish to the very core, and entering into the very essence of Hindooism, did not fail, however guarded and fenced, gradually to issue in intolerable practical abuses. With these Bishop Wilson was called upon, at an early period of his career, officially to grapple; and it redounds to his eternal credit that he did so in a Josiah-like style. Having fairly mastered the subject, and satisfied himself of its utterly anti-Christian character, he proposed no mere half-measures—no merely modifying liminary regulations. No! his firm and resolute decree was, that the system must be extirpated, root and branch, from the membership of the Native Churches, or the members of the Native Churches must be ejected from their bosom, until they heartily abjured and flung out the evil thing from among them. This decree swept through the Churches like the blast of a hurricane through an ancient forest. All that was crazy with age, or gnawed into cankers, or crusted with the moss of rottenness, fell before it. But the cause of truth and righteousness was all the better for the clearance. And the future sons and daughters of India's expurgated Churches will rise up to bless the memory of Bishop Wilson."

Mr. Wylie says:—

"As an expositor of Scripture, I never met his equal. In private life, I am sure that few men ever shone more. It was a great enjoyment to be with him alone, and to listen to the constant flow of wisdom in practical observations on things past and present, intermingled with racy and familiar anecdotes of great men long departed, by which you seemed to be introduced into their very company and friendship. . . . His active mind was continually gathering up fresh materials. He always had his Bible, his hymn-book, some classical author, some of the best periodicals, some old standard writer, and at least one new publication, at hand, for daily reading; and I do not think there was a man in all India of equal industry, even when he was within six weeks of his

end, and was in his eightieth year. . . . In his last hours, he spoke to Archdeacon Pratt in terms of the most affecting humility and self-condemnation; utterly renouncing every vain hope, and casting himself prostrate before the cross of Christ. The Archdeacon reminded him of the assurance, that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;' but he instantly said, 'Ah! but, my dear friend, we have talked of that before. You must take it with the context,—it is for those who are "walking in the light!"' And justly did Mr. Pratt comfort him with the testimony, that *he* had so striven to walk."

It need scarcely be added, that Bishop's College, and the various Committees of religious societies in Calcutta, were prompt in recording the loss they had sustained by the Bishop's death; and these sentiments were fully indorsed by the Parent Societies at home.

When Bishop Cotton, the successor whom God was pleased to appoint to take up the staff fallen from Bishop Wilson's hands, first touched at Ceylon on his way to his new diocese, he was met with mingled congratulations and regrets. The address which he received from the Clergy of that island, said :—

"On the excellence of your predecessor, whom it has pleased God to remove from among us, after a life as remarkable in such a climate for its prolonged duration as for its unwearied devotion to the service of his heavenly Master, and in blessing to the Church at large, this is neither the time nor place to dwell: His memory will long be cherished by us. He still lives among us by his good works, and has left in his character and example a rich inheritance to all time, which those who follow him, if they may not be able to surpass, will thankfully both reverence and emulate."

Besides these affectionate tributes to the departed, it was deemed right that some lasting memorial of him should be raised: and in India steps were immediately taken for placing his portrait in the Town Hall of Calcutta, and for founding four scholarships in the High School. Soon afterwards the idea of a Native Pastorate Fund was suggested by the Rev. Mr. French of Agra: the object being to raise funds in commemoration of Bishop Wilson, for the support of a native ministry in connection with Church of England Missions.

The Archdeacon who had suggested the first object, warmly patronised the second also when proposed. Both are of great importance to the interests of India, and deserving of the support of all by whom the name of Bishop Wilson is held dear.<sup>1</sup>

In England also a subscription was simultaneously opened for the erection of some Memorial in Islington, which might serve to prove the truth of the inspired word:—that “the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.”

Extracts from the Bishop's last Will and Testament will fitly conclude this chapter. It is a striking document, and in perfect harmony with all that has been said in this Biography. It sets, as it were, his seal to all those great truths he held and taught through life, manifests unfeigned humility and self-abasement before God, and scatters charity with no sparing hands.

Thus it commences:—

“IN THE NAME OF THE HOLY AND UNDIVIDED TRINITY, FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

“THIS IS THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of me, the Right Reverend Father in God, Daniel Wilson, Doctor of Divinity, by Divine permission Lord Bishop of Calcutta, and Metropolitan in India. I desire first humbly to commend my soul to that most gracious Father of mercies, who hath, as I humbly trust, saved me, and called me with an holy calling, not according to my works, but according to his own purpose and grace which was given me in Christ Jesus before the world began, and I desire and hope at the day of judgment to be found in Christ, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith. I renounce all the fruits of holiness and good works which I have in any measure produced, as any the least ground whatever of my justification before the tribunal

<sup>1</sup> The portrait here referred to is that which stands as the Frontispiece to this work. It was painted by Claxton, when he visited India, shortly before the Bishop's death. It was brought home and placed in the Exhibition at the Royal Academy. The vessel which carried it back to Calcutta was lost at the mouth of the Hooghly, and the picture disappeared. But, in some strange way, it appeared again in the bazaar; and, admitting of entire reparation, now graces the Town Hall, with the portraits of other eminent men. Happily, a single photograph was taken by Claxton before he parted with the original picture: and from that our engraving was taken.

of God, as they have sprung only from the grace of Christ and the operations of his Spirit, and have been so defiled with sin as to be utterly unworthy in themselves of the divine acceptance. I die as I have lived from my youth up, in the communion of the Protestant Reformed Episcopal and Apostolical Church of England and Ireland, and I hold and follow now, as I have ever done, the doctrine and discipline of that Church, according to the mind of the first Reformers, and in the plain, grammatical, natural, and full sense of the Articles, Liturgy, and Homilies thereof; and secondly, I commend my body to the Almighty hands of my gracious Saviour, in humble hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life. Next, I appoint as executors to act in the execution of my Will in England or elsewhere, except in India, my dear son, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington, in the county of Middlesex; my son-in-law, the Rev. Josiah Bateman, Vicar of Huddersfield, in the county of York; and John Symes, Esquire, of Fenchurch Street, London, Solicitor. And I appoint as executors of my Will in India, and not elsewhere, the Rev. John Henry Pratt, M.A., and now Archdeacon of Calcutta; Robert Molloy, of Calcutta, Esquire; and Allan Webb, of the Bengal Medical Service, at present resident in Calcutta, Esquire. I desire that if I die in India, my body may be interred in the vault which has been erected under the Communion table of St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, but if I die in England, then that my body may be interred in my own family vault in Islington Church, where my late most beloved wife, now with God, is interred; and I direct that my funeral be as private as possible, and that a plain mural tablet, without ornament, be placed on the walls of the Communion table in St. Paul's Cathedral, and in Bishop's College Chapel at Calcutta, and also in the Church of St. Mary's, Islington, simply recording my name, time of birth, and period that I was Vicar of Islington and Bishop of Calcutta, and date of death, and nothing more; and that under this inscription the following words be engraven, "Ὁ Θεὸς, ἰλάσθητί μοι τῇ ἁμαρτωλώ." (Luke xviii. 13.)

After various bequests of a private character, he leaves to the Bishop of Calcutta and the Archdeacon of Calcutta for

<sup>1</sup> The Greek was selected doubtless because of the stronger emphasis attaching to the confession of sin; and of the Propitiation involved in the mercy sought for.—See p. 516.



the time being, all his books deposited in the Cathedral and the Palace, and numbering more than eight thousand, for the use of St. Paul's Cathedral for ever; and also the large clock and inkstand presented to him by the Parishioners of Islington.

Also to his successors, Bishops of Calcutta, he bequeaths his iron chest, silver plate, plated ware, linen, china, glass, household furniture, carriages, and robes of office, to be used at pleasure and handed down in succession.

The following legacies are, then bequeathed as tokens of his esteem, or in recognition of past services. Partaking thus of a public character they may fairly be enumerated:—

	Rupees.
To the Bishop of Winchester for the Additional Curates Aid Society . . . . .	1000
To the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts . . . . .	1000
To the Church Missionary Society, for Northern India	2000
British and Foreign Bible Society, for Indian Translations . . . . .	1000
Church Pastoral Aid Society . . . . .	1000
Calcutta Diocesan Additional Clergy Society . . .	10,000
Colonial Church and School Society (Calcutta branch) . . . . .	1000
Metropolitan Training School in Islington . . . .	1000
The Poor of Islington . . . . .	1000
New Church Building Fund (Islington) . . . .	2000
Church Missionary's Children's Home . . . . .	1000
John Henry Pratt, the Archdeacon of Calcutta . .	1000
Allan Webb, his Medical Attendant . . . . .	1000
The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Sumner), as a token of love and remembrance . . . . .	1000
The Earl of Shaftesbury, for religious purposes .	1000
The Bishop of Madras, as a token of love and gratitude . . . . .	1000
Dr. Kay, Principal of Bishop's College . . . . .	1000
Mrs. Forbes, Widow of General Forbes, the Architect of his Cathedral . . . . .	2000
Captain Young, Member of Cathedral Vestry, and designer of the new roof and other improvements . . . . .	1000

## CHAPTER XXI.

### REFLECTIONS ON THE BISHOP'S CHARACTER.

His energy—The simplicity of his air—His deep piety—Spirit of Prayer—Study of Scripture—Moral courage—Untiring industry—Consistency—Deep self-abasement—Fidelity to Christ—Missionary zeal—Growing charity—Unbounded liberality—Fearlessness—Peculiarities—Failings.

BEFORE the writer of this Biography lays down his pen, a few remarks upon some of the chief points in the Bishop's character may be expected. It is no slight ordeal through which that character has had to pass. The public actions, private journals, familiar letters, and personal habits of a life prolonged through eighty years, have been thrown into the crucible, and tried, so as by fire. Nothing but real gold could abide the test.

Various points may be separately noticed.

*The energy of his character.* This ran through every phase of life. St. Edmund Hall, Chobham, Oxford, Worton, St. John's, Islington, India; all were scenes on which it was displayed. To translate and re-translate all Cicero's Epistles in order to acquire a good Latin style:—to keep a journal and correspond for years in Latin with familiar friends, in order to retain and improve that style:—to act as a pioneer through England, Ireland, and the adjacent isles, in order to arouse a missionary spirit and plant associations in fruitful soils:—to move reluctant parishioners and induce them, as one man, to lay a rate and build three churches:—to enter Burmah at the age of seventy-eight, live in houses made of mats, found churches in Christ's honour, and take spiritual possession of the whole country in God's name:—all these are surely proofs of the untiring energy which characterised him through life. He wearied others: but was never weary himself.

*The simplicity of his aim.* Men said he was ambitious.

and loved power. But if so: it was only as a means to an end. The great end and object of life with him was to save the souls of men: and to this, time, talents, influence, and property were all devoted. "We may err in administering the diocese," he was wont to say, "but we cannot err in preaching the Gospel." "I have made ten thousand mistakes: but I have preached five thousand sermons." His motto through life might have been—"If that by any means I may save some."

*His deep piety.* Religion was never laid aside, never forgotten. It was his comfort, his solace, his delight, his joy! It was entwined about his heart, and wrought into the very fabric of his nature. It constituted his strength. By it he upheld every one in his house.

*His spirit of prayer.* Every event was referred to God, and made matter of prayer. Meet him upon business—prayer began the discussion, and followed the decision. Call upon him in sickness, his first and last word was—"My dear friend, please pray with me." Latterly prayer occupied almost half his day. He prayed in the cathedral, prayed in his private chamber, prayed at the domestic altar, prayed with the sick inmate, prayed with the confidential friend, prayed when the sun was setting, and prayed when the hour of rest arrived. In the decline of life he was not able to kneel down: but bowed himself upon the table with folded hands and uplifted eyes.

Rising from prayer one evening after having read Ephesians 4th: he said to a lady present, "Oh! my dear child, if we could but live more in the spirit of Ephesians 4th, we should be much happier. I am quite overwhelmed when I think of what the true tendency of the Gospel is, and of what we ought to be."

"See what a poor creature I am," he said on entering the breakfast-room one morning, "and pity me. I fell asleep last night at my prayers."

*His habitual study of Scripture.* It may be doubted whether any one ever read more of the simple Word of God than he did. "Tell me how much time you give to the Bible: and I will tell you what you are as a Christian:" was a remark he often made to others, and one very applicable to himself. His Bible was read through every year.

"The more we read it," he used to say, "the more we may. It is certain that we shall never exhaust it." In private, he always read it with Scott's Notes, whom he revered as a commentator, and loved as a friend.

His habitual study of a Commentary did not, however, as it often does, make his own exposition of Scripture timid. On the contrary, he was bold, independent, and most impressive: mingling clear explanations with strong appeals to conscience. A young child would sit motionless before him gazing on his countenance and listening to his words; whilst the most experienced Christian would be receiving instruction and godly edifying.

*His moral courage.* In this respect the mind controlled and commanded the body. When, halting on his first visitation between Bombay and the Himalayahs, he received from Bishop Corrie a letter warning him of danger, and entreating him to return: he paused, reflected, took counsel, saw no real cause for alarm; and then calmly and courageously persevered in his journey.

Who but he, or one like-minded, would have linked his little Pilot Brig to a great steamer, and faced the Monsoon in the China Seas, in order to carry out his purpose of reaching Borneo?

How few would have ventured to grapple with the Casto question in the way which has been described! The evil was admitted; the moral courage was exhibited in applying the remedy.

Compare his handling of Tractarianism with the modified and timid disapprobation it met with at the hands of others. He gave utterance to his own deep convictions, and openly denounced it as "another gospel." To stand in the gap thus fearlessly, as a rallying point for others, demands, and manifests, high moral courage.

*His untiring industry.* It served him instead of originality and genius. It made him learned, powerful, useful, influential. No labour daunted him when some important work was in hand. His Charges were written over five or six times—his Church-Missionary sermon nine times—each time removing some defect or adding some beauty. His sermon in Ceylon on the "Pearl of Great Price" has been mentioned. He was seventy-eight years old—his desk was full of sermons—any one might have been preached without

labour, to himself and with profit to the hearers. But he is in the neighbourhood of the pearl fishery, the subject will be interesting, attention may be arrested, and good done. Hence, on the Saturday, his table is covered with books; and on the Sunday, every description is lively, every allusion correct. His industry never failed. When action did not so much require it, study had it. No man in India read half so much as he did; and his comments and criticisms prove how well the reading was digested. Even on the very last day of his life, he was looking at "Livingstone," and learning something about "Africa."

*His consistency.* Early in life he had grasped the primary truths of the Gospel, and he held them firmly to the end. Many secondary truths were added, but they were kept secondary. He never rode a hobby in Divinity. Some men ride over the fields of unfulfilled prophecy, some leap the barriers of the Church; but he kept in the old path of Evangelical truth and Church order. His sermons were always good to hear, his books always safe to read. In a Charge delivered in 1851, he could say, "I retain the sentiments I publicly expressed in 1817." This inspired confidence: and the idea of instability and changeableness was never attached to his character. He had no opinion of those who, in order to give the public the benefit of their own thoughts, neglected what had been previously thought and said by others. He laid aside a recent commentary unread, because the author professed to have written it without consulting previous commentators.

*His deep self-abasement.* It ran through life, and found expression everywhere. The "bitter things" he wrote against himself would make unobservant men deem him a sinner above others. But he only had a deeper insight into his own heart, and a higher sense of the holiness of God. The extent of the sorrow is the point of difference amongst God's people, and not the extent of the sin. St. Paul called and felt himself the "chief of sinners." In the character we have been considering, Grace had much to do, and did it. Speaking once of having been in the ministry for fifty-six years, he said, "Ah yes; it is a long time to have to answer for. None can answer for me but ONE, and that one CHRIST JESUS. I cannot answer for myself." A favourite sentence with him was—"Whether in man or

woman, I have long ceased to expect perfection in this world. As Cecil once said to me, 'However good a person may be, he will surely be found to break down somewhere.'"

*His fidelity to Christ.* He never ceased to teach and preach JESUS CHRIST: and when he quarrelled with any scheme of doctrine, it was chiefly because it took from Christ the honour due unto His name. The savour of His name was in every sermon, the pleading of His merits marked every prayer. To add to His dominion, to extol His grace, and to extend His Church was the very joy of his heart. Every doctrine of the Gospel had its niche, but Christ was on the pedestal—nothing was put before Him, nothing suffered to obscure His glory.

*His missionary zeal.* He wished every chaplain to be a missionary. He toiled at Bengalee, Hindustani, Sanscrit, to qualify himself to deal with Missions. His half-expressed desire to lay down the pastoral staff of Calcutta, and take up that of Tanjore, had its significance. It expressed what he often felt.

*His growing charity.* No man stood by the Church more strongly than he did; but he was always ready to hold out the right hand of fellowship to those that differed. His warfare was defensive. His catholicity increased with his years; till at length, in his "Humiliation sermon," he uttered those memorable words, significant at all events of his own aspirations for India:—"Unity and love prevail amongst the different divisions of the Protestant family here. We no longer maintain the old and fatal mistake that Christian men are not to co-operate for anything, till they agree in everything. We now hold the antagonistic and true maxim, that Christian men should act together so far as they are agreed."

*His unbounded liberality.* None will know its extent; but very nearly all that he ever received from India was returned to India. That was his principle: and even the half-year's salary, assigned by law to a Bishop of Calcutta dying at his post, was more than anticipated by the long list of charities already enumerated. It must not however be supposed that he was unmindful of his family. He assisted them most affectionately both in public matters and in private;

and there was not a church, parsonage, or school in their large parishes of Islington and Huddersfield to which he was not a contributor.

One instance, however, in connection with this topic, may excite a smile. About the year 1839, a sum of 5000*l.* had accumulated in the Bishop's hands, and he wrote to his children at home to ask whether he should hold it and send them the interest accruing from it, or whether they would prefer having the principal to invest at home. They preferred the latter of the two, and wrote accordingly; but, before their letter arrived in India, the idea of the Cathedral had entered the Bishop's mind, and he had written to say that the alternative no longer existed—that all his money was now devoted—that he sent his blessing—that God would make it up to them—and they would be no losers. It need not be added that their cheerful acquiescence followed his determination.

*He feared the face of no man in a righteous cause.* When he saw anything which required a word of caution, the rank of the individual never daunted him. The fitting occasion was watched for, the friendly word spoken, or the private note sent. If the desired effect was produced, he rejoiced; if the interference was resented, he bore it as “a cross,” but it never made him angry. Public scandals, however, drew from him public condemnation; and it often made the breath come short to hear him from the pulpit denounce an offence, and almost name the offender. On one occasion of a public scandal, after frequent public demonstrations of this kind, he invited thirty or forty influential ladies to his house, and entreated them in private to stem, by their influence, the current of immorality which was setting in.

There were, however, *peculiarities* attaching to his character, which ought not to be omitted in this enumeration. He suffered them to grow, and they became marked features. It was not originality or eccentricity, so much as peculiarity and oddity—an odd way of saying and doing things. These peculiarities crept gradually into the pulpit; and many stories will be still lingering in India respecting them. A large proportion of these are untrue, and vanish before the talismanic touch of these six words—“Did you hear him say so?” Some have a basis of truth, but have been distorted. One instance of each of these will suffice in the way of

illustration. In one of the many volumes published by the editor of the *Life of Jaques Montgomery*, a story is told of the Bishop which ought to have been previously verified. It is to the effect, that preaching once on the importance of honest and upright dealings between man and man, and deprecating that low standard of morality, which in matters of traffic allows of the suppression of the truth, he instanced the case of the Archdeacon, sitting in the desk beneath him, who had sold him a horse for more than it was worth. Now, when this story appeared, the author of the present work wrote to the Bishop, referred to it, and asked whether it was true. The answer was, that it was totally and entirely false, and a fabrication from beginning to end. And as to the Archdeacon, his reply is, that he never sold the Bishop a horse in his life.

The other illustration may be considered as having a measure of truth in it. The Bishop was preaching for a church which needed funds. He stated the amount required; and showed how easily it might be raised. "If the Commissioner," he said, "will give so much, and the Magistrate so much, and the Commandant so much (running down the list of Europeans in the station), the amount is raised, and the church is built. Shut the door." The hearers started, for they said within themselves naturally enough, that they supposed they were not to leave the church till each one had paid his quota. And this story got abroad, and ran far and wide, even after it was known that a rushing wind, the sure precursor of an Indian storm, had suddenly entered the church, blown about the loose memoranda of the Bishop's sermon, and led to his hasty "Shut the door."

But still there is such a thing as being too much at home in the pulpit: and many times things were said by the Bishop which had better have been left unsaid. But though men might smile—they never slept. India is a sleepy place, and he effectually roused it. And it may be surmised that he intended to do so. Hence short, strong, pithy sentences, which might be fixed like goads. Hence familiar anecdotes of other times and earlier days. Hence reference to matters of local interest, to offensive paragraphs in newspapers, to unlawful though fashionable amusements. These were the outpourings of the heart, and the impulse often of the moment—graphic, pungent, and sometimes ludicrous. But all these peculiarities affected not the great features of his character. There is something of affection in the smile,



they raise. They are always told of the "dear old Bishop;" and they are recorded here, just as the last slight touches are added to a picture, to give it reality and life and character.

As for his *failings*, they will have been discerned by the reader long ago. They all lay upon the side of hasty impulse, quick action, sharp words, want of consideration for others, a sanguine temperament, something of egotism, and occasional inaccuracy of statement. If the reader has the heart to dwell upon them after the deep self-abasement they have caused, and the lowly confessions they have called forth, he is of course at liberty to do so. They are not denied. All with whom the Bishop came in contact have felt them in their turns, but all with one accord enshrine his memory in their hearts, all revere his name, all acknowledge his worth, all assert his piety, all would fain tread in his steps, all say with Allan Webb, apostrophising his lifeless body,—“A BRAVE AND NOBLE SOLDIER! A WISE, BOLD LEADER! I ESTEEM IT THE GREATEST PRIVILEGE OF MY LIFE, TO HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED HIM!”

THE END.

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